THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

MARCH 19, 1949

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Beginning

PRIDE'S CASTLE

A Great New Novel

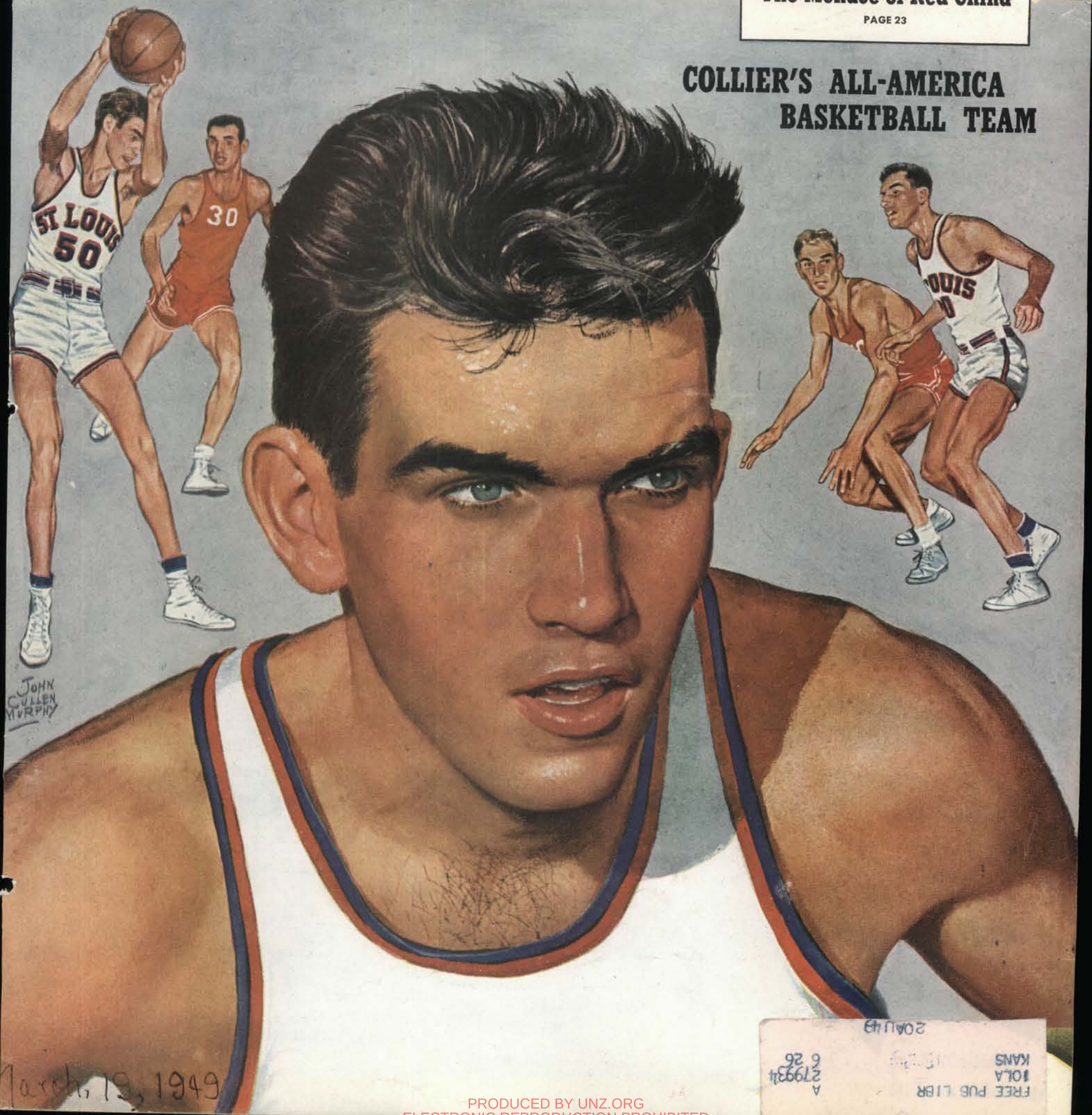
By Best Seller

FRANK YERBY

The Menace of Red China

PAGE 23

COLLIER'S ALL-AMERICA BASKETBALL TEAM



March 19, 1949

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IT'S STOLEN

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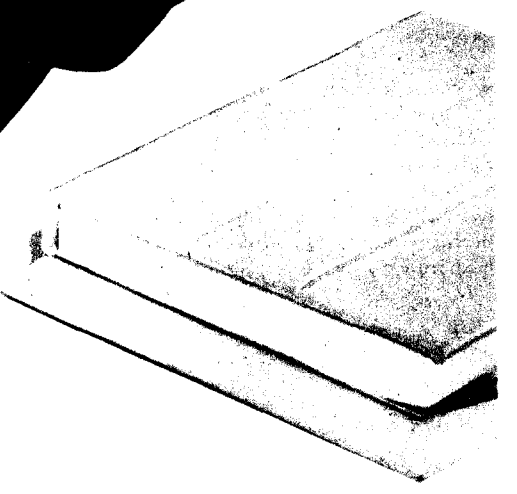

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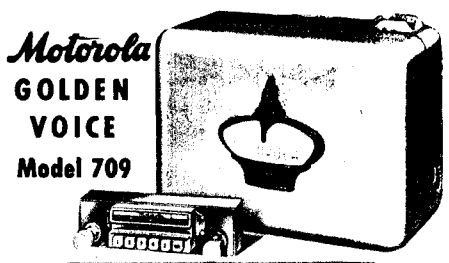

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Collier's

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The Week's Mail

MONSIGNOR SHEEN

THE WEEK'S MAIL, COLLIER'S: Judging from Monsignor Sheen's article Sex and Love of God (Jan. 29th), we could almost be led to believe that sex is "a two-way stretch" between religion and science. The churchman soars in the realm of mysticism while the scientist deals with the more complicated affairs here on earth; but in both cases they are stretching their points very efficiently. They are both somewhat off the "beam"; we mothers could tell you more about the proper usage of sex than a churchman or scientist could in a thousand years.

MRS. MELVIN HELMER, Fargo, N. D.

. . . From a standpoint of common logic, Monsignor Sheen's article lays a great big egg. I have no quarrel with Monsignor nor with the Catholic religion; but I deplore the substitution of dogma for facts.

H. B. ELY, Libertyville, Ill.

. . . It is discouraging to see Monsignor's treatment of Freud, instinct, psychosis, perversion, and other terms show startling ignorance of the fundamentals of abnormal psychology. . . .

EDMUND A. STANLEY, JR., Princeton, N. J.

. . . For one who has never been married or been to heaven, Monsignor Sheen does a first-rate job of describing each estate.

T. BROWN, Buffalo, N. Y.

. . . I am a Methodist minister's daughter and love God without any namby-pamby ideas about my sex life and marriage. Monsignor is like a little boy describing the taste of an uncut pie when he doesn't have any idea what's under the crust. Please give us an article on church and

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What YOU Can Do About Cancer

Great strides have been made in diagnosing and treating cancer. While it is still the second major cause of death in the United States, the mortality rates from some forms are declining.

Medical science is constantly at work increasing its knowledge of this disease. Better techniques for diagnosing cancer exist today than ever before. For example, a recent development has raised the percentage of correct early diagnosis of one type of cancer from 36 to 95 per cent.

Advances in hormone and chemical therapy have proved valuable in relieving pain and prolonging life. Improved methods of treating the disease have cured, in some instances, cases that formerly would have been considered hopeless.

Present knowledge can be fully utilized only as more people learn the warnings of the disease and come for examination without delay. Cancer must be discovered early and treatment promptly started to get the full benefit from medical science.

1. Early Recognition

It is wise for everyone, and especially those past 35, to keep alert for cancer's danger signals. The American Cancer Society believes that many thousands of lives could be saved every year if cancer's warnings were recognized early and treated immediately.

2. Prompt Attention

When any of these warnings appear, prompt medical attention is advisable. The doctor may suggest a more complete examination at a Cancer Clinic or by a specialist. It is encouraging to know that the majority of these examinations reveal that cancer is not present.

3. Proper Treatment

If cancer is discovered, the specialist will explain that the best treatment is surgery or radiation. He will point out that patent medicines for cancer and so-called "cancer cures" are often dangerous, and may give cancer time to spread.

These Are Cancer's "Danger Signals"

- Any lump or thickening especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
- Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart.
- Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
- Any persistent hoarseness, cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
- Any persistent change in normal elimination.

Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.

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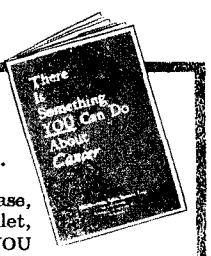

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To learn more about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 49-C, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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sex that is written by an unbiased person—a married minister wouldn't have this view I'm sure. JAYNE WAYMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . The article is the greatest article of any kind I've ever read. I am saving it so that my small daughters may read it when they are grown. I am not a Catholic. . . .
RUTH E. THOMAS, Terre Haute, Ind.

. . . Thank you for publishing this sane and true article. I believe as Monsignor does, and there are thousands and thousands like me. The danger of civilization is *not* war.
MARGARET MARROW, San Diego, Cal.

HIJA OR HIJO?

DEAR SIRS AND EDITORS: In Arequipa, I Love You (Jan. 22d) David Dodge mentions his son Kendal. I have wandered with Mr. Dodge in two of his books, How Green Was My Father, and How Lost Was My Week-End, and in both travelogues he was equipped with a wife and daughter named Kendal. However in Collier's there seems to have been a substitution from *hija* to *hijo*. Which is it? MARY GRILLS, Denver, Colo.

It's a hija—our mistake. "I am too busy," says the author, "answering practical questions from would-be Peruvian immigrants to explain sex mutations caused by the Andean altitudes."

MITES AND ASHES

DEAR SIR: Apropos Mr. W. L. Chenery's editorial (Jan. 22d) Equality Is Not Created by Laws, were we to cremate all mankind and mix their collective ashes, there would still be chemical and microscopic differences in their molecular mites. God created human inequalities by careful design, for purposes of individual creative genius and individual self-sufficiency. The word is human equity, and not human equality, and the vote-conscious cry of human equality, economic equality and social equality will ever remain the politician's paradise, and the civilian's sacrifice.
ARTHUR C. HARROVER, Scituate Harbor, Mass.

BIRD LOVER

DEAR EDITOR: Re Let's Feed Mr. and Mrs. Hungry Bird by Helen Gere Cruickshank (Jan. 22d), I have a small flower garden just 14 by 14 with a birdbath, complete with perches. This bath is nothing more glamorous than a wooden box filled with dirt, with an old Army helmet sunk down in. Moss grows around the helmet, and with the other taller flowers around it, the bath is sort of a natural-looking water hole and the birds love it. These birds become so tame they all but sit on one's shoulder. When I spade the flower garden the robins are right there for worms. As for winter feeding, birds love corn bread. To anyone who is lonesome, I will say make friends with the birds. Three years ago when I was sick in bed the singing of these birds was quite a comfort.
MRS. LOUIS VERMALEN, Belleville, Ill.

DER SCHNOZZ SPEAKS

SIR: I hope you'll excuse me for poking my big nose in your business, but I just had to tell you how much I enjoyed what this fellow George Frazier did on my little pal, Margaret O'Brien, in Princess Margaret of Hollywood (Jan. 29th). I got to know Margaret and her mother real well while we were working on a picture at M-G-M. The little girl and her mother are exactly the way George Frazier describes them.

The Braid and The Nose

JIMMY DURANTE, Hollywood, Cal.

QUESTION MAN

DEAR SIR: In Down in the Arctic (Jan. 29th) among the men who were on the plane were Captain Sir Robert Stirling-Hamilton, Bart. Just what does the Bart. stand for?
JAMES A. ROBINSON, Sunnyvale, Cal.

Baronet.

BOXER REBELLION

DEAR SIR: In The Week's Mail (Jan. 29th) I resent the remark about the "none-too-bright boxer."
MRS. JOSEPH WHERRY, South Bend, Ind.

Reader Mrs. Joseph Wherry's Honey—out of Flame of Berolina, sired by Bubbling Over

. . . The boxer breed has the distinction of having the *highest* intelligence quotient of any breed. No other dog boasts of a more even temper and an individual personality all his own. He alone combines the strength of the bulldog, the speed and agility of the terrier. Other breeds may equal the performances of the boxer, but none are as dependable. GEO. W. SCHERFF, Oaklyn, N. J.

SMALL FRY

DEAR MR. ROSS: My compliments to Collier's for the very fine portrayal of a typical gymnasium situation. I believe all physical educators go through similar situations at least once. The Berenstains' graphic portrayal occupies a prominent place on my wall.
CARL E. KLAFS, Department of Public Instruction, Helena, Mont.

BUNNY, BUNNY, BUNNY!

DEAR SIRS: I don't know what happened to Bunny McLeod, but my wife came through last week with the remarkable observation that she'd seen someone who was six feet four if he was a day!
FRED BRADY, Utica, N. Y.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

DEAR SIR: Confessions of a Bill Collector (Jan. 8th) is very clever writing indeed. If you had tried to bring a case against the profession you could not have done a better job. Our business is to collect just and equitable accounts by approved methods which lean more toward sound budget management and education than toward apprehension of statute violators. The collection business is big business and couldn't survive if the practices described in your article were to be the common rule.
G. B. SANBERG, Minneapolis, Minn.

TAXES ARE TAXES ARE TAXES

DEAR MR. CHENERY: I read your editorials and am of the opinion that there are weeks when you are at a loss to know what to write about. I am very glad, therefore, to give you a thought for one of those vacancies: What will happen when we the people are taxed so heavily that it will be impossible to tax us enough more to support the government agencies which grant increased wages to labor and higher prices generally in order that all hands can pay higher taxes to support the agencies which grant them higher rates in order that they can pay still more taxes to support the agencies which will presently grant them higher rates again to be paid by the people who will by that time be so undernourished that they cannot work and thereby earn sufficient incomes on which greater taxes may be imposed? Get to work on that one, Mr. Chenery. No need to write to me. Just scratch up on the wall. I will be in the adjoining padded cell.
BEN BOYNTON BOLIEUX, Sweet Home, Miss.

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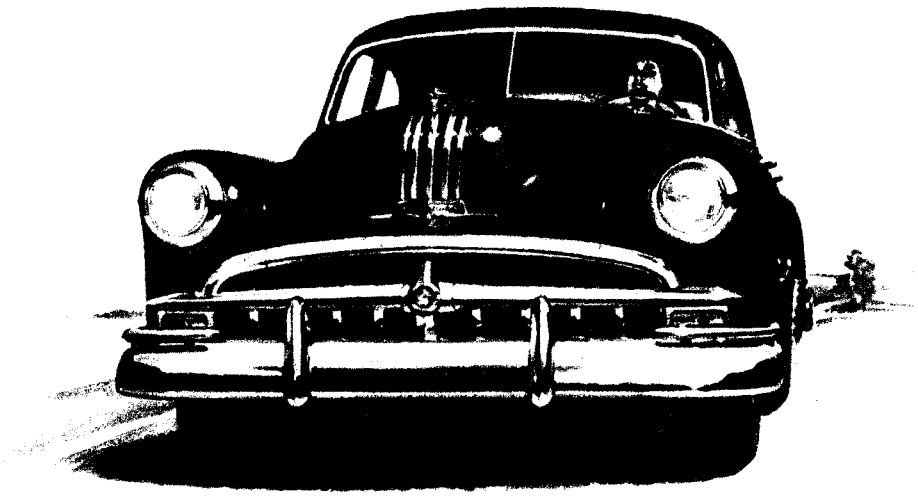
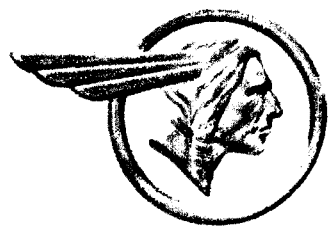
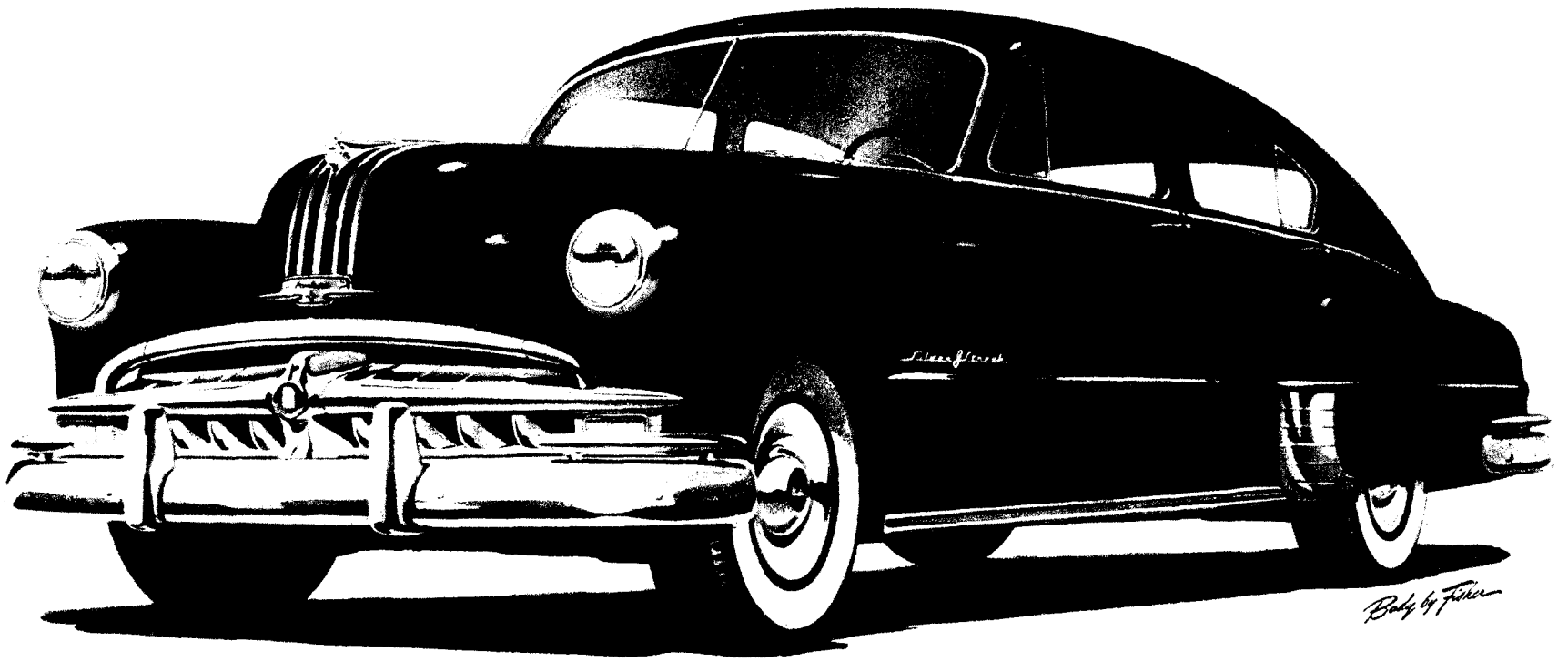
The New 1949 PONTIAC







The Most Beautiful Thing on Wheels!

Everywhere you hear them saying, "The most beautiful thing on wheels!" And why not? Here is styling artistry at its newest, freshest and best. Here is new front-end distinction, new silhouetting and contouring, new fleetly-flowing lines. Here—*in one of America's lowest-priced cars*—is the newest look of all! And what's more, it gives you that lovely new look *plus*. *Plus* the new comfort of its entirely new bodies by Fisher and *exclusive* Travelux Ride; *plus* the thrilling performance of Pontiac's famous improved straight eight and six cylinder engines—so smooth, so powerful, and so *amazingly economical: plus* dependability and long life that are unsurpassed. Your own eyes will tell you of Pontiac's beauty. And one ride will tell you, too, *it's even better than it looks!*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Of course he rates high
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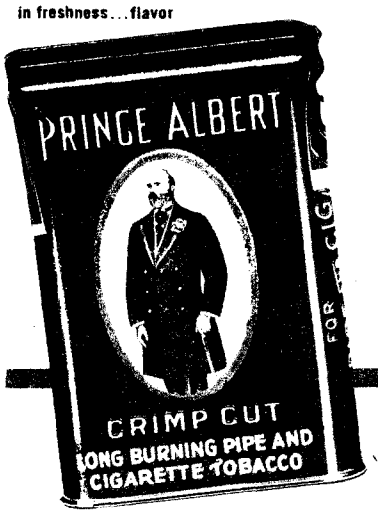
P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

The man with a pipe has an extra appeal to the ladies. Fill that pipe with Prince Albert for real smoking joy and comfort!

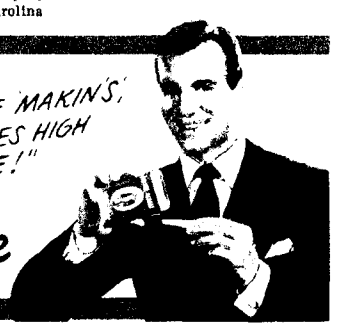
P.A.* means Prince Albert

NEW HUMIDOR TOP
Locks out air—seals in freshness...flavor



● There are lots of reasons why Prince Albert is known as the National Joy Smoke! P.A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco is rich-tasting . . . and tongue-easy. Specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Get Prince Albert in the handy pocket tin or the convenient pound size. It's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



The National Joy Smoke

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Nyctophonia is a rare and peculiar nervous state in which the afflicted person is unable to speak during the hours of daylight, although his vocal powers return at nightfall.

★★★★★★★★★

A gruesome hobby of many Britons until a century ago was the collection of souvenirs of famous murders. For example, the barn on a farm in Surrey, England, in which a young girl, Maria Marten, was killed by a maniac in 1827, was visited by hundreds of these collectors, many of whom had come from Scotland and Ireland. Those who arrived too late to get a piece of the barn itself, made off with anything they could find near by, including sticks and stones.

★★★★★★★★★

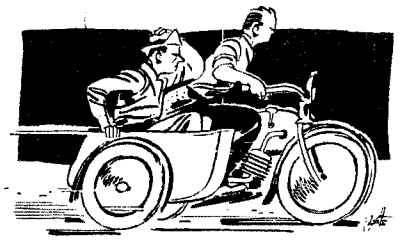
Social precedence in Great Britain involves so many factors that the abdication of Edward VIII and the accession of George VI in 1936 changed the ranking of several thousand members of royalty, the peerage, baronetage and knightage. Consequently, the 1937 edition of Burke's Peerage contained 26,500 corrections and additions, or a far larger number than were necessary before in any single year.

★★★★★★★★★

Homeopathy, a method of medical treatment that flourished in the 19th century, had, as one of its tenets, the theory that the effect of a drug increased in proportion to its dilution. Thus, some of its practitioners were known to write prescriptions calling for dilutions that were equivalent to one drop of medicine in 200 gallons of water.

No race horse dyer known was ever as successful as Paddy Barrie who, between 1926 and 1934, helped American gambling syndicates swindle racing fans out of some $6,000,000. Paddy would buy two horses, one with a good record and one that ran badly, and "paint" the fast animal to resemble the other. He would then enter the ringer in a race in the name of the slow horse at odds of about 50 to 1; and the ringer, being doped, would generally win. Such tricks, however, are no longer possible. With special dyes, bleaches, stencils and dental instruments, Paddy could change the appearance of a horse so completely that he was able to enter his favorite, Aknahton, under three aliases in five races at four tracks: Havre de Grace, Bowie, Agua Caliente and Hialeah. Exposed through an accident at Hialeah and wanted by the police, he was able to carry on his ringing and escape arrest, by using different names and disguises, for more than two years, finally being captured at Saratoga in August, 1934. Because he had violated an immigration ruling, Paddy was deported to his native Scotland.

★★★★★★★★★



DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

"5-5-5" is one alarm of the Fire Department of New York that fortunately has never yet been used. If sounded, this signal will mean that a fire is beyond control and all buildings in its path must be dynamited. The alarm will summon some 400 sappers and miners who are trained to handle such a dangerous job and who will rush to the scene from wherever they happen to be by taxi or some other quick means of transportation.

★★★★★★★★★

Court tennis is the most exclusive game played in the United States, having been introduced in 1876. It differs from lawn tennis in rules and equipment, particularly in the construction of its court. As the average cost of such a court is about $100,000, only 14 have been installed here—ten of them in private clubs. No more than 500 Americans today play court (or royal) tennis and less than 5,000 others have ever watched a game.—*By Marjorie Day, Averill Park, N. Y.*

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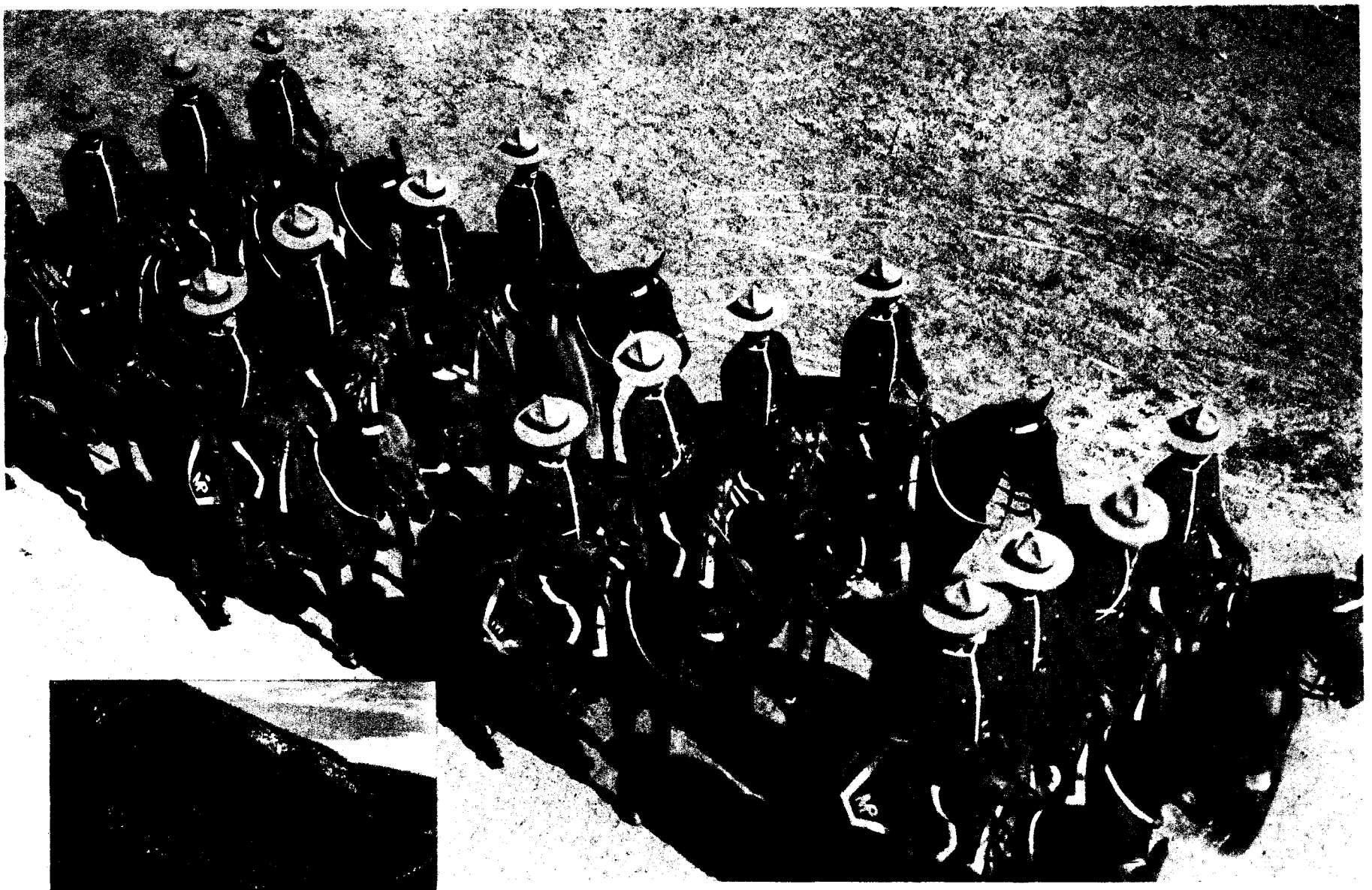

The romance of Canada is symbolized by her red-coated "Mounties"

Motor through the scenic wonderland of Canada's Rockies

Canada adds new flavour to your fun . . .

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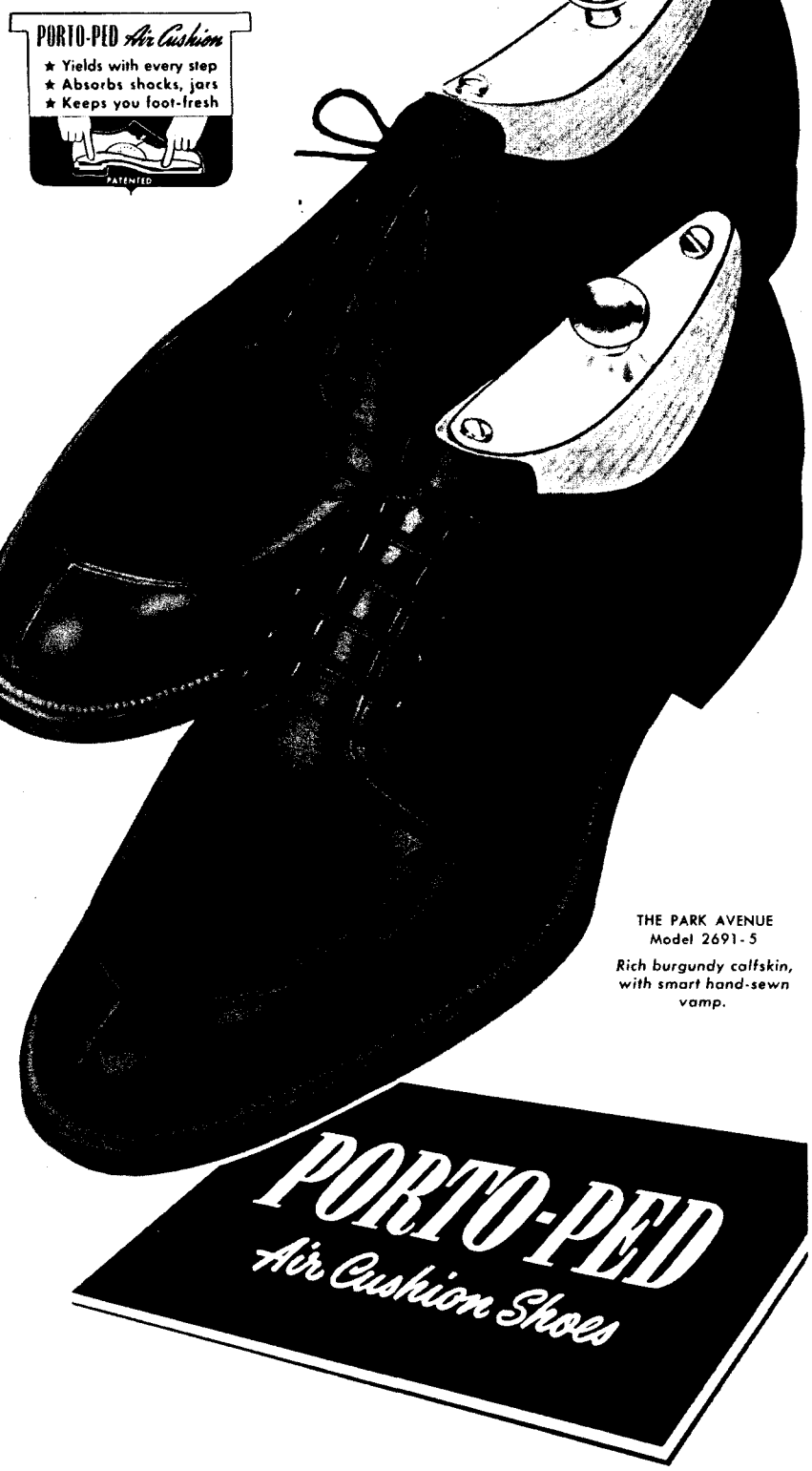

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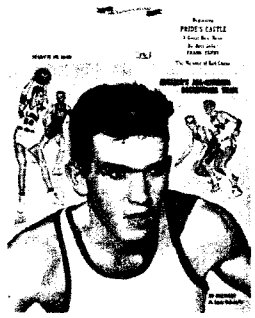

This week's cover: *Artist John Cullen Murphy caught Cover Boy Ed Macauley of the St. Louis U. Billikens during a triumphant dribble (see Collier's Basketball All-America, p. 62). Easy Ed was born tall, claims he's only 5 feet and 20 inches. He hopes to be a teacher-coach—maybe play a little pro ball.*

THE new serial: Frank Yerby feels that the reduction of a man's life to a set of bare statistics is particularly unsatisfactory. So much of the pity, terror and rich red wine of life escapes. He was born during World War I in Augusta, Georgia (1916), attended Haines Institute, Payne College and the Universities of Fisk and Chicago. He has an M.A.

He started writing at seventeen, during the slump worked on the Federal Writers' Project, taught English in the South a piece, labored for the Ford Company and by 1944 he was married and busy around New York at war jobs. About this time he started his first and very popular novel, The Foxes of Harrow. He now has three children.

He's not sure how his serial Pride's Castle (p. 13) came into being. "So far as I can tell," he says, "it grew out of my preoccupation with the discontent apparent in most people today. That led me to wondering if men and women had always been as troubled. The Victorian age had been held up to me as the Good Old Days. Its survivors claim that people had a better life then. I had to see."

THERE are those who, when they seek the solace, the excitement or the escape that television has to offer, repair to the corner saloon. The others go to the Willard Temples' (Veni, Vidi, Video, p. 24) in Summit, New Jersey—especially if they're small fry.

Since this has entailed the Temples, from time to time, finding themselves up to their eardrums in Child Life, it has been necessary to install house rules. "We use the light-in-the-window system," confides Mr. Temple. "The neighborhood Howdy-Doody worshipers have been briefed that when the lamp goes on in the Temples' front window, they are permitted to come in for television."

This system works if one doesn't forget that the lamp is strictly a television beacon. "Once on a No-Television Night," explains Mr. Temple sadly, "I absent-mindedly lighted the lamp and settled down with the paper. Next moment there were alarums and excursions at the front door. Followed by loud crashings. Numb, I opened the door, and was promptly hit by a flying wedge. Fortunately I escaped with nothing more serious than surface abrasions and heel prints on portions the kids had run over."

MR. JACK WEEKS, who cops the $1,000 Star for Day of Glory (p. 18), has been around the writing business mostly as newspaperman for about 24 years. In the Army he was executive of Yank, and right now he does articles and fiction and is managing editor of The New Republic.

Part of the idea of Day of Glory came when Mr. Weeks was what he terms implicated in the invasion of southern France. "I saw a couple of Maquis buried in a little town near Marseille and the experience moved me," he reveals. "It always made me mad afterward to hear an American soldier generalize adversely about the French. They looked pretty good to me that day."

The rest of the yarn springs from Mr. Weeks' normal preoccupation with the vigorous life. He confesses he's always been interested in boxing since he read an account of the Willard-Johnson fight in 1915. "I was very young then," he says, "and easily confused. The way I read the story there were three men in the ring—one a large colored man, another a large white man, and the third fellow described by the sports writer as the Cowboy. It was years before I found that the Cowboy was a

DICK HANLEY

Jack Weeks, with Star in Eye, in Marine mood

synonym for Willard himself. The deception aroused in me a lifelong prejudice against all sports writers except Ring Lardner, Red Smith and Joe Palmer."

Like any normal writer Mr. Weeks has no trouble thinking of things he'd rather do than write. A nice little subsidy would enable him to spend all his time shooting at birds, fishing in the Gulf Stream, following the races in which Citation is running, and riding a horse he knows in Mexico. "Might vary this with Sunday afternoons at the bull ring in Mexico City or evenings with Ray Robinson or Ike Williams at the Garden," he adds. "When I stayed home, I'd run movies of Joe Louis fights, particularly the one in which he made Hitler's boy holler, 'Uncle!' " . . . TED SHANE

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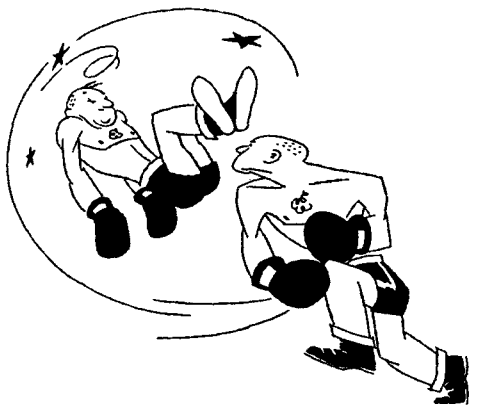

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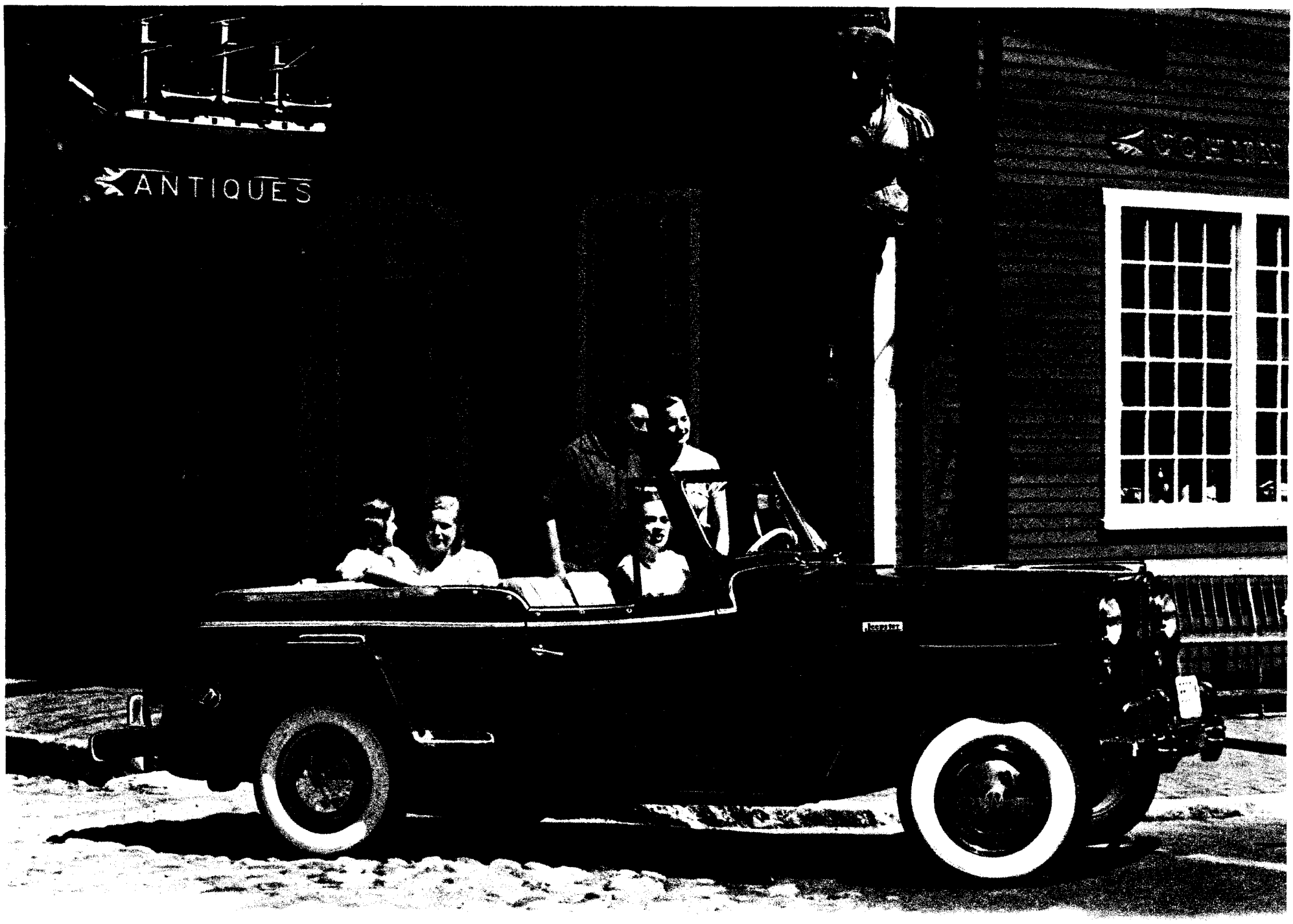

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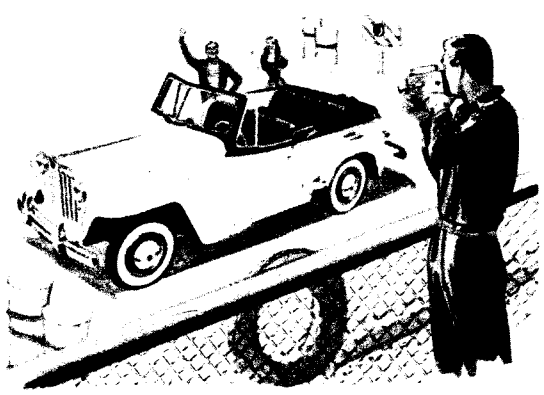

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VOL. 123, NO. 12 MARCH 19, 1949

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Pride's Castle

By FRANK YERBY

Pride Dawson loved only one woman during his rags-to-riches lifetime, Sharon O'Neil. But he could not resist the physical attraction of Black Tom Stillworth's daughter—or her $40,000,000 inheritance. The first installment of a compelling new novel

PART OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

ON THAT spring day in 1870 that Pride Dawson first set foot upon the streets of New York, it has not been recorded that the city greeted him with opened arms. Nor did it greet him with fear and trembling. Instead the crowds that swarmed along the Bowery went their separate ways, serenely unaware of his existence.

He was a big man, this Pride Dawson, and a sight to see. He stood six foot four in his socks, and his face, beneath his coarse black hair, looked as though it had been blasted out of granite. His mouth was big with a touch of wry humor about it; and his eyes were as black as his hair. His nose looked as though it had been broken, which, as a matter of fact, it had—on several occasions in Gargantuan tavern brawls—and his chin was jutting and square.

These oddly assorted features should have added up to plain ugliness; but strangely enough they did not. His eyes, filled with gleeful mockery, or changing in half a heartbeat to ferocious savagery, perhaps had something to do with it. Or his mouth maybe, always half smiling, as if secretly amused at himself and the world.

Then there is a certain atavistic trait in women—and often in men, too—that makes them admire physical bigness and easy strength. That was a part of it. At any rate, to the end of his days, men and women alike described Pride Dawson as handsome. They were, all things considered, not entirely wrong.

He stood there on the street corner with his friend and satellite, Tim McCarthy, whom he had dragged from their native Louisiana across the expanse of the continent and back again, and gazed at the sights of his new city. Since that morning they had seen everything there was to see: the ten-horse brewery wagons, the tangle of Broadway traffic, where horsecars and delivery carts were constantly colliding, the rows of wooden Indians before the cigar stores—everything. And Pride had found it good.

"My town!" he chuckled. "Mine!"

He turned now, in time to see the three-card monte operators and the artists of the shell game unfolding their little tables. Next to them, other

A knot of struggling men boiled out into the street. In the midst of them Sharon recognized Pride Dawson

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men sat before exactly similar tables. These men were entirely different. Their dress was quieter, for one thing, and they had strangely an air of genteel shabbiness about them, which hinted of better days. As Pride watched they opened their small boxes and brought out steel pens, and stiff white show-card paper. Then they bent over their tasks, the pens swirling into elaborate flourishes.

Pride was about to turn away when one of the elderly writers was approached by a young woman. Pride moved closer again, with Tim at his heels.

"Will you," the girl said, "write a small show card for me?"

Something in her voice caught at Pride's consciousness. It was, he realized, a beautiful voice, with a great deal of natural music in it. He brought his gaze up slowly, from the little table to the girl's face, and there it stayed. For the life of him, he didn't know why. The girl was thin and pale, and her nose was plentifully freckled. Her mouth was wide, yet the whole face was oddly pleasing.

The girl bent over the card writer's table, serenely oblivious to Pride's gaze. "Write this," she said, and gave the old man a slip of paper.

Swiftly, the penman began his work, the letters flowing out from under the point of the pen. "Dress-making," Pride read, "and Millinery Work. The latest Modes. Ladies' hats made to order. Miss Sharon O'Neil, Prop."

The penman finished his task and the girl searched in her thin purse for a coin. Then she took the small show card and straightened up. As she did so, her eyes met Pride's.

He raised his derby. "Mighty proud to make your acquaintance, Miss Sharon," he said. "I trust that business is good?"

"The state of my business," Sharon said evenly, "is none of your concern." Then with immense dignity she turned and walked away.

FOR the first time, Pride noticed that her small head was crowned with a mass of soft, dark brown hair. In two long strides he overtook her.

"Oh, but it is," he said. "Because if business ain't so good, I'm fixing to buy you a nice dinner." He looked down at her and grinned.

"I don't know where you come from, Mr.—"

"Dawson—Pride Dawson, at your service, ma'am."

"Mr. Dawson, but in New York ladies don't accept invitations from strange men."

"Now look, Miss Sharon, we ain't strangers any more. I know your name and you know mine. Where I come from, folks are more friendly. I'm a Southerner. Come from the Red—"

"Mr. Dawson," Sharon said, "I haven't the slightest interest in where you're from or where you're going. All I ask of you is to stand aside and cease blocking the way."

"For the love of Mike, Pride," Tim growled, "will you stop pestering the young lady and come along?"

"Nicest young lady I've pestered in a long time," Pride grinned.

Sharon's head jerked in the direction of the policeman who was directing traffic. He was the same big man that Pride had seen untangle the teams a short time ago. The strong-arm squad was selected for its size and strength.

"Must I," Sharon said evenly, "call the officer?"

Pride smiled. He was a good bit bigger than even the big policeman. "I reckon I could handle him."

"Don't be a fool," Tim snapped. "He'd blow that whistle and you'd have twenty of them on your neck in half a minute." He turned to Sharon, "Please, ma'am," he said, "excuse my friend. He's kind of impulsive."

"So I see," Sharon said, and in spite of herself, she smiled. Her teeth were even and white; and, smiling, her whole face underwent a transformation. If it did not become pretty, it at least became intriguing. I, Pride thought suddenly, will never forget this face.

Pride was looking at Sharon with intense concentration. I've got to see her again, he thought. Then, his eyes, moving, fell upon a curious feature of her dress. It had pockets, wide flaring ones, deliberately sewn in to hold the instruments of her trade.

"Good-by, Miss Sharon," he said. "I'll be seeing you." As he spoke, he leaned forward, and his hand moved faster than the eye could follow. When he straightened, his hand was empty, and the gold nug-

"Mighty proud to make your acquaintance, Miss Sharon." Pride raised his derby. "I trust that business is good"

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get that he carried as a luck piece, reposed safely in Sharon's wide flaring pocket.

The two men stood there, watching her walk away, until Tim, turning, saw that Pride was carefully noting the direction she had gone.

"You," he said, "leave that one be."

"Why?" Pride growled.

"She's a nice girl—a real good girl, Pride."

On the corner, Sharon had stopped now, and stood, with her face averted, waiting for the horsecar.

"Come on," Tim said, "I'm thirsty."

"I know. So'm I. Come on—we'll have a drink." Pride turned his steps toward the doors of one of the concert saloons from which shrill, tinny music issued. Tim hesitated, then went in behind him. From the corner Sharon saw them enter and frowned. She hated drunkards with all her simple heart. This particular concert saloon was one of those known as a "pretty waitress house." There, before Pride's delighted eyes, swarms of young, and reasonably pretty girls paraded before the customers clad in pink, flesh-colored tights that clung to every line of their figures. In front, they wore frilly aprons. Behind, they had on enormous sashes.

"My town!" Pride was chuckling, "my town!"

IT WAS almost two hours later when Sharon O'Neil reached the lower end of Broadway once more. She had spent most of the time with her father in the shanty settlement north of Fifty-ninth Street.

Daddo's sick, she thought. He's too old for that sort of life. Worked himself fair into his grave to give me an education. And for what? So I can die of slow starvation in that miserable little shop. Fine business? Don't remember when I've eaten a really decent meal—

She looked up now at the legs of the driver, which could be seen through an opening at the front of the stage. To one of them a stout leather strap was fastened. To stop the stage, you gave a jerk and pulled the driver's leg. Miserable thief, Sharon thought bitterly, shortchanged me again. Doesn't he know that not everybody can afford to be shortchanged? I can't. I'll have to have my tea without a roll now, thanks to him!

She put her hand into one of the wide flaring pockets, where, among other things she kept her loose change. Her fingers closed over an object that had no business being there, something round and smooth. She drew it out and looked at it. It lay in her palm, and as she turned it the words leaped up at her: "Pride Dawson—His Luck!"

"How on earth!" she gasped; then, even as she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK COWAN

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The Great White Death

The fate of these engines illustrates the power of the West's winter storms. Sent out to fight the weather, they were ambushed and completely defeated INTERNA

"The battle for survival in the worst U.S. weather war is the greatest example of democracy in action I've ever seen," says Reynolds. Read his story and judge for yourself

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

NO ONE suspected at first that total war had come to the West. In the modern tradition, the enemy made no formal declaration of war. The attack came early in January. Far in the North, cold masses of air which had been imprisoned by towering mountains burst from their chains to come swooping down upon the unsuspecting plains of the West.

The storm sent long frigid fingers down as far as the red prairie slopes of Oklahoma, and these icy detachments of Nature's cruel troops stirred the usually placid air into rebellion. Now a mass of whirling snow and ice particles, 500 miles in breadth, raced north to join the main forces which were trying to destroy man and all that he had built in Nebraska, Wyoming and North Dakota. A tremendous force broke off from the main mass to spill over the Sangre de Cristo range in Colorado and race angrily toward Utah, Nevada, Arizona and Idaho.

Then suddenly the whole West realized that this was no ordinary storm. In short order, the resources of each state were exhausted. Their overworked bulldozers, tractors, snowplows, airplanes could stand only so much, for machines are not as durable as men. Now thousands of the machines lay under 30-foot drifts, the first casualties in this all-out war with the weather.

In Nebraska and Wyoming, the storm, with fiendish cleverness, laid down seven inches of ice on railroad tracks and then dropped a protective ten-foot layer of snow over that ice, All over the West, roads were closed, telephone wires down, trains stalled.

In Nebraska alone, 2,521,000 cattle faced what seemed certain death. In South Dakota and Wyoming, another 1,500,000 cattle and sheep stood helpless, their backs to the wind, dying of starvation. No food or water could be got to them through the roads that had long since been obliterated. Cattle will not slake their thirst with snow, and thousands died standing neck deep in drifts. It looked as though the war had been won by this quick, fierce blitz of Nature.

The governors of the Western states sent desperate calls for help to Washington. Nature was not attacking merely a few Western states; through them, she was assaulting the economic system of the whole nation, for destruction of livestock and crops in the plains of the West would mean eventual food shortages in the East, on the West Coast and in the South. Overnight, the Army, the Air Force and every federal aid agency mobilized and went into action.

Major General Lewis A. Pick, the man who built the Ledo Road in Burma, was put in charge of Fifth Army Disaster Force Snowbound, with headquarters in Omaha. He had been supervising the huge Missouri Basin project and the 105 dams which are being constructed as a part of it. He called all the private contractors engaged on the project and told them to rush all their available heavy bulldozers, motor graders and snowplows to central points.

General Pick will tell you with quiet pride that every private contractor he talked to immediately and cheerfully obeyed orders and asked no questions. This was a battle for man's very existence, and everyone in the West realized it.

The Air Force flew a hundred planes into the Nebraska-Wyoming-South Dakota region commanded by General Pick. They were joined by Navy, National Guard, Civilian Air Patrol and private planes; and every pilot, crewman and mechanic stood by to take orders from big, soft-voiced Lewis Pick. His chief job was to open the roads so that hay could be brought to starving cattle. Food and medical supplies for thousands of farmers, ranchers and villagers could be dropped by plane, but food for the cattle would have to go largely by road.

Out in Nevada and Utah, the situation was too desperate to wait for the clearing of the roads. Here Operation Haylift was inaugurated. Huge C-82s, the Army's troop carriers, were hurried to Sacramento and then to Fallon in the midst of the Nevada ranch country.

At this writing, a month later, although the battle still rages, Nature is finally on the defensive.

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The people of the West, fighting voluntarily and enthusiastically under the command of Army and Air Force officers, are on the offensive. As the blasts grow weaker and less icy, the people feel that complete victory is near.

Everyone in the West knows now that he has been through a war the like of which this country has never seen.

The Omaha World-Herald said in an editorial: "Cruel have been the sufferings and heavy the material cost. But out of the hardship and loss has come a manifestation of typical Nebraska friendliness and good will which will warm the memories of all who have seen it, for many years to come."

The whole forces of democracy were mobilized to help Joe Doakes of Nebraska or Colorado or Wyoming, and Joe Doakes will never forget it. I know, because I've been talking to Joe in half a dozen states and I've seen the look of quiet gratitude in the eyes of his wife. If you'd like to know some of the men and women of the West who took part in the war and who are weary but triumphant because they feel they have won, come on with me and meet them.

We'll take off from McClelland air base at Sacramento, California, in a huge snub-nosed C-82 which they call accurately enough the Flying Boxcar. Young Leslie Evans is our first pilot and Leallen French is copilot.

Tommy Butler is the third pilot. We have a crew chief and eight enlisted men, all looking grotesque in their heavy-hooded flying suits as they sit in the huge unheated cabin of the plane.

Cordial Welcome—and Hot Coffee

We take off and fly east over the 12,000-foot Sierras; we skirt beautiful Lake Tahoe and then drop abruptly to the Minden-Douglas airport in Nevada. Carl Messelt, who owns the airport, is there with steaming coffee for the crew, and when someone says, "How much will that be?" he laughs and says, "Forget it." He is one of the hundreds of civilians who called the Air Force and said, "Tell me what I can do," and he's proud because they used his airport.

The clamshell doors at the back of the big plane are opened, and a truck loaded with hay drives up to it. It takes only nine minutes to load 9,000 pounds of hay into the plane and now we're off for Ely about 230 miles to the east.

This is a land of mountain ranges; we pass over the Shoshone mountains, over Smoky Valley, climb to get over the 11,000-foot Monitor and Diamond ranges. There are downdrafts here that sometimes drop a heavily loaded, half-million-dollar airplane to within a hundred feet of the ugly mountain peaks. The peaks are covered with snow but the fierce winds have uncovered jagged brown patches of rock.

Evans brings us up another thousand feet. Here the air is thin and when you take a deep breath you feel a little lightheaded. Evans and French don their oxygen masks, and we follow suit. The pure oxygen is as stimulating as the drag of a cigarette, and after a few minutes your head clears.

Now we are past the range and we drop and circle the Ely airport. One black streak shows against the unbroken white of the snow. This is the landing strip cleared by ranchers of the neighborhood. Evans sets the big plane down casually and we stop just long enough to pick up O. C. Robison who lives in Ely. His first name is Orvid but everyone calls him "O.C.," just as they call his brother who is a state trooper "S.G." and his rancher brother "B.H." Robison climbs into the pilot's cabin with a map in his hand. Like dozens of men who live in this region he is serving as a "spotter."

"We're going about forty miles due west," he says, smiling at Evans. "Place called Pleasant Valley. Rancher named Lawrence Henroid is snowed in with about a hundred head of cattle."

We take off and climb, for there is a 10,000-foot range guarding Pleasant Valley. Copilot French looks at Robison's map and when he locates Pleasant Valley he laughs.

"Easy place to get into," he says to Evans. "But how you going to get out?"

According to the map, the Henroid ranch is in a canyon between two mountain ranges and it looks as though the canyon were closed at each end. We top the last high peaks.

Down below, in the main cabin of the plane, the huge doors are being opened. Although the pilot's cabin is heated, the temperature is 20° below zero here, and the men slap themselves vigorously to keep warm. The cold wind bites through their heavy suits and fur-lined boots. Each man has a rope around his waist, with the other end attached to a cable that runs the length of the plane. They have pushed six bales of hay close to the open doors. When the bell clangs, that will be the signal to shove the bales out. All wear goggles and white gauze surgeon masks to keep them from inhaling hay dust.

Up in the cockpit, Evans is settling the plane. We fly the length of Pleasant Valley, and "O.C.," in the pilot's cabin, points to some black specks below and chuckles, "There they are."

Evans looks a little worried now as he banks the plane. We turn, and the outer wing seems to scrape the side of the mountain. This valley is like an open, empty coffin with four vertical, mountainous sides.

We have dropped to within a hundred feet of the ground now. Copilot French raises his hand to a button above his head. "O.C." raises his hand and peers ahead. Now you can see the cattle huddled miserably together in groups. There is a small, shabby wooden shack, and outside of it a man, a woman, a boy and a dog stand.

"Now," Robison calls.

French pushes the button, a bell clangs in the main cabin, and six bales of hay are pushed from the plane. We fly to the end of the valley, and again Evans has to make a tight turn.

"This airplane was never built for acrobatics," he says, with a grin, as the plane banks steeply and then comes around.

We make another pass over the "target." We can see where the first load was dropped. As the bales land, the wire around them breaks and the hay scatters over a radius of ten or twelve feet.

Hungry Cattle Not Scared by Plane

Already cattle are bending to the hay and they don't even scatter as we swoop down over them. The little dog is tearing back and forth frantically; the boy is waving, but the man and woman stand there.

"Too late for those three," says keen-eyed "O.C.," pointing down to where three steers lie on the ground. But all the others are eating hay now. As we make our last pass, the man below waves an eloquent thanks.

Lawrence Henroid is a very small rancher. Every cent he has been able to save in a lifetime is in these hundred head of cattle. He lost three head; in another forty-eight hours he'd have lost them all, Robison says grimly.

Evans keeps circling, trying to gain enough altitude to get over the mountains that guard Pleasant Valley so uncompromisingly. He circles four times and then: "Hold your hats, kids!" he says. "Here we go!"

He aims the Flying Boxcar toward the east range. One hand is on the throttle, the other holds the stick. French keeps calling out our air speed, our altitude, so Evans can keep his eye on the mountains ahead. These boys are a great team, and you sense that they've worked together a long time. Agonizingly, the plane lifts—lifts a bit more, and then barely clears the cruel-looking tops of the range. We make it by fifty feet.

"How about some chow, Skipper?" the crew chief calls.

He has heated some cans of emergency rations. We suddenly realize we've been in the air about five hours and we're hungry. We eat happily out of the cans and soon we land again at Ely. We climb out of the plane, and another Operation Haylift mission has been completed without incident.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

Some of the casualties in Mother Nature's fierce blitz. Driven by a blizzard into the lee of a barn on a sheep ranch, 12 miles from Kimball, Nebraska, they perished from either the intense cold or starvation

Three days after a still raging storm cornered autoists in this Colorado tavern, an Army Weasel got supplies in

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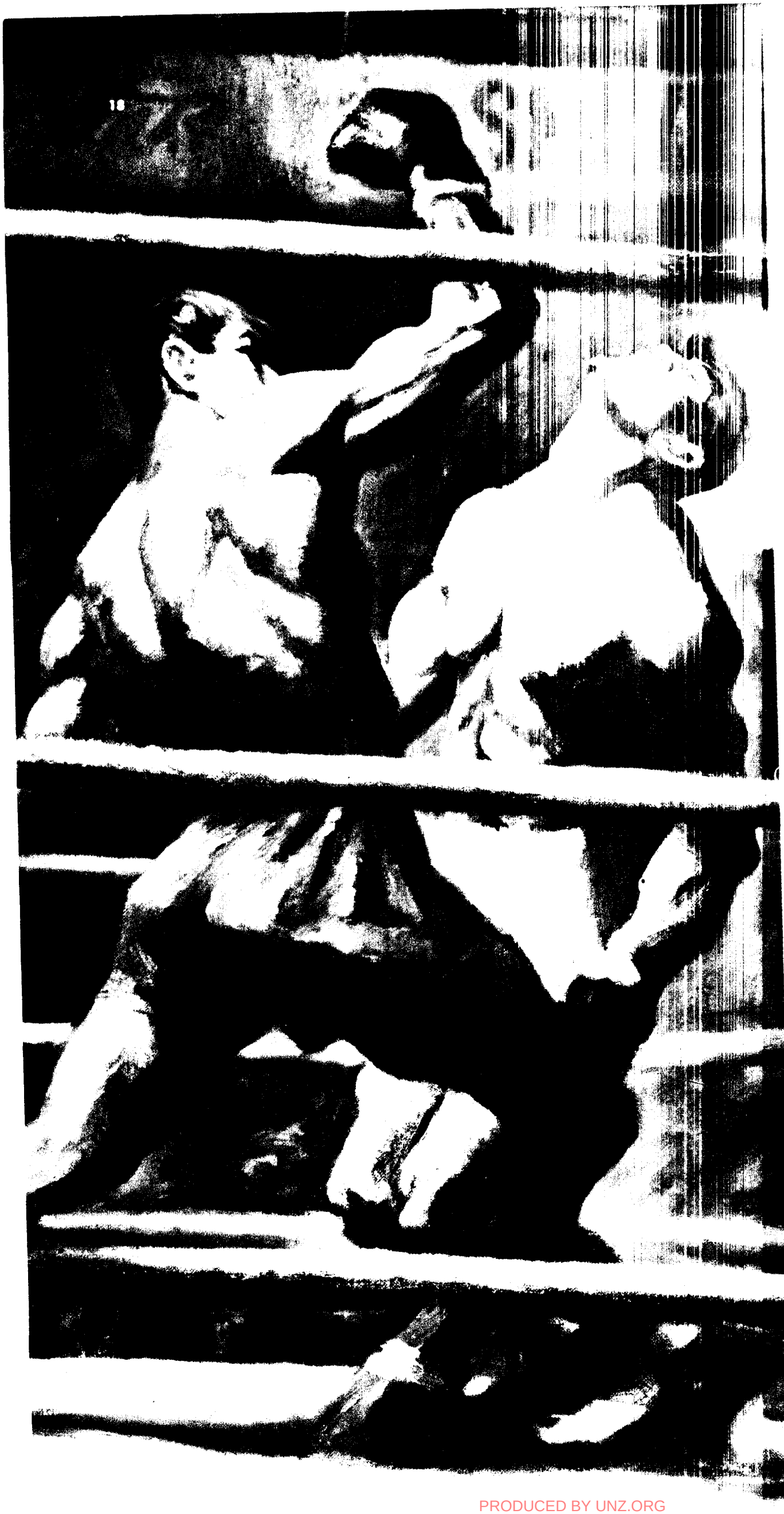

DAY OF GLORY

By JACK WEEKS

The Frenchman, Chevigny, was fighting for much more than the championship. In his battle against tyranny and misunderstanding he had a lesson to teach with his fists. And he'd a lesson to learn—of America and Americans

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 BONUS AWARD
Collier's STAR STORY

TEX HARDY stepped on the scale ahead of Chevigny and flashlights began flaring all around them. Hardy let his hands hang loosely and looked down over his right shoulder at his opponent, grinning unpleasantly. It was the champion's favorite pose and it was almost as familiar to the public as the view of the champion yelling into the microphone after the knockout. A photographer said, "Smile, Roland." Chevigny turned toward the flashlights and tried to give them a smile but it did not amount to much because his mind was on other things.

Hardy stepped off the scale, flipping his hand toward the challenger. "This frog don't feel like smiling, boys," he said to the newspaper people. "He don't want no part of this evening."

He stepped back with his hands on his hips and watched closely as Roland weighed in. The scale said 145.

"No trouble for him to make the weight," Hardy said. "Roland's really been sweatin' this one out."

Chevigny's American manager took hold of his arm.

"Come on, Roland," he said. "In a little while we'll get that steak."

Chevigny smiled then. "That's good," he said. "Very good."

He walked past Hardy without looking at him, thinking about the steak and wondering if he should have a little brandy afterward and some cheese. Hardy called after him, making his voice falsetto and causing some laughter among the photographers.

"So long, Roland," he said. "See you at ten o'clock, dear."

The foretaste of the steak left Chevigny and the anger he had felt for such a long time surged over

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45)

Chevigny punched harder, and near the close of the round he dropped the champion with a right-hand smash that followed a series of hypnotizing feints

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

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After yodeling in bathtubs, radio stations and night clubs for 30-odd years, Morton Downey is the tenor to end all tenors—a feat he has almost accomplished

My Wild Irish Downey

Tides of popularity ebb and flow almost as fast as hit songs, but the Irish tenor from Connecticut, wearing the green of Uncle Sam's mint, goes on forever

By COLLIE SMALL

SEVERAL years ago, Morton Downey, the incorrigible Irish tenor, had his head examined. What science hoped to gain from such a dubious excursion was, and still is, a mystery; nevertheless, a noted lady phrenologist was summoned to play with the knobs on Mr. Downey's skull until she found the combination.

Judging from the lengthy report which followed, the phrenologist went over Downey's head like Lewis and Clark went across the mountains. She discovered, in this previously unexplored wilderness, a "strong social brain, an unusually perceptive mind, and long ears." She also discovered a strong Vital, a healthy Mental, and an adequate Motive. Everything considered, Downey turned out to be a remarkable specimen. There was even a chance, the phrenologist noted apprehensively, that the durable Downey might go on forever.

This, of course, was no cause for alarm. Millions of Americans, to whom the voice of Morton Downey is an old and trusted friend, are involved in a happy conspiracy to see that the Connecticut Irishman *does* go on forever. Moreover, Downey himself seems determined to go down in history as the first completely indestructible tenor. It is this sort of persistency which recently prompted Bing Crosby, a young baritone, to describe him as "the oldest choirboy in the world."

Not long ago some anonymous wit remarked with considerable accuracy that "there used to be an Irish tenor on every block; now everybody has a piece of a fighter." This is undoubtedly true; yet Downey has survived without difficulty and, in fact, has negotiated with admirable ease a long and treacherous passage over some 30 years of church socials, smokers, Paul Whiteman, vaudeville, Hollywood, night clubs, hotel supper rooms, and radio. It is a matter of record that a formidable number of intrepid competitors attempting to accompany Downey over the rapids were lost and never heard from again.

Considering the violent ups and downs suffered by most singers at the hands of the public, the loyalty still commanded by Downey, the troubadour, is nothing short of remarkable. His fan mail, particularly, is notable for its expressions of undying devotion. Several years ago a man from Staten Island wrote that his wife did not like him to listen to Mr. Downey's radio broadcasts and that he had actually been forced to build a clandestine crystal set in the cellar to avoid detection. Impressed, Downey mailed the gentleman a small table radio in a plain wrapper.

In recent years Downey has concentrated on radio, with occasional side excursions into night clubs. Thus, in 1948, another year in which it was optimistically assumed that he would at last be finished, he earned more than $200,000 from his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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The Green Tie

By JEFFERS GODFREY

March 7, 1949

Headmaster Daniel Laird
Harndale, Academy
Harndale, Mass.

Dear Sir:

The press tells that you are retiring this June, so I write while there's still time. I want to get this off my chest. It's bothered me for over twenty years.

Way back there, I taught English at Harndale, for one year. The name at the end of this, the "John Anson," probably means nothing to you—you must have had a hundred like me since, inexperienced lads who lasted only a year.

But I think you'll remember the "Hurray for St. Patrick" painted in green on the red brick of the old gym on St. Patrick's Day of my particular year. It was a sight to behold, it was unforgettable—and the pretty penny it cost Harndale to have it chisled off, that surely you remember.

That you ever hired me to teach in an exclusive school like Harndale still startles me. I was nothing at all. I suppose it was the major's uniform I was still wearing when you interviewed me. I was just out of World War I. You probably thought I was quite a lad to be a major. But I wasn't. We lost a lot of officers in the Argonne and the job came down to me after a while; that was all.

You put me in charge of the ten scholarship boys of the school in the rear entry of West Hall. The rest of that old building was classrooms. I suppose that entry, with its scalloped stairs and grim furniture, was really something rugged, but it was more than the boys and myself ever had before. I thought my suite of three rooms on the second floor was extra special, and I was happier there than I've ever been since.

Every day at Harndale I said, "I must make good. This is all I want from life. To teach here at Harndale always." I tried hard all the time. I observed every rule of the school to the letter. I was dutiful and honest in all things, hoping to be asked back for a second year—given that second-year appointment that, at Harndale, meant life tenure.

My whole thought was the school, the good of the school. Then March seventeenth came along, St. Patrick's Day, and I learned that a teacher has other necessities. There isn't only the school. There's the boy.

The boy in this case was Pat Moore.

He lived in my entry, both his parents were dead, and he hadn't a nickel to his name. Some alumnus must have sent him on to lead the school on the field of play. He was such a leader, and the rich boys from Sloane and Wolsey Halls, in their elegant sweaters and knickers, used to hang around the entry in the idler hours just to be near him.

He was friendly toward them, but refused their invitations to their homes on vacation and that sort of thing. He stayed loyal to his own—the other poor who lived with him in the entry behind Old West.

That included myself, the master in charge. I had the flu that winter, had it bad. The doctor came in the first day, left a lot of medicine that he assured me was no good, said staying in bed was the main thing, and left. After that everyone seemed to forget me, even you. Everyone but Pat Moore.

Unasked, he brought my meals three times a day from the dining hall, where he waited on table. I can see him now, tall, red-haired, no talker, tiptoeing in with the tray. I could eat nothing. I had fever. I asked him to stop at Pete the druggist's and get me a quart of cream soda; all I wanted was cold drink.

Thereafter, three times a day for three days, he brought in a quart of ice-cold cream soda. In three days I drank nine quarts of it. It seems unbelievable now. Between nature and the cream soda my fever went away. I began to eat and was back in my classroom on the second-floor front of Old West in a week. I told Pat Moore, "I hope I get a chance to do something for you someday."

The chance came very soon, on St. Patrick's Day.

The night before, I checked the entry as usual at ten o'clock. I found that Pat Moore was missing from his room on the third floor. I thought little of it, for occasionally a boy lingered too long over a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

I was debating whether to do my duty to the school and turn Pat in, or do my duty to a boy who'd helped me when I had greatly needed it

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU CUNETTE

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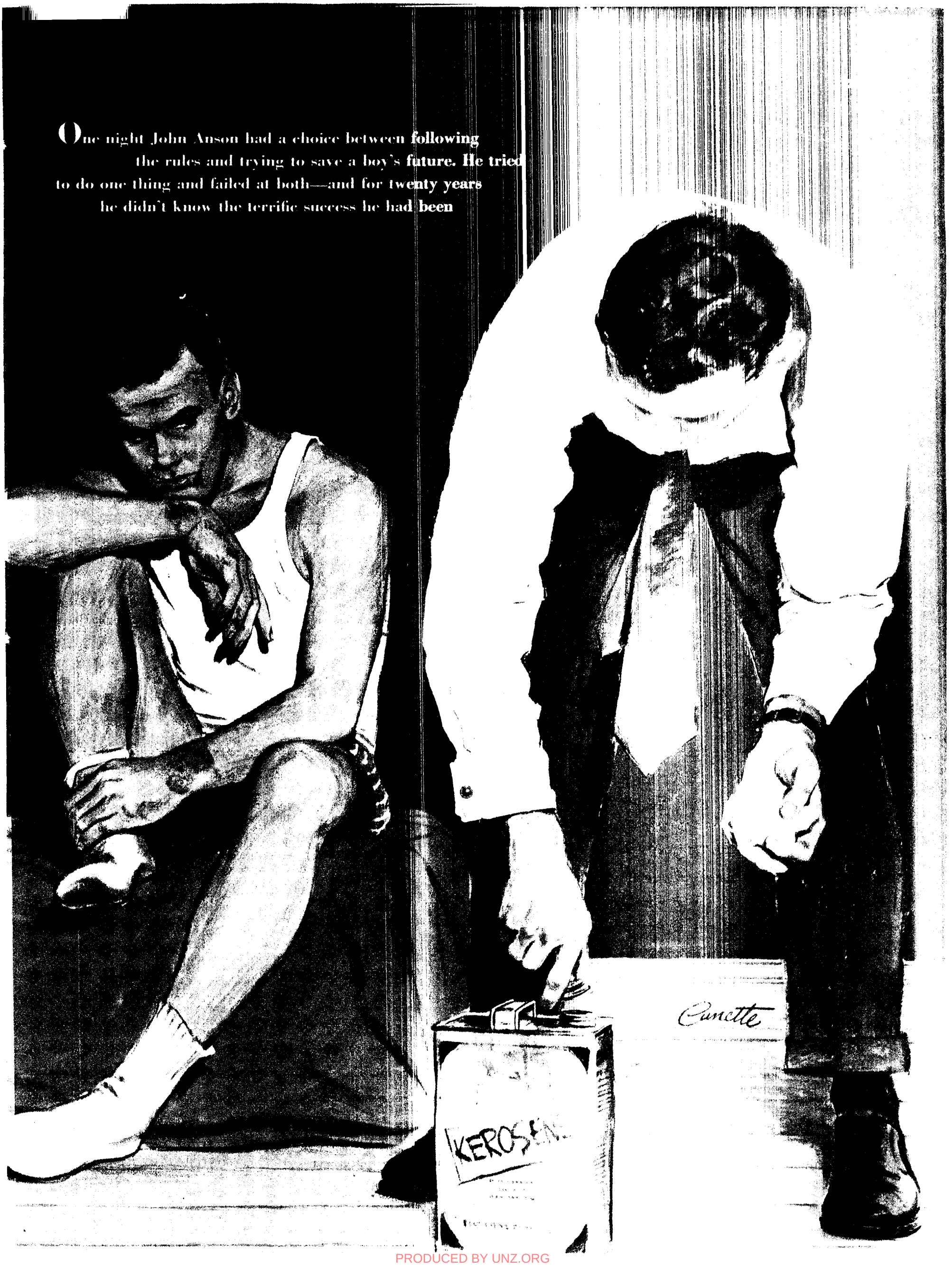
One night John Anson had a choice between following the rules and trying to save a boy's future. He tried to do one thing and failed at both—and for twenty years he didn't know the terrific success he had been



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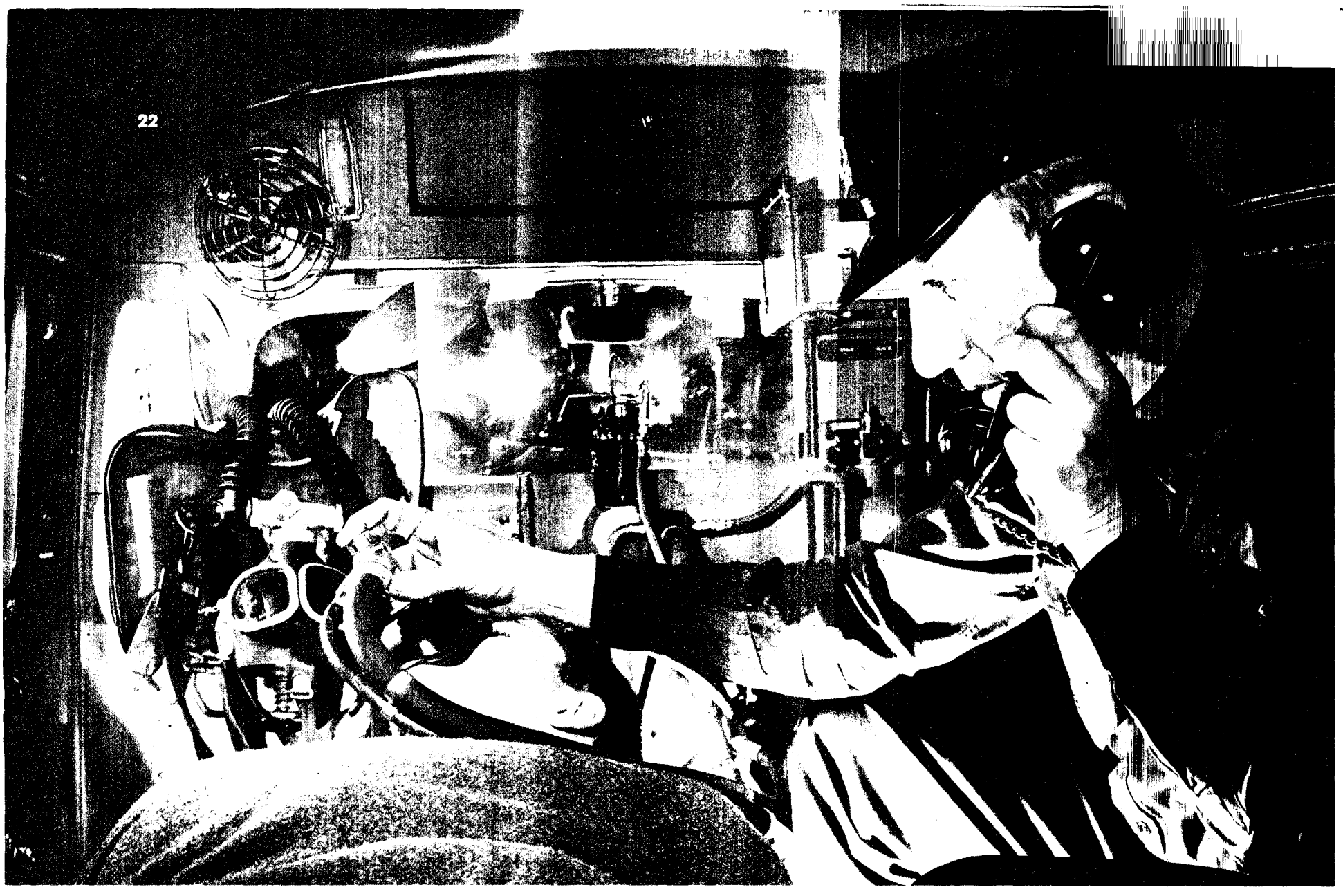

Few cities can match the efficient ambulance service provided by Grand Rapids, Michigan. An attendant gives oxygen en route and alerts the hospital by phone

Our Shocking Accident Wards

By PATRICIA LOCHRIDGE

Only three of our larger cities—San Francisco, Detroit and New York—are making a new effort to give quick, efficient emergency aid to accident victims. The blame for inhuman laxness in many communities rests solidly upon two groups: niggardly politicians who fail to supply enough public funds, and the buck-passing voluntary hospitals that reject accident cases

CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

AMERICAN hospitals say they are equipped to meet the test of any sudden public disaster be it fire, flood, tornado, earthquake or atomic-bomb explosion. Perhaps they are. Certainly they performed at the Texas City explosion, the Altoona train wreck, the Hartford circus fire, and the Cocoanut Grove dance hall fire. These were the rare headline disasters of recent years in which many were killed or injured.

But hospitals sometimes forget the disasters taking place every day in every large city and rural hamlet—many of which never reach even the back pages of city tabloids or county weeklies. An accident that results in only one casualty is still a tragedy. If you doubt this, ask the man who has just lost a leg under a train or truck.

A father runs down his child while backing the car out of the garage; a farmer is kicked by a mule: These are "routine" catastrophes that happen every three seconds, day and night, 365 days in the year.

But many hospitals today neglect these "routine" disasters. Cities tolerate conditions which bring callous mistreatment to thousands of citizens. They ignore suffering's by-product—tremendous economic loss, public and private.

Recently in a coast-to-coast investigation of hospital and ambulance emergency service, only three cities—San Francisco, Detroit and New York—were found to be making sufficient effort to provide a minimum of medical safety and care against the ever-increasing hazards of modern living.

In many cities, traffic victims lie on the streets for 35, 50, even 60 minutes before an ambulance arrives. Injured men, women and children are turned from the doors of hospitals where they seek help. The critically ill are shunted from institution to institution before gaining admission.

In New Orleans I sweated out a four-hour wait for X rays with an old lady who had broken her hip. In an aristocratic New York hospital I sat with a worried mother for over an hour waiting for an ordinary laboratory test to determine whether her stricken eleven-year-old son had appendicitis. In Chicago I interviewed a seventeen-year-old Negro boy who was still on the critical list three weeks after an accident had smashed both legs. On the verge of death, he had been denied admittance to two hospitals before he was taken in and his life saved at the county hospital. The two hospitals, one of them for Negroes, said they were too crowded to admit him.

The blame for these shocking conditions rests solidly upon two groups: first, the niggardly politicians who can be galvanized into action only when faced with a grand jury investigation of inadequate hospital service; and second, some buck-passing voluntary hospitals that prefer to dump all troublesome and expensive emergency patients on overworked public institutions.

No voluntary or private hospital anywhere likes to take a gunshot case—even if it's a respectable hunting accident. In Washington, D.C., somewhere near the Pentagon, a man was accidentally shot by a stray bullet—presumably from a soldier's gun. An Army ambulance picked him up and rushed him to the hospital. The intern on duty

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DALE ROOKS

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The Menace of Red China

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

The Communist avalanche that's rolling across China will gain momentum, smash across the Pacific islands and cover the United States—all according to the Soviet plan. The American public's apathy to this looming disaster is also a part of the plan—exposed here by one who took part in the plotting

THE Communist conquest of China, now dangerously near completion, long has been planned as a major milestone in Moscow's road toward creation of a Soviet America. Japan and Korea are next on the schedule, then Indonesia and the Philippines. Once in control of the western Pacific's vast man power and vital rubber, tin and oil resources, Russia hopes to be ready for the final showdown with the United States.

That is the blueprint, at least, of Soviet world conquest. It has been known to U.S. Communists since 1927, the year Earl Browder was sent to China to plant seeds of anti-Americanism there. His mission became a model, cited repeatedly at Communist meetings I attended, for the manner in which a true Bolshevik acts against the *"bourgeoisie"* in his own country.

Since 1927, every American Communist has been inculcated with the Soviet tenet that China is the master key to a Red White House.

In my ten years as a Communist editor and party worker, no other indoctrination program was more important. Numerous U.S. Red leaders stated their belief that China's 463,000,000 people would be the decisive factor in Sovietizing the United States. At a 1940 "educational meeting" of Daily Worker staff members, William Z. Foster, now the party's national chairman, stressed China's role in America's future.

"China's millions," he said, "will be a great aid to the Soviet Union in helping the American proletariat establish a Soviet America." Continuing, he pointed out that China was also "the key to Korea, Japan and the Philippines."

Japan's scheduled role in the Soviet pattern of conquest was more recently outlined in the September 8, 1948, issue of New Times, weekly supplement of the Moscow newspaper, Trud. An editorial in it predicted that "the insensate policy of power-drunk American monopolies" in Japan would "cost blood, the blood of the people." But, it concluded, "the national liberation movement in the Asiatic countries will drive the American imperialists out of all Asia, including Japan."

Significantly, on the very day of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's retirement, a Chinese Communist broadcast promised that "a new China . . . will assist in Japan's democratization and prevent the re-emergence of reactionary forces." The same day, in Moscow, Pravda editor Pospelov denounced America's "mad imperialism," cited the great Communist victories in China despite U.S. aid to Chiang Kai-shek and predicted "the 20th century will be the century of the complete triumph of Leninism."

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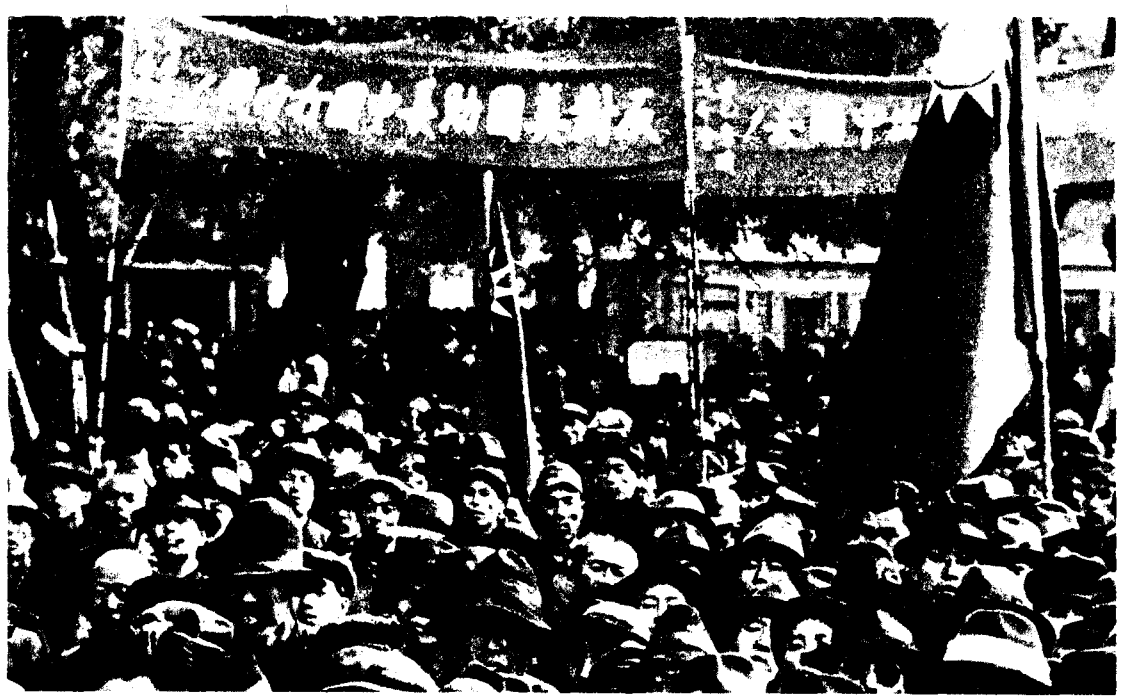
TRIANGLE PHOTOS

A grim-faced scout from Mao Tse-tung's Communist forces watches Kuomintang troops in Manchuria



In 1947, a Red-inspired meeting of Harbin workers (above) demanded American armies leave China. The partisans posing below with a land mine belie the peaceful aims attributed to them by the Soviets

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VENI, VIDI, VIDEO

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Pete was lonely, and when the blonde wouldn't speak to him he bought a television set. Then everybody came to see him, even the blonde—and her boy friend

PETE THATCHER hadn't always hated people. Once he had approved of mankind. Transferred East by the engineering firm which employed him, Pete considered the garden-type apartment he had managed to acquire delightful. He liked the flagstone walks, the patches of grass, the elm trees and the blonde who walked her dog around the court at five thirty each evening.

She was there every day when he came home from work. Thatcher took to loitering in the vicinity; he became bold enough to speak to the dog and the dog barked at him. The blonde didn't bark, she merely moved onward glacially and Thatcher ducked into his apartment and met Mrs. Feible on the stairs.

Whenever Pete entered or left his apartment hallway he was likely to find Mrs. Feible. She was a wrinkled beldame whom Thatcher expected to see ascending the staircase on a broom. He had even got so desperate to talk to someone that one evening he ventured to say hello to Mrs. Feible. She looked blankly at him and skittered on up out of sight. Thereafter Pete did not repeat his mistake.

He spent his evenings wandering through his quarters, occasionally peering out the window at activity in other apartments. He saw bridge games and cocktail parties and families laughing and talking together.

He was lonely and because of that he dropped into a store one day and spent a month's hard-earned pay. He got special permission from the landlord and made the arrangements and came home one night to find two servicemen in his living room.

"All set," said one of them. "You got a little ghosting on number five but nothing can be done about it; there's a mountain between here and the station. I'll show you how to operate it." He stooped before the walnut cabinet. "You flip this switch a notch. You turn on the volume. Then switch your brightness and contrast all the way over. Clockwise. Then you tune her in for sound with this dial. Set your contrast and cut down on the brightness. Counterclockwise. Set your focus, and, brother, you're all set. You got it?" The man's hands flicked from dial to dial. "Okay, that's it, she's your baby. So long."

Pete Thatcher tossed his hat into the corner and stood before the television set. Pete was a tall and brawny young man with an aggressive jaw and tumbled black hair. Okay, he thought. So he didn't know anybody to talk to. So all right. He'd look at people on the television. He'd watch somebody else talk.

He tried to remember what the man had told him and fiddled with the dials. He got a picture and pulled up the big chair and had just got comfortable when the doorbell rang.

Nobody ever rang his doorbell. Pete opened the door and the hallway was filled with children. They stood there in solemn conclave, wide-eyed and reverent, and for a moment silent. Then the biggest boy, prodded from behind, edged forward.

"Hey, Mister," he said. "We seen the aerial. "Hey, Mister, is it true you got a television?"

Pete grinned and swung the door wide open. "Why, sure," he said. "Come on in. We'll see what's on."

They raced past him, found seats on the floor and Pete tinkered with the dials and came upon a Western movie. The kids sat there enthralled and Thatcher didn't have the heart to switch over to the news review he had planned to see. He turned off the lights and started for the kitchen, tripping over a small girl on his way out.

He cooked his dinner, carried it to the table and sat down to eat. The screen was beyond his vision. He ate dinner to the drumfire of horses' hoofs and shouts indicating that the Triple X boys were heading off the rustlers in the canyon. In the middle of dinner his phone rang for the first time since he had moved in.

Thatcher went out into the living room, tripping over the same small girl. He sprawled, caught himself, and grabbed the phone.

"Hello?" said a shrill voice. "Is Elwood there?"

"Elwood?" said Thatcher, and a boy sighed, detached himself from the group and ambled to the phone.

"Aw, Mom," he said. "For Pete's sake, Mom. It's right in the middle of the pitcher. I'll eat later, I ain't hungry. I don't have any homework today. Aw, Mom. Aw, for Pete's sake." He hung up. "I gotta go," he announced in the tones of a condemned man, and sadly departed.

THATCHER went back to his dinner, nearly leaped over the small girl in the archway and had just sat down when the phone rang again.

"One of you kids get that," Pete shouted.

He heard sounds of an argument and a lamp crashing over as the children fought to do the good deed. A boy ultimately won, answered the phone, listened a moment, then hung up.

"George and Randall," he said. "The Simonson twins, Harriet, Cynthia and Bonnie. Get going."

Pete continued eating his solitary dinner. When he had finished he peered into the dark living room where four or five forms were faintly visible.

He went out and did up the dishes, came back, and the living room was deserted. Without turning on a light, Pete fiddled with the dials. He sat there entranced watching various programs for an hour and a half. When he stood up, turning on a table lamp, he saw a pair of small feet sticking out from behind the big chair. Investigating, he found the small girl he had tripped over earlier in the evening. She was sound asleep on the strip of carpet between the chair and the wall.

A purse was clutched in one hand. An identification card inside gave her name as Janice Merritt and her residence as Detroit, Michigan, a city approximately seven hundred miles away. Pete picked her up, still sleeping and made the rounds of the apartments, finding finally at apartment 42 the name of Merritt.

He rang the bell and the door was flung open and a hysterical woman cried, "My grandchild! My stricken grandchild!"

"Not stricken," said Pete. "She fell asleep in my apartment."

Other faces came into his vision. One belonged to the blonde who walked the dog. The man who strode forward was apparently the little girl's grandfather.

"In your apartment," he said grimly. "So you admit you'd taken her to your apartment, you fiend, you—"

"She was looking at the television and—" Someone breathed heavily on Pete's neck. He turned and found a fat policeman standing there.

"I soiched them woods back of the apartment," said the officer. "I went through them woods like a bloodhound. No clues, no cloth sticking to no branches. I got prickers all over me uniform."

"This man brought her back," the woman said. "He had her in his apartment."

"Get cold feet, did yah?" said the policeman, leering at Thatcher.

"We were looking—" Thatcher began again when the small girl woke up.

"We saw a cowboy pitcher," she said with a dreamy smile. "It was wunnerful. Four men got killed. Bang, bang, bang, bang."

"A most unsuitable program for a four-year-old," said the grandma sternly.

"Nonsense." The blonde spoke up. "It wasn't this man's fault at all. We owe him a vote of thanks for bringing her back."

Pete approved of her more than ever. She was slim and very straight and not at all glacial when she smiled. He bowed himself out and the girl came forward and offered her hand.

"Thank you so much, Mr.—"

"Thatcher," Pete said.

"I'm Susan Merritt," the blonde said. "Janice is my brother's child. She's visiting us for a few days and naturally Mother was frantic when she disappeared—"

"Naturally," said Pete. He got a whiff of perfume and reeled slightly. He could just see himself settling this girl in the big chair in front of his television set. "If you're not doing anything now," he said, "why not come back with me and see what's going on? If you fall asleep, I'll guarantee to bring you home."

She smiled. "Thank you," she said. "Some other time, perhaps."

The door closed in his reddening face. She

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

Pete was a stranger in town—but a stranger with a television set. Ten minutes after the big fight started there were about thirty people in his place

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

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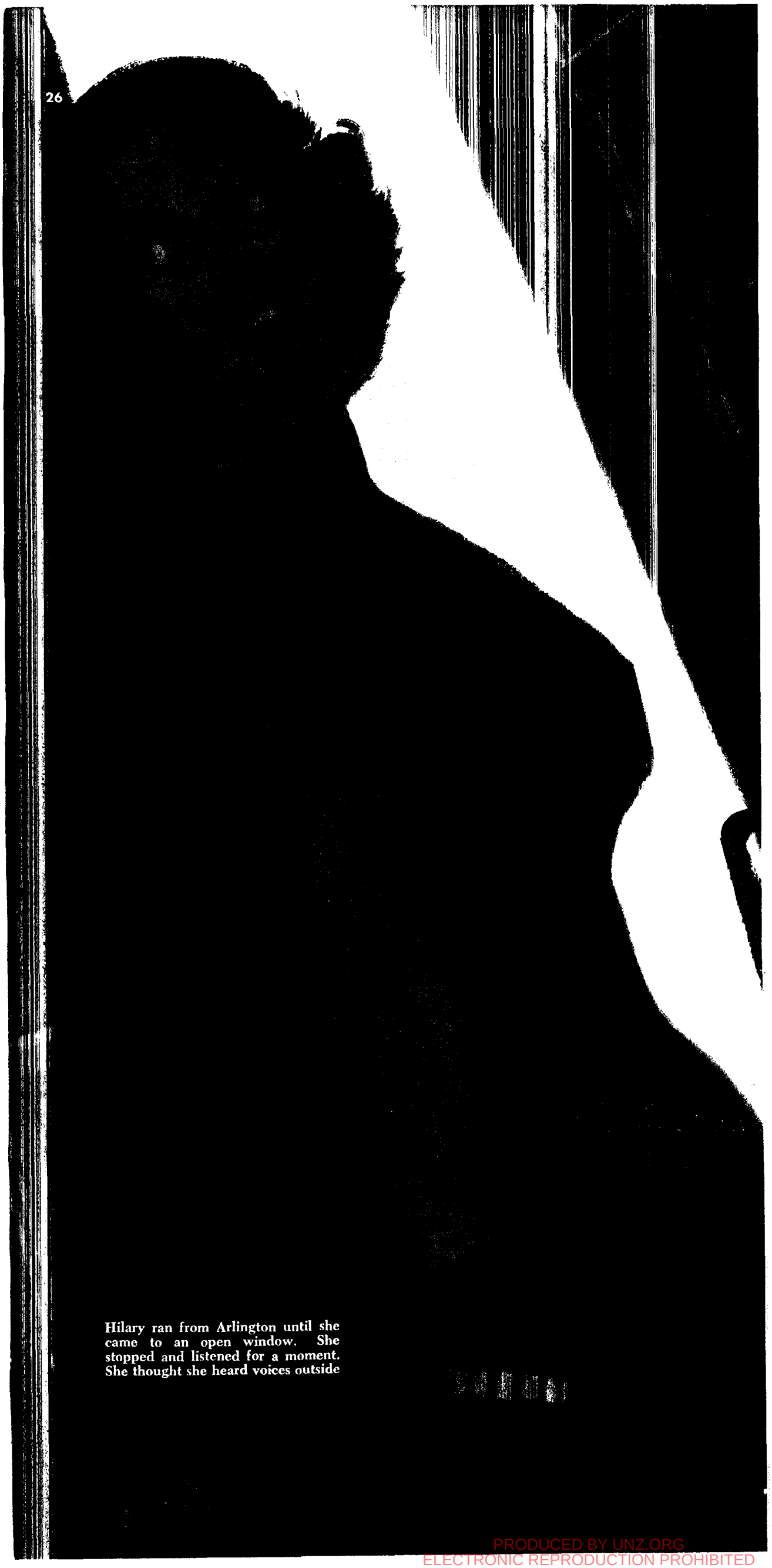

Hilary ran from Arlington until she came to an open window. She stopped and listened for a moment. She thought she heard voices outside

angover ouse

By SAX ROHMER

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF A SECRET THAT COULDN'T BE SHARED

The Story: One night in London a young private investigator named STORM KENNEDY is paid a visit by LORD GLENGALE who asks him to follow his daughter LADY HILARY. Glengale, who feels sure that Lady Hilary is being blackmailed, is afraid of what she might do. That same foggy night Kennedy follows her to a party at a country place in Surrey. There PETER FARAWAY, the host, discovers a body on the terrace steps. It is a man whom no one knows—he has been stabbed in the chest. Kennedy examines the body before the police arrive and discovers a woman's footprints and a small handkerchief. He obscures the footprints and keeps the handkerchief. The police arrive, headed by INSPECTOR MCGRAW of the C.I.D., and allow no one to leave the house. SIDONIA, the girl singer with the band that played at the party, runs away from Hangover House—but an alarm is sent out and the police capture her. They regard her with suspicion, but seem to have none for a beautiful brunette who says her name is MRS. MULLER. Later Kennedy meets Lady Hilary in the garden and shows her the handkerchief. She admits it is hers, but will say nothing more. Kennedy and Lady Hilary are questioned by McGraw after a gold case which had been found on the dead man and then stolen turns up in Kennedy's possession. Suddenly there are footsteps on the stairs and the man who has been stabbed stands there pointing at Hilary and saying, "LA . . . LA . . ." She cannot control herself and calls out, "Geoff!" as he topples over dying. After much discussion McGraw decides to let Kennedy question Lady Hilary alone. She tells Kennedy how she met GEOFFREY ARLINGTON when she was very young and fell under his influence, but soon learned what an evil person he was. Reluctantly she made an appointment to see him for the last time at the party, and was with him shortly before he was stabbed, she says. But she swears she had nothing to do with his death.

LADY HILARY spoke in a quiet voice. "I know what you are thinking," she said. "And you may even be right. He—Geoffrey—always called me Larry—"

"You mean, Hilary," Kennedy interposed, "he may have meant to say, 'It was Larry'?"

"Quite possibly. He was a devil—a vindictive devil. I had dared him to—do his worst. He may have been trying, even then, to do it."

Storm Kennedy every minute became more completely convinced that her association with Geoffrey Arlington had gone deeper than any shady financial transaction. But he must forget that. He must think of Lady Hilary as a client.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

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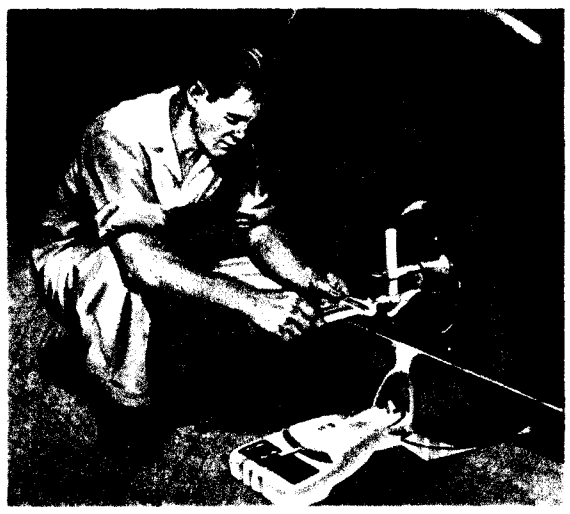
Check your truck's heavy winter wear here...

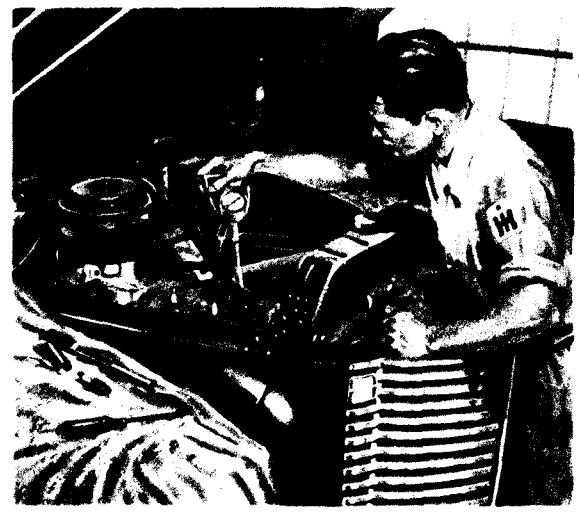


It's been a wearing winter—

Maybe a spring leaf snapped during that severe cold snap. That could cause excessive tire wear, even misalignment of axles.

Or take ice ruts. Your truck had to, all winter. Front-end parts may be sprung—that's bad for steering. Brakes may be worn—that's bad for stopping.

But . . . International's specialized spring service is *good* for what ails trucks.

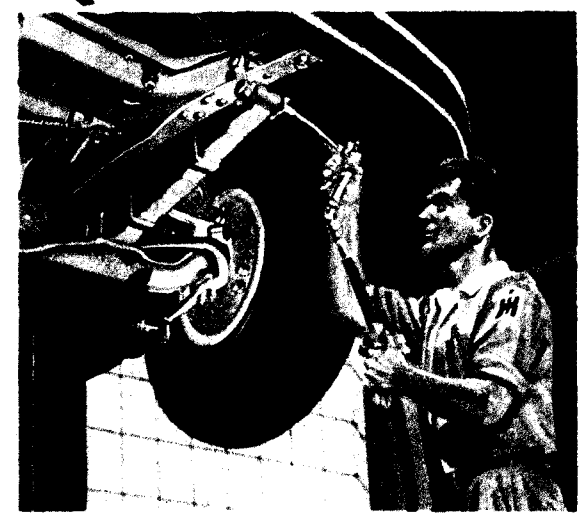


It's been hard under the hood—

What winter weather took out of your engine, we can put back in!

New get-up-and-go, new life, new power! We change oil, inspect, clean, adjust or replace spark plugs, distributor, regulator, carburetor, valves, battery cables, and wiring.

All work is done by skilled International factory-trained mechanics, using special tools and equipment.



It's been a tough grind. Here, there and—

Everywhere a truck needs lubrication, it needs lubrication now. So International service experts cover all chassis points, transmission, universal joints, differential, steering gear, wheel bearings, and any other spot that's too dry for its own good.

And believe us, International service experts know exactly where to look for that, and exactly what to do about it!

It's overhauling time—for trucks that have been hauling overtime—

We've covered a lot of territory here, because your trucks have covered a lot of territory during the winter. If they don't need servicing now, it's a miracle!

4,700 International Dealers, and 170 Company-owned Branches and Service Stations offer you the nation's largest exclusive truck service organization. They're ready with specialized tools and service experience, ready with precision-engineered parts, ready with factory-rebuilt exchange units . . . ready to keep your trucks rolling profitably into spring and summer.

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We'll take your electrical system next . . . service it completely.

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Alley Oop and Me

NUMBER 7 IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO AMERICA'S TOP COMIC STRIPS

HOLYCOW, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
ME AN DINNY JUST POPPED UP OUTA OL' IRA YATES' NUMBER TWO WELL!
1929
YOU LOOK BEAT, FELLA... WHY'N'CHA SLOW DOWN? YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER!
NEWSPAPERING IN WEST TEXAS IS STRENUOUS BUSINESS, BUT A GUY'S GOT TO EAT!
HEY, GANG, MEET OUR NEW BOSS!
HI, BUB! WELCOME TO MOO!
FROM HERE ON, SON, AT A DESK YOU STAY... WE'LL BRING YOU CHOW AN' IT WON'T BE HAY!
GOSH, BOSS, I'M AFRAID WE'VE OVER-GRAZED OUR RANGE
IT LOOKS THAT WAY, SO.....
ALLEY, MEET OUR NEW ASSOCIATE, DOCTOR WONMUG
HI, DOC! SAY, WHAT'S THAT GADGET?
IT'S A TIME-MACHINE, LAD... YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO GO PLACES NOW!
WE'VE SURE BEEN AROUND THESE LAST FEW YEARS, HAVEN'T WE?
YEH, BUT IN THESE DAYS OF ATOMIC ENERGY, TELEVISION AND FOLDING BULL FIDDLES, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET!
PALEONTOLOGY
-W.T. Hamlin

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By V. T. HAMLIN

IN THE accompanying sketch I have tried to illustrate the salient features of my most enjoyable and profitable association with Mr. A. Oop. The fact of my birth at the turn of the century in Perry, Iowa, where my career as a high school football end was cut short by an undistinguished Army hitch in the first World War, didn't seem particularly pertinent to the pictorial autobiography.

During the years that followed I was exposed to journalism at the University of Missouri but found newspaper work in the great Southwest far more interesting.

The jump from Iowa to Texas wasn't without its moments, either. I helped build highway bridges, worked with paving gangs, engaged in semipro boxing, cranked a movie projector, drove trucks and beat my way around the country.

In the course of these events and through the subsequent years while I was covering newsworthy events in the oil and cattle country with a camera for Fort Worth and Houston newspapers, I fractured my spine, broke my right wrist once and my nose three times. I also stopped hot lead twice. Incidentally, I hate guns and what they do to people, even though the bones of my characters be but paper, and the blood in their veins a well-known brand of drawing ink. True, Ooola, my heroine, often totes a gun but she's a nice kid and I don't want her to get hurt.

Idea Derived from Geology Study

Two years before Alley Oop was created in 1929, I became fascinated by the study of geology and from there I drifted into paleontology (the study of life in the past ages) and later made history in general a hobby. Thus evolved Alley Oop and the Land of Moo. Later, when the "time machine" came into the strip, I was able to bring Alley into modern times and put him back into any period of history that was expedient to the continuity of the story.

I have a swell daughter, Teddy (a pretty redhead), and a thirteen-year-old son, Jon, who has more on the ball than his old man. We're great pals but bitter rivals, too, for the favors of my old school-days' sweetheart, who is top hand at our ranch in Sarasota, Florida.

By way of a postscript, my outstanding personal and professional disappointment was my inability to get into World War II and, unlike many of my colleagues, neither could I find a legal or logical avenue for Alley Oop's services. Any way you looked at it, my burly Cenozoic hero was an alien. Oop served on many fronts as an emblem, insigne or device, but the State Department had no diplomatic relations with Moo, never had had any and never expected to have any. In fact, they questioned the very existence of such a nation.

Imagine that!

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THE GREAT WHITE DEATH

Continued from page 17

We walked into the small shack labeled "Operations." A dozen ranchers look up, and one asks, "How was it?"

"Routine." Evans laughs.

"Yeah?" the rancher says dryly. "I know Larry Henroid's place. That was no routine flight. We weren't sure you could get out of that canyon."

"That valley was no place to take a heavy aircraft," another one says earnestly, almost apologetically, to Evans. "But damn it, man! That Henroid out there walked through that snow to the Tibet ranch and told us his cattle were done for if we didn't get some food to them. It was a good show, Evans, getting out of that valley."

They sit around chatting—tall, lean men with deep lines in their faces. Many of them have "spotted" for Operation Haylift all during the daylight hours. Nearly all have been ranchers or have relatives who are ranchers. Listen to them and you hear the voice of this part of America.

Sergeant "S.G." Robison is waiting his turn as a spotter. He wears his neat state trooper uniform and he talks in the low tones of a strong man who is big enough not to have to shout. "Ran into Bishop Nielson yesterday in town," he says. "He was a pretty happy man."

"He must of got a surprise when that first load dropped in his lap," Dan Clarke, owner of one of the largest ranches in Nevada, chuckles. He tells of how Nielson owned a sheep ranch some eighty miles away. He has no phone and no way of getting to one.

"Neilson came all the way in, just to thank us," Sergeant Robison says. "He said he'd been praying for help, and suddenly like manna from heaven our plane came along and dropped five tons of hay to his sheep. He said he just stood there for a minute and then he fell on his knees to thank God."

"A lot of people around here have been thanking God lately," one of the ranchers says slowly. "If it hadn't been for the Haylift, I figure we would of lost 80 per cent of our stock in this state, and that goes for Utah, too."

Small Planes Serve Ravines

I found the same kind of talk over at Fallon, Nevada, where the 62d Troop Carrier Group is based. They have borne the brunt of Operation Haylift in the area. Here on the cleared strip you see a dozen small private planes nestling in the shelter of the big Flying Boxcars. They seem like fragile weapons to pit against the inexorable storm, but often they can get into ravines which are inaccessible to the big aircraft, to drop food and medicine. The ranchers, the state troopers, the private plane owners, the Air Force crews live together, eat together, and at night attend movies in town together. We used to hear the term "joint operation" a lot during the war. This indeed is a joint operation, with civilians and Army and Air Force personnel all fighting shoulder to shoulder. None of these men will ever forget the Great White Death of '49.

Let's hop into an Air Force plane and find some others who won't forget the worst winter in the history of our land. We fly seven hours over nothing but jagged peaks and snowbound country, and drop into Lowry Air Base at Denver, Colorado.

It is midnight, and the wind is swirling across the field, carrying snow over the runway. An ambulance stands outside of Operations, and inside the building two white-coated doctors and a dozen pilots and operation officers wait tensely.

"We're sweating out Major Welch," one of the pilots says, and you can see the strain of the waiting in his taut face.

Welch is Major Frederick Welch, chief of maintenance and C-46 check pilot, Tenth Air Force. That afternoon an urgent cry for help had come from Casper, Wyoming. An eight-year-old child, Carol Anne Welch (no relation to Major Welch), had been stricken with brain fever and her only hope was an operation by a specialist in Denver. Planes had been grounded in Casper all day; the runway was covered with ice, and a 75-mile-an-hour wind was shrieking across the field, making it physically impossible for any of the light planes at Casper to take off.

That was the message that had come to Lowry Field in Denver. The pilots talked it over. No commanding officer would order a flight to Casper, but Welch thought he could make it, pick up the kid and return. It may be that the name "Welch" was urging the major to try a mission that seemed to be impossible, and he volunteered for the trip. The boys are now waiting for his return.

"The hell of it is he has to land and take off in a cross wind at Casper," one pilot says.

"Welch knows a C-46 like nobody else," another says, and there are nods.

Then there is a sudden tenseness as the radio begins to crackle, and the calm voice of a pilot somewhere above in the black starless night asks for landing instructions.

It is Welch, and the tension and the fear leave the operations room, and now everyone is smiling and saying things like, "Hell, I knew Welch would make it!" And the doctors go out to their ambulance. There is a roar overhead as the C-46 circles the field, and then the plane kisses the runway gently and rolls to a stop.

A rough landing, one of the doctors says, would have snapped the thin thread of life that held little Carol Anne Welch to existence. Ten minutes later, the ambulance is rolling toward the hospital. An hour later the child is on the operating table, and three hours later the doctors say she will recover.

"A little trouble getting away from Casper," Welch says casually. "Lot of ice and wind—but otherwise it was routine."

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Welch of Casper will never forget the winter of '49.

Let's hop over to Omaha, Nebraska, where the whole fight against death in this area is planned. Our plane flies low over smooth, unbroken snow and then the pilot points to a thin black line that is about fifteen miles long. This is a road that has been opened by the bulldozers and snowplows, under the direction of General Pick. From the road, tiny black branches extend to farmhouses. Flying lower, you see that these are narrow canyons carved through the ice and snow, and now you notice trucks laden with hay crawling through them to the ranch houses and the farms. We see this sight repeated a hundred times flying over northern Colorado and western Nebraska.

At Offutt Air Base, Omaha, we meet an old friend, General Curtis Le May, strategic chief of our whole striking force. Characteristically, he is chewing on an unlighted cigar—perhaps the same cigar I saw him mangling a few months ago in Wiesbaden when he was directing the Berlin air lift. He shrugs away talk of that air lift; it was obvious that this fight against Nature was more important and harder to crack than the Frankfort-to-Berlin operation.

I told him I'd been with the Air Force the past week and I blurted out my admiration for the men who were doing the flying.

Le May took the cigar out of his mouth, smiled his pride and said, "The Air Force would rather drop hay than drop bombs."

In his Omaha office, young Colonel Joe K. McNay of the Tenth Air Force directs the planes in the area. His eyes are red from lack of sleep, but it was he who had to find answers to brand-new problems which arose every hour in the 140,000 square miles covered by Operation Snowbound.

"We've got about eighty airplanes on the job," he says. "Everything from C-82s to helicopters and RF-80 jets. During the past ten days we've dropped 1,500 tons of hay, 1,000 tons of flour, 36 tons of food rations, 20 tons of coal, 38 tons of spare parts for snowplows and bulldozers, 12 tons of alfalfa pellets, six tons of aircraft skis and six tons of fresh milk. We've dropped 5,000 blankets, 775 gallons of fuel oil, several tons of baby food and 14 tons of warm clothing. We've dropped everything that they have asked for, whether it's to a small farm or ranch or a snowbound village.

"Why, the other day we even dropped a half ounce of radium that was worth $500,000. A hospital out in western Nebraska needed it urgently. We have evacuated around 300 expectant mothers from villages and ranches where they couldn't get medical attention. We've been kept pretty busy," he adds.

But in this region, it was the heavy ground equipment that bore the brunt of the fight. It was impossible to feed two million cattle from the air. You had to smash through the walls of ice and snow with your striking force of snowplows and dozers so that the heavy trucks laden with hay could get through, and then get through again.

Although the whole fight was under the leadership of the Army, the men in the field doing the actual backbreaking work were, for the most part, civilians. Among their ranks are thousands of unsung heroes, and their deeds will become the legends of the future. Even some of the big bulldozers have emerged as heroes.

Take Henriette—big, ungainly three-ton blond bulldozer. She was born in Kansas City, Missouri, but her owner, Howard Saferite, hurried her out to Nebraska when reinforcements were so urgently needed.

Henriette was ordered to the relief of Sargent, Nebraska, a town on which 44 inches of snow had fallen under the lash of six separate assaults. Sargent was completely isolated from the outside world; no railroad or road was open until Henriette turned her blunt yellow nose toward the town.

Her owner and his two young operators, Wayne Grossman and Forrest Pollard, guided, cajoled, threatened and somehow kept Henriette going forward, and one day she broke through to Sargent with a trailer behind her. The tracker was filled with emergency food and medical rations.

Henriette received a greater welcome from Sargent's 1,000 inhabitants than Kitchener received in 1898 when he entered Khartoum. It was a small but a decisive engagement.

When it's all over, the world may forget Henriette, but she will always be enshrined in the hearts of the people of Sargent.

Heroes? You could find a hundred thousand of them!

No one can tell for certain how many lives were saved by men of the Civilian Air Patrol, flying small planes never designed for flight in blizzards.

New Version of Stork Legend

A few years from now, when parents in Nebraska, Wyoming or South Dakota tell their children that the stork brought them, they will be pretty close to the truth. More than one light plane pilot about to bring an expectant mother out of an isolated community found that he had to fill in as midwife.

There is one thing that could not be determined at this writing: the casualties suffered during the fight with the Great White Death. The human casualties would not be high, because man has shown an incredible capacity for survival this winter.

The cattle loss would undoubtedly be great; members of the Nebraska Livestock Growers Association said it might run into tens of millions of dollars. Cows carrying calves were horribly weakened, and thousands will have lost their offspring by the time calving time comes around this spring.

Flying over the area, I often saw groups of cattle standing a hundred feet from hay we had dropped. Some of them would never reach that hay. Some stood on weary legs as long as three weeks, rather than lie on the horribly cold ice and snow. They became terribly sore-footed and found the effort of moving even a hundred feet too painful, so they stood there until starvation forced them to drop.

The economic effect on livestock men who maintain purebred herds of breeding stock may last for years. When valuable bulls are lost or made incapable of reproduction, breeding programs for years are completely upset. The loss, however, will be only a fraction of what was anticipated in January, before the Army and the Air Force moved in to fight the storm.

It was on January 29th that General Pick received his assignment to direct Operation Snowbound. In eleven days, his 5,700 men, with the help of thousands and thousands of volunteers, had opened up 32,790 miles of roads; and this had made it possible to give access to 69,000 people and 1,500,000 livestock. That was his first offensive against the storm. Since then, reinforcements have arrived, and the general has been able to step up the intensity of his attack, but often sudden fierce local blizzards obliterated roads that had been opened, and forced his ground troops to do it all over again.

"We have done one thing," General Pick said to me in Omaha. "We have minimized human misery in this area. When I say 'we,' I don't mean the Army or the Air Force. Start with the county and town disaster committees who told us intelligently just what they needed. They have been magnificent. So have the state officials. We couldn't have done this without the Red Cross and the private relief agencies. But above all, we couldn't have done it without the wholehearted co-operation of the thousands and thousands of men and women who just said, 'Tell us how we can help!' "

"ARE YOU HAPPY, SON?"

By DELBERT WILLIS

A one-legged veteran tells of his efforts to get an artificial leg and educational subsistence in a true story that you won't be able to forget. Outstanding for both its courage and humor, it's

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THE GREEN TIE

Continued from page 20

nightcapping soda at Pete's and returned late, to receive from you the next day the unvarying penalty of a month on bounds.

I sat up and waited for Pat, and I had to wait a long time. It was after eleven when I heard the rusty-hinged front door give its usual creak. I hurried out and ran downstairs, but no one was about. I went into one of the two rooms down there and switched on the light. The two boys in cots there were in such a perfect bliss of sleep, despite the light, that I was suspicious. I opened their closet door. Pat Moore was in the closet. He had a can of green paint. His clothes and his face were covered with green paint.

In horror I said, "What have you been doing?"

He didn't hesitate. He wasn't afraid.

He said, "I just painted 'Hurray for St. Patrick' on the side of the gym."

"Why under the sun did you do that?"

"I don't know. Tomorrow's St. Patrick's Day. I just felt like it, I guess."

"Give me that paint and get up to your room," I said.

I took the can of paint and went out into the night. I walked the mile to the Shawshody bridge and dropped the can into the river.

BACK at the entry, I ran up to Pat Moore's room. He was sitting on his cot, staring straight ahead.

"Get out of those clothes," I said, "and roll them up in a newspaper."

"But these are the only decent pants I have, sir."

"We'll find you something in the morning."

I went down to the scrubwoman's closet off the second-floor landing. I found some kerosene there.

I went back and started in on Pat. The kerosene did a fine job, but his fingernails and ears were very bad. Neither of us spoke. I scrubbed him without mercy, but he never made a sound.

Finished, I said, "Now shower and get to bed. And let me do the worrying."

I put back the kerosene, and in my rooms I walked the floor all night. I was debating whether to do my duty to Harndale and turn Pat in, or my duty to a boy who had helped me when I greatly needed help. I wasn't really debating. I was young. I was making believe debate. I knew I was going to fail my duty as teacher. I couldn't tell on Pat Moore.

When the dawn of St. Patrick's brought daylight into the entry, I went through the boys' rooms, looking for clothes that would fit Pat. No boy asked any questions. They knew already what had happened.

I took the odds and ends I'd collected up to Pat Moore. "Take your pick of these," I said. There wasn't a trace of green paint anywhere on him, but he still smelled a little of kerosene. "Shower again," I ordered, "with some yellow laundry soap you'll find in the cleaning closet. And I'm just reporting you for being a little late for quarters. That much I have to do, or all the boys will be staying out late and expecting to get away with it. You'll just get a month on bounds and that won't kill you. Come in and let me see how you look in the new outfit before you go to the dining hall."

He thanked me for what I'd done for him, and I went back to my rooms, made out my dorm report, and took it across to the slot in your office door. Things were working out well. It looked as if everything was going to turn out right for Pat. Back in my quarters, I sat down in the old Morris chair and relaxed.

I dozed off. A voice behind me wakened me: "Well, how do I look?"

I stood up, and Pat passed around to the front of the chair as I did so, so my first view of him was side and back. The new clothes fitted.

Then he swung around and faced me, and I found myself actually yelling.

I yelled, "What's the use of my scrubbing the green paint off you if you wear that green tie?"

The tie was a huge affair, very green and very old.

He answered, "My father used to wear this tie every St. Patrick's Day, and I've always worn it since."

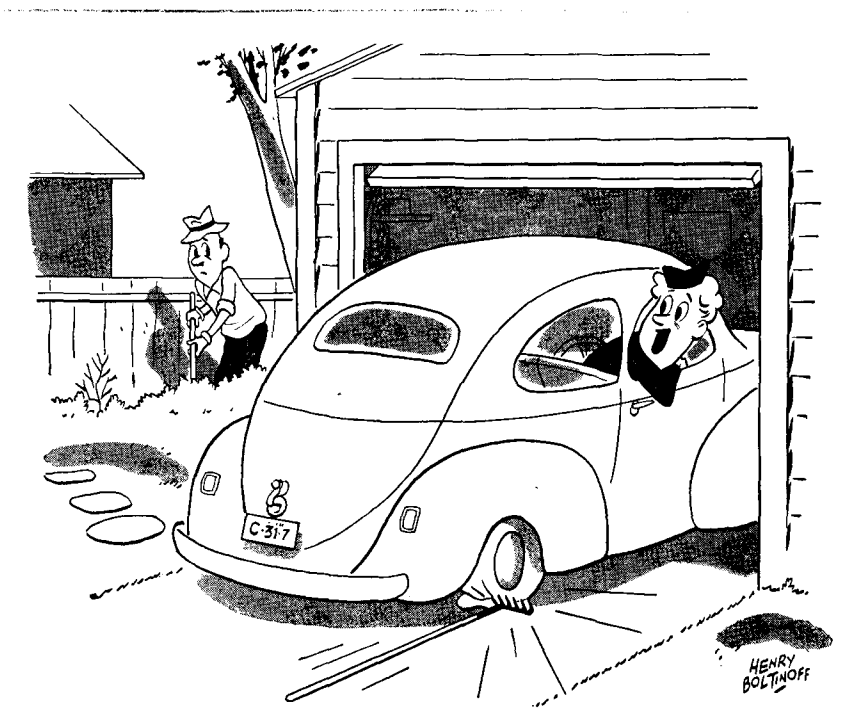
His strong jaw was out, the Irish was up in him.

I said, "Won't you take it off this once?"

"I can't take it off, Mr. Anson."

I nodded, realizing from the glint in his gray eyes the impulsion of the old good loyalty within him. "Then the headmaster is bound to think of green paint when he calls you in today to put you on bounds."

"That's a chance I'll have to take, sir."



"Oh, Kenneth, I've found the rake you were looking for!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I guess you do," I said in gloom. I shook his hand and wished him luck.

I watched him stride across the campus. His head was high, so no passing boy or master would miss the tie. And beyond him, in letters three feet high, I saw on the gym: "Hurray for St. Patrick."

The discovery of the lettering caused a sensation. But you, at assembly, talked it down, saying it probably was the work of townies, giving us back some of the daubing we perpetrated on them following football victories. By ten o'clock a gang of men had started chiseling it off.

TOWARD noon you called in the three or four boys from various dorms who had been reported late getting in the night before. You summoned Pat Moore last, and when he returned to the entry I found out what had happened. It took a hundred What-did-he-say's and What-did-you-say's to get it out of him, but I believe I got the whole story.

Seated at your big desk, you looked down at my report slip and said, "The major"—you always called me that—"the major says you were a little late last night, Moore."

"Yes, sir," he said, "I was a little late."

You went on, not looking up: "That means you stay on campus for four weeks."

You didn't ask him where he'd been. You never did. You stayed within the report, for you relied upon the common sense and honesty of your masters. You trusted them to handle their boys and to be loyal to you and the school.

Pat said, "Four weeks on campus, sir?"

"Yes. You know the rule."

"But I'll have to go to church, sir."

"Chapel's on campus. Why say that?"

"I go to St. Theresa's, sir."

"So you do. Go, of course, Moore. Just tell the major when you go."

You stood up then—in dismissal, I suppose. You stood up and saw the green necktie.

Pat said your face was a sudden smile. You said, "Well, that *is* a necktie, Moore!" Then as suddenly you stopped smiling and as suddenly sat down.

Pat said he heard you muttering to yourself, and some of it sounded like swearing to him. Your head was bent over again and you kept it there. Long after you said, "Did you paint 'St. Patrick' on the gym last night, Patrick Moore?"

He said, not hesitating, "Yes, sir."

You sat bent over for a very long time then. Your knuckles kept up a slow tapping on the desk. You were feeling sorrow for the boy, but there couldn't have been any question in you as to what you were going to do. You were a real schoolman. With you it was always the good of the school. After a while you said, "Tell the major, Moore. You're to pack up right away and go home."

As he packed, I got out of him that he'd have to go to work now. The aunt he lived with couldn't afford to support him through public school.

Later you saw me. You said, "Major, that's one boy it was hard to send away."

"A great athlete," I managed to say.

"Great athlete?" Your voice was all contempt, though you loved your football more than any man I've met before or since. "I didn't mean that, Major. I meant where's there another boy who'd have stuck to his green tie?"

Ill at ease, I said, for something to say, "And he's so poor. Too bad he'll never have his education now."

"Education?" you said, and again your voice had all the contempt in the world. "A boy like him will get along."

I hoped you were right. I still hope so.

I wasn't man enough to tell you that spring about all this, but in June I did what I resolved to do that midnight I dropped the paint off the Shawshody bridge. I did what I had to do, having failed the school. I refused to come back for the second life-tenure year at Harndale when you asked me to.

I wanted to come back, of course. For twenty-odd years I've wanted to. But I couldn't write you that, of course, until now, when you're retiring.

Well, sir, that's off my chest. Best wishes to you in your retirement.

Oh, one thing more.

PAT MOORE came from Plainfield, and I drove a hundred miles off my route one summer a few years ago to that small city.

I turned into a filling station there. The coveralled attendants were all busy with other cars, and it was the immaculately dressed proprietor who filled up my flivver. Paying him I asked, "Does a Patrick Moore still live in this town?"

He was very pleasant. "Sure."

"Is he well?" I asked.

The man seemed to take immediate and strange offense. The business smile went off his face. "Is he well?" he said. "How would I know if he's well? What do you think, I pal around with him or something?"

"I meant is he getting along all right—is he making a decent living?"

That really ruined things. The man glared at me, slapped me my change, and strode away. I didn't ask anyone else in the town. I didn't dare. But at least I know Pat's living.

Sincerely,
John Anson

Mr. John Anson
Riversville School
Riversville, Michigan

March 10, 1949

Dear Major:

Thanks for your letter and for your best wishes. First of all, allow me to say I'd like to make my last contribution to Harndale your reappointment to your old English job here. By all means come back home, man. You've always been wanted back.

As for the filling-station man, he thought you were ribbing him. Pat Moore practically owns that town. He's president of Plainfield Steel & Wire, one of the biggest outfits in the nation.

I came on his picture in the papers about ten years ago—the President had just appointed him to head one of those alphabetic commissions the government was always forming then. I immediately invited him to give our graduation address that year and I had his own Harndale diploma ready and waiting for him.

His interest in the school has been a great thing for Harndale since. He heads our board of trustees, and he endowed the just-completed John Anson Hall for scholarship boys. Why he insisted on that name wasn't entirely clear to me until I read your letter. He's never mentioned how you tried to save him. Still the schoolboy, I suppose—protecting his favorite master.

I've taken the liberty of sending your letter on to him. He'll be out there to see you, as fast as plane can take him, if I know the man at all, and he'll offer you the headmaster's job here, no doubt. Pay no attention to him, Major. Take just the English mastership. Don't spoil your middle years trying to be the so-and-so a headmaster has to be.

You'll find him just the same. If he arrives next Thursday, St. Patrick's Day, as he may well plan to do, brace yourself. He'll have on the same green tie.

Cordially,
Daniel Laird, Headmaster

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FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavour of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
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M. De Florette's Fencing Academy, Philadelphia, 1763

GOOD TASTE THROUGH THE YEARS...

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For deeper satisfaction, for greater enjoyment, demand Philadelphia. You get true pre-war quality backed by a treasure of vast reserves.

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My Car Was Stolen

A victim of the nation's third most prevalent major crime—auto theft—the author made a thorough investigation of car stealing and the methods of fighting it. He uncovered an amazing story and in this article passes on some very important facts to every car owner

By E. JOHN LONG

THE corner street light cast a faint glow on the cars parked along King George Street. One by one, windows darkened as Annapolis went to bed—earlier than usual that night, perhaps, because it was the Thursday after election, November 4, 1948. Those who had stayed up two nights before still thought of little but rest.

A light mist hung in the air. No moon. No stars. From the taproom of the Alumni House came muffled voices and laughter. Now and then the tires of a passing car whirred on the moist asphalt; a boat whistle moaned far out on the bay.

Keeping back in the shadows, hat pulled low over his eyes and coat collar turned up, a man sauntered along the uneven brick sidewalks, his practiced eye casing the parked cars. Twice he walked up and down, glancing furtively at windows and driveways as he passed.

Then, briskly, he stepped up to a new gray sedan bearing Florida license plates. He tried the door. It was locked. He dipped his hand inside his topcoat and withdrew two long, thin screw drivers and a straightened metal coat hanger, the ends of which had been curled into loops.

In a few seconds, the right wind vane had been pried open enough to insert the coat hanger. A deft twist and the loop was over the door handle; another twist and the door was open—all in little more time than the owner might take to fumble with his key in the dark!

Once inside, the rest was easy. He knew what to do. Skilled fingers beneath the dash soon had the wires crossed. A quick kick on the starter and the engine roared to life.

He had what gangland calls a "hot-short," a new-stolen car, and a quick getaway was vital. In second, he pulled away; not fast enough, however, to excite suspicion. Even if the owner did see him leave, he still had five minutes before the alarm could reach radio cars. In that time, or more if he were lucky, he could wheel into an alley, replace the license plates on the car with those in his pocket and head for the back roads.

Yet he would still have to be very careful. Patrol car cops have a habit of being leisurely sociable with night drivers who arouse their suspicions, asking time-consuming questions and requesting driving permits, registration cards and other identification. Consequently nobody observes speed limits more carefully or halts more promptly for a red light or a stop sign than a hood in a hot-short.

But this night there was no alarm until after midnight, and by that time he had safely escaped. The gray sedan had entered the limbo of ghost cars, one thousand a month, which never get back to their owners!

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

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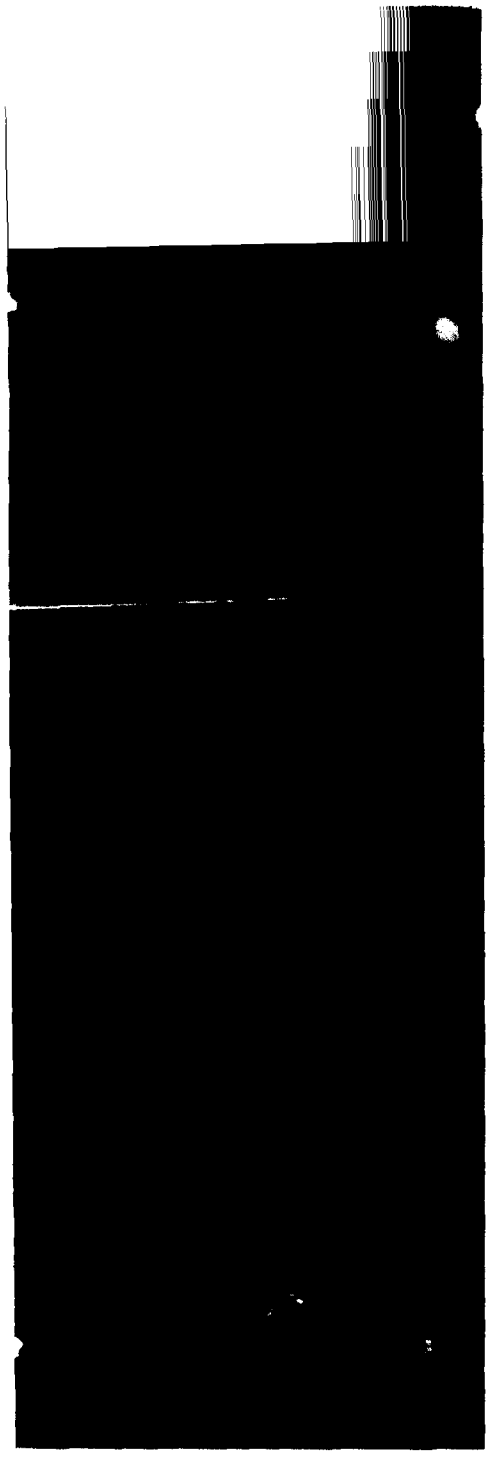

What I have written is pure fiction —except that a locked gray sedan *was* stolen on King George Street, Annapolis, Maryland, on the night of November 4, 1948. That much I know is true, because it was *mine!*

When my car was stolen I did not realize I had joined a large company —there were some 184,000 victims of auto theft in 1947. This averages about 21 thefts an hour, day and night. My knowledge of the nation's third most prevalent major crime went about as far, I suppose, as that of most of the rest of America's 31,000,000 motorists. In twenty years of car ownership I had never had one stolen. But I knew that I should lock a car when I left it, keep my registration card on my person, and promptly report any theft or tampering to both the police and the insurance companies.

This I did. Then a lot of questions popped up that had never occurred to me before. With these in mind, I made an extensive study which revealed an amazing story of concern to almost everyone who owns, drives or rides in a motor vehicle.

Auto theft, I discovered, is the costliest and, at the same time, least costly American racket. It is almost completely unorganized, yet it is exceeded in frequency of occurrence by only larceny and burglary. And it is by far our biggest juvenile delinquency headache.

The aggregate value of automobiles stolen in 1947 was more than $140,000,000—that makes car theft the costliest racket. But it is the least costly because more than 92 per cent of all stolen cars are eventually recovered. Only 22.5 per cent of other stolen goods is recovered.

There is no theftproof automobile; on this everyone is agreed. A professional car thief, possibly an ex-garage or ex-auto factory mechanic, can steal any make or model of car. Yet, oddly enough, professionals account for only a fraction of total car thefts.

Assailed by Doubts

To return to my own case. My immediate reaction to finding my car stolen was bewilderment. There was a momentary sinking feeling, and then I muttered to myself, "Come, old man, pull yourself together. Stop and think, just where did you *actually* park it?"

I walked up and down the block and around the corner, incredulous at first, then with a growing realization that it *really* was gone. I did not know it, but I was wasting precious minutes. The chances of catching a crook diminish with time. Yet, it is only human to delay calling the police until one is certain that one's memory hasn't slipped a cog. No one likes to be made out a fool—particularly by a policeman.

After encircling two more blocks, I hurried to a telephone and made my report. The Annapolis police immediately flashed a description—make and model of car, license, engine number—to radio cruisers, and to the powerful Maryland State Police radio station at Waterloo, near Baltimore. In less than ten minutes the report had gone to a dozen near-by states, alerting road patrols and city police cars. This is routine, as is putting the same data on the interstate police teletype network.

A patrolman, sent to the scene, found no clues such as broken glass or bits of metal—this indicated a professional job.

As a car-theft victim my troubles had just begun. First the insurance company, holding the theft policy, required complete data for the Automobile Underwriters Detective Bureau in New York City; and the company holding my liability insurance needed an affidavit stating I had locked the car and that the keys were in my possession. This was because the U.S. Supreme Court, late in 1948, upheld a District of Columbia ruling that the owner of a car, if he has left his keys in it, may be held partly responsible for any damage done while it is driven by the thief.

Next, a letter had to be written to the State Motor Vehicle Department (in my case, Florida) reporting the theft and the circumstances.

Because the District of Columbia police have such an incredible record of stolen-car recoveries I went to see them to learn as much as I could

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

Thousands ask . . .

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT BALDNESS?

Left, Carl Brandenfels before using his home course. Above, Carl as he looks today.

CARL BRANDENFELS of St. Helens, Oregon, has received 12,438 letters of praise for his world-famous formulas and massage.

SEARCH BEGAN IN 1930

Carl Brandenfels began his search for the causes of baldness in 1930 while he was a student at the University of Nebraska. In 1945, Carl developed his two secret formulas and his unique pressure massage. He became world-famous overnight, and today thousands of men and women have thoroughly tested his home course by actual use. The results speak for themselves!

12,438 TESTIMONIALS

Men and women in all walks of life praise BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE. Carl has result letters from folks in their eighties . . . and from a little girl seven years old! From men and women who were completely bald . . . and from users just beginning to notice loss of hair.

By certified count, Carl Brandenfels has received 12,438 letters from users who report from one to all of the following results after using BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE:

- Renewed Hair Growth
- No More Excessive Falling Hair
- Relief From Dandruff Scale
- Improved Scalp Condition

BEFORE AFTER

Mrs. Amy Clevenger, Central Point, Ore., age 62. "I was completely bald for two years. Now I have almost all my hair back."

BEFORE AFTER

Howard Jones, St. Helens, Ore., Navy veteran, had almost no hair on the front third of his head. Today this area is almost covered with light, fine hair.

PRINCIPLES OF HAIR GROWTH

Scientists state that hair will continue to grow as long as the hair follicle remains undamaged and as long as nothing interferes with the blood supply to the scalp. Carl Brandenfels believes that in many bald or partially bald people, the hair follicles are still alive even though no hair is growing from them. He believes that proper use of his formulas and massage will, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature ALLOW HAIR TO GROW.

CONVENIENT HOME COURSE

One of Carl's secret formulas contains, among other ingredients, the important agent lanolin. The other contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide. Carl's formulas are not sticky and will not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens. Directions are easy to follow in the privacy of your own home.

Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because he realizes that not every user has grown new hair. He does not classify his home course with the so-called "hair growers." Carl does point with pride to his thousands of letters from satisfied users. He does sincerely believe that proper use of his home course will, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?
SEND TODAY FOR THIS 5-WEEK HOME COURSE

BEFORE AFTER

Eldon Beerbower, 2905 N. Portland Blvd., Portland, Ore.—"I was completely bald, without even eyebrows or eyelashes. My first haircut was truly the 'thrill of a lifetime'."

ACT NOW! MAIL TODAY

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon C326

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ Cash—I enclose $15 plus 20% Fed. Tax ($3), total $18. (Will be shipped prepaid.)

☐ C. O. D.—I agree to pay postman $18 plus postal charges.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....Zone.....State.....

Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C.O.D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the formulas become available.

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Collier's MOVIES

The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS

Invading King Arthur's Court with some brand-new songs, Bing Crosby has turned Mark Twain's classic into the Follies of the Year 528

Lovely Rhonda Fleming swoons when Bing croons during the balcony scene of A Connecticut Yankee

MR. BING CROSBY, sometimes known as The Groaner, The Throat, the People's Choice or just plain Tallow, is with us again. He may be seen sauntering and crooning his way through a $3,000,000 Paramount remake of Mark Twain's A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court—complete with plaster castles, drawbridges, knights in clanking hardware, merry villagers, beautiful ladies and a handful of brand-new songs by Burke and Van Heusen—all done in what they always call glorious Technicolor. It all adds up to a couple of hours of innocent enjoyment—a sort of Follies of 528 A.D.

It's hard to say which is more durable—Mark Twain's classic yarn or Der Bingle himself. Harry Myers first played the Yankee on the screen silently in 1921; Will Rogers gave him an Oklahoma twang a decade later, and Rodgers and Hart added a few immortal tunes for the stage. The original thesis of the book that any smart New Englander could make a sucker out of the medieval mind may lack biting satire today, but the story plays remarkably well—especially with Bing and a cast that clowns it up between melodramatic moments.

As for Bing, he too is beginning to show signs of immortality. The Yankee is Bing's 39th picture in his 17 years with Paramount. Aside from a bit of wear and tear on his brow which requires $80 worth of hair to conceal, Bing seems as young as ever. Not a speck of rust seems to have gathered on his golden tonsils, and his affability never seems to tire one—possibly because it's genuine. He has, of course, accumulated a certain naturalness in his acting, not present in the first awkward shorts he made for Mack Sennett in the pre-Paramount days—but his chassis remains about the same.

He's still a standard five ten. His weight has run up from 140 to 165, and those lurid, wrinkled, sport coats and Hawaiian open-throated shirts are said to have inspired Bob Hope to remark: "First time I ever saw a ball turret in slip covers." This is sheer libel. Bing still swims like an eel, shoots in the low 70s, hasn't missed a pheasant season in Idaho in years, lives in the saddle when he retreats to his 7,500-acre cattle ranch at Elko, Nevada, and has regular boxing sessions when he isn't practicing mashie shots.

In the years, Bing has gained an audience of about 500,000,000 people, most of whom love him dearly. He gets about 10,000 fan letters a month. He has become the part owner of three ball clubs: the Pittsburgh Pirates, Hollywood Stars and the Billings (Montana) Pioneer Baseball Club. He has developed, with the help of his coach Dixie Lee, an entire backfield of boys of his own.

He's also gained the facility of turning everything he touches to gold—either for himself or for others. While his shirt has not become stuffed, his pockets have. His radio, records, movies, his disk jockeying, his beef ranch, and the Bing Crosby Foundation (for struggling inventors of left-handed can openers and square cannon) have netted millions for him and his associates. He's a one-man pleasure factory—without labor troubles, shortages or union bosses.

Good Pay for Just Having Fun

Right now he earns around $1,500,000 a year for about eight months' alleged work. Bing refuses to work for work's sake—it's all for fun. His charities are hidden and unpublicized. Most of all he has been a contributor to Uncle Sam. The Treasury classifies him as a 94 per center. "Each year Crosby asks Uncle Sam how much he needs," Bob Hope says.

Not that Bing is alone in A Connecticut Yankee. A distinguished cast ably abets him. For instance, William Bendix, the so-called Brooklyn Orchid, clanks about in knightly hardware as Bing's pal, lending his rich Brooklyn accent to singsong, comic lines, like, "I hight Sir Sagramore de le Desirous. Will ye joust? Parley will gain thee naught. Dost admit defeat?" (Bing answers: "Dost!") In a fright wig and iron pants Bendix makes up into delicious canned ham.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the prissy-toned elocutionist from England (nicknamed most democratically by the cast "Slats") plays King Arthur in a very unregal way. He presides over the distinguished occupants of the Round Table with a tilted crown, ratty whiskers and a perpetual running nose.

As for the picture's love chunk, this department is filled with a redheaded, green-eyed, creamy, dreamy lovely named Rhonda Fleming. She is said to have captured the part from dozens of applicants because she had a cold when she auditioned with Bing. This gave her voice a slight huskiness and made a good background for The Throat. She also bantered to Bing's satisfaction between audition takes. In fact, Rhonda almost makes Bing look like a great lover in the picture—no mean task.

Which brings us to the main ingredients of Mr. Twain's classic, as interpreted by Paramount:

Hank Martin (Bing Crosby), a blacksmith of Hartford, Connecticut, is on a rubberneck tour through Pendragon Castle, England, and causes a ruckus by acting as if he had actually been present at King Arthur's Court, and knew the knights and ladies whose portraits now adorn Pendragon's walls. He displays an amulet exactly like the one a pretty dish named Alisande La Carteloise is wearing in one of the portraits, then tells his tale . . .

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)

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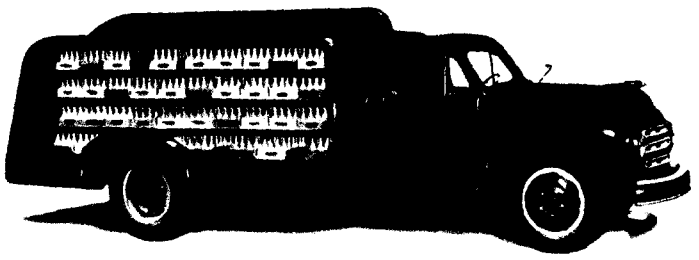
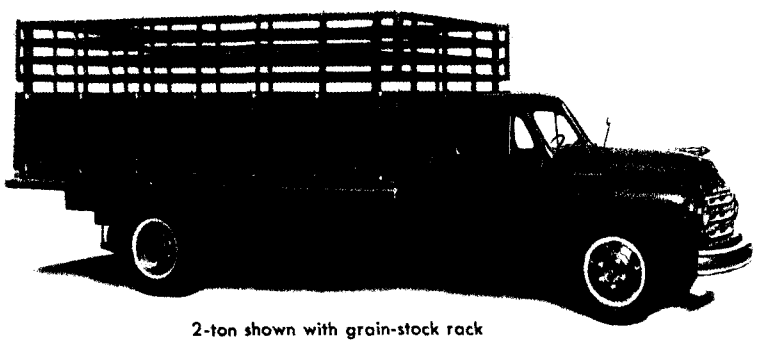
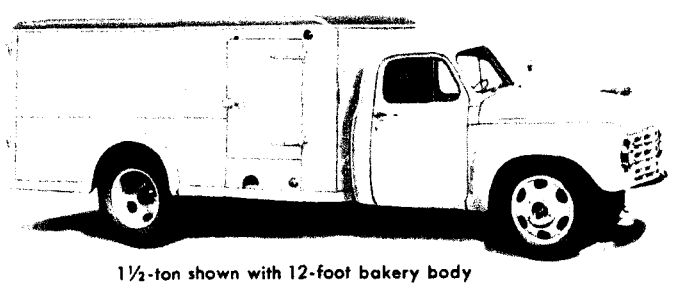


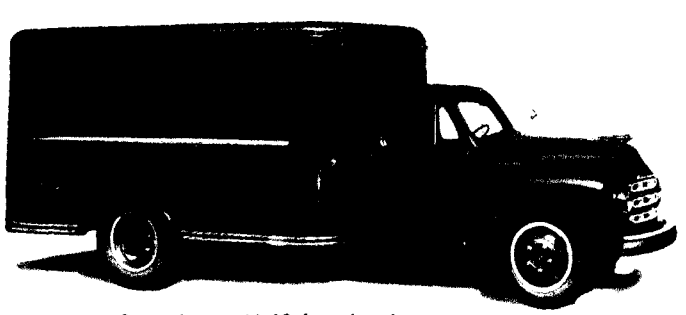
1½-ton shown with bottler's body



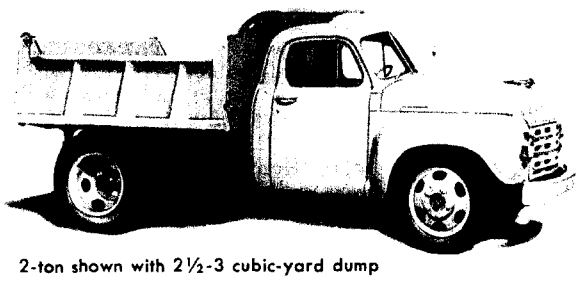
2-ton shown with grain-stock rack



1½-ton shown with 12-foot bakery body

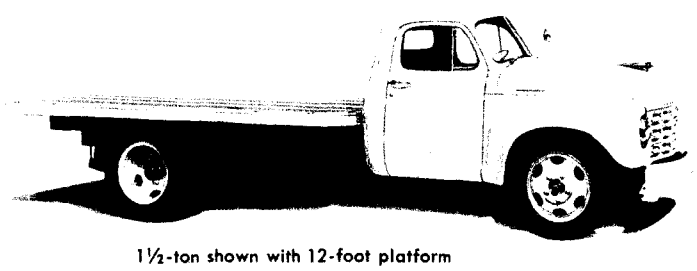


2-ton shown with 12-foot closed van

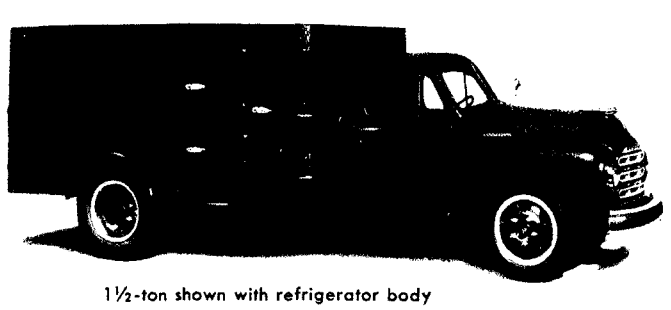


2-ton shown with 2½-3 cubic-yard dump

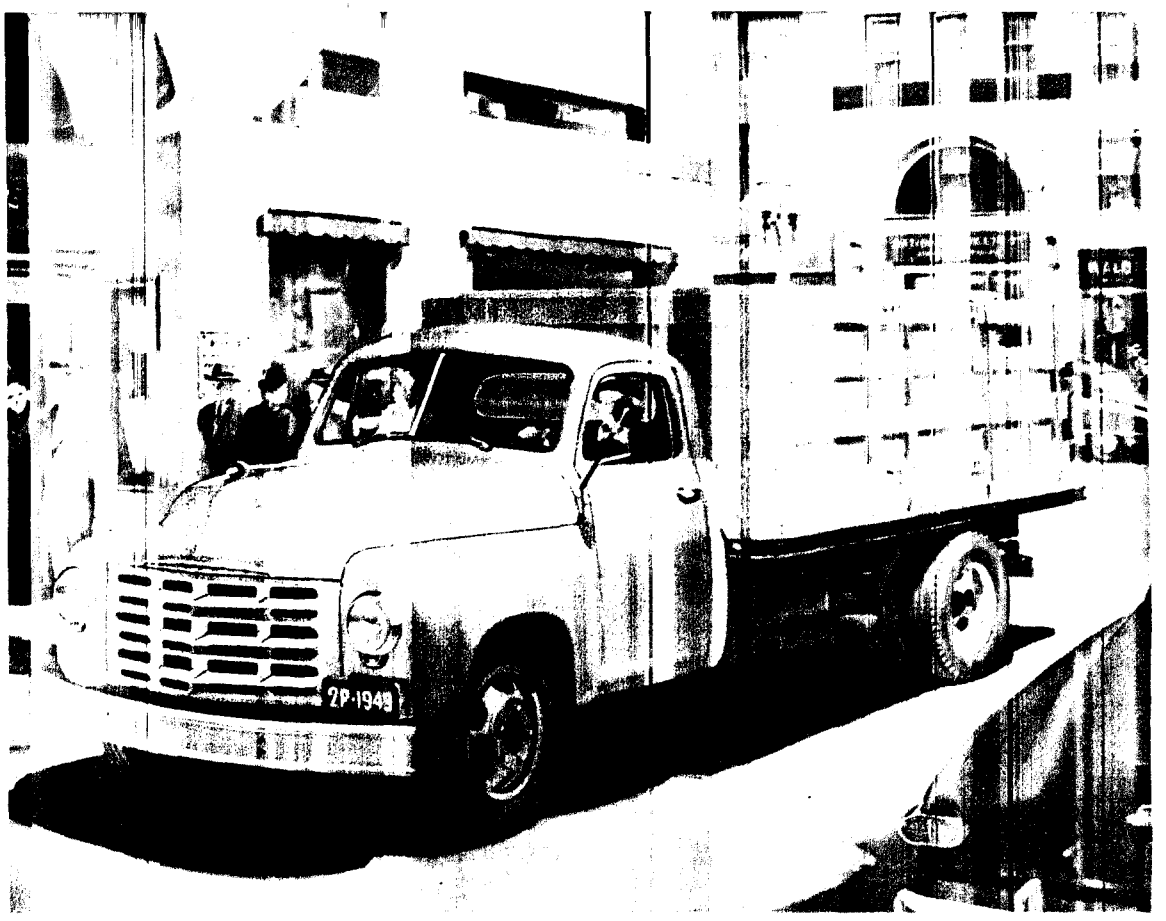
1½-ton shown with gasoline tank body



1½-ton shown with 12-foot platform



1½-ton shown with refrigerator body



1½-ton with 12-foot platform stake body

NEW STUDEBAKER TRUCKS ARE BLOSSOMING OUT ALL OVER!

You see them everywhere you go... doing almost every kind of work...they're an economy dream come true!

TRUCK operators the nation over report big savings thanks to their husky, handsome Studebaker '49er trucks.

"I never believed I'd see this kind of operating economy," says a Texas contractor.

"It looks like my 1949 Studebaker dump truck will pay for itself sooner than I expected," writes a Massachusetts man.

A big hit with drivers, too

Men who drive new 1949 Studebaker trucks say they never did a day's work with less effort.

They find these trucks new marvels of handling ease—with unique variable ratio Studebaker steering that builds up plenty of extra leverage for turn-arounds and parking. There's a new kind of "lift-the-hood" accessibility, too.

The low floors of the new Studebaker truck cabs save a lot of strenuous climbing. The broad steps are weather-protected—enclosed inside the doors.

The wide doors have automatic "hold-open" stops. There's head room, hip room and leg room to spare—a 3-position, 3-man seat—foot-controlled "air scoop" ventilation—plus adjustable window wings. And Studebaker's exclusive Truck Climatizer heating and defrosting system is available at moderate added cost.

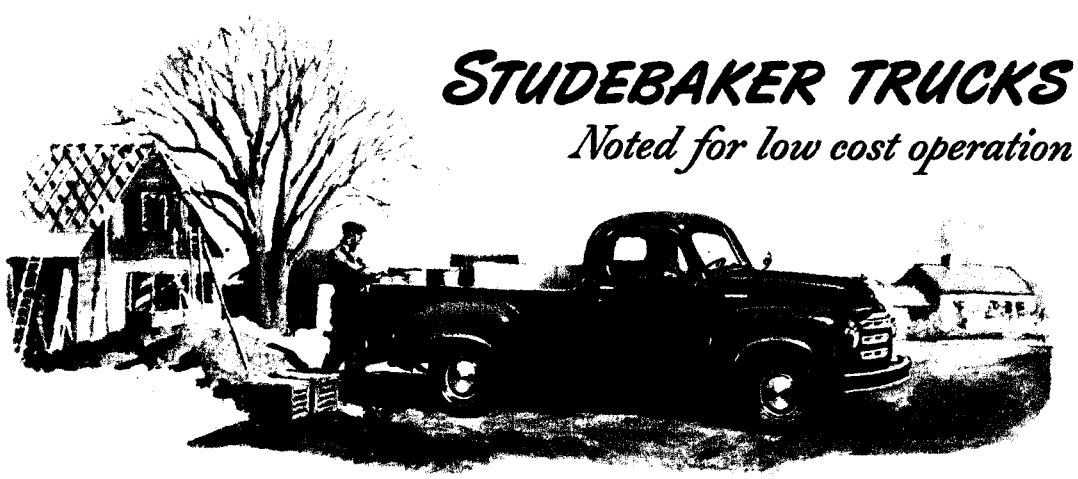
They're trucks you can trust

Ninety-seven years of transportation service to the nation stand back of this most extensive line of trucks that Studebaker has ever built.

You choose from half-ton, three-quarter-ton, one-ton, one-and-one-half-ton and two-ton models in an impressive range of wheelbases. Stop in and get first-hand information at a dealer's near by.

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

Noted for low cost operation



½-ton, 6½-foot pick-up—also available are ¾-ton and 1-ton pick-ups in 8-foot body lengths

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HANGOVER HOUSE

Continued from page 26

"I should like to make sure of the facts so far," he said.

Hilary looked away. "Please do."

"You returned an Egyptian necklace—the police have found it—which you had wrapped in a handkerchief. When you put it into his hand, it was still wrapped in the handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"He evidently dropped the necklace—but retained the handkerchief. Now, if you can bear it, let's go on. The dagger which he claimed to have stolen from Mecca—was this the dagger found beside his body?"

"I think so. I never saw it very well, out there in the fog. But I think so."

"Did he actually hold it in his hand when you turned and ran back to the house?"

"Yes. He was waving it about—raving. He said his death was inevitable unless he could escape the fanatics who had followed him. They were desperate to recover the dagger because it was a religious relic, he said. His only hope was to slip out of England, secretly. He would have to bribe someone to smuggle him over to the French coast, as they would be watching the ports."

KENNEDY remarked bitterly, "Mr. Arlington might have succeeded as a sensational novelist where he failed as an explorer. What was your part to be?"

"He claimed that the custodians, or the Arab League, or someone—truly, I can't remember, exactly—would pay a big ransom for the knife if he could entrench himself and bargain with them. He spoke of twenty thousand pounds."

"Which he asked you to advance?"

Hilary nodded.

"In what form? Such a check would not be met by a bank without inquiry."

"I have jewelry worth that amount."

"I see. You defied him, told him to do whatever he had threatened to do, and ran back to the house. Did he threaten to tell the whole story to your father?"

Hilary stared down at the carpet again. "Yes."

"Now, you say he followed you?"

"He did. That was when he called out. I dashed onto the terrace. I don't quite know how I found the steps. I ran along until I came to an open window. I didn't care what window it was. I had only one thing in mind—to get away from him. I rushed through—and found myself in a room I had never been in before."

"Yes, Hilary? Go on. This is important."

"Only one lamp was alight. There was nobody in the room. At random, and simply because it was right by my hand, I pressed a switch. And the lamp went out."

Storm Kennedy seemed to hear his own heart beating. "And then?"

"Then I listened for just a moment. I thought I heard voices—"

"Where?"

"Outside. Don't ask me *whose* voices, because I was too upset to know. I stumbled across the room to where I had seen a door. I found it, opened it. You and Elfie were standing in the passage."

Elfie was watching Storm Kennedy with an expression hard to define, except that it was charged with some potent message, some message he failed to read. He turned to Hilary. She sat quite still, her lashes lowered.

"And that is all you know about what happened?"

"That's all I know."

"You left Arlington at the spot where the argument took place?"

"Yes."

"Had you any suspicion that someone else might have been near in the fog?"

"Yes. But there was nothing to confirm it. It may have been due simply to my fear that someone might overhear us."

"And you have no idea what happened afterward?"

Hilary raised her gray eyes and looked steadily at Storm Kennedy. "On my word of honor, none whatever."

Chief Inspector McGraw stood at the partly opened window, his hands clasped behind him. He was watching torrents of rain turn terrace and steps into racing rivulets and tumbling cascades. He spoke without turning.

"Lady Hilary's story sounds straightforward enough. Pity there was no witness."

"But there may have been," Kennedy said.

McGraw turned. "Such as?"

"That remains to be proved. She mentioned a distinct impression that someone else was near, hidden in the fog."

"Is that so? Assuming she was right, any theory who this someone else might have been?"

"Anybody's guess. We know, now, the necklace belonged to Hilary; but if Arlington's story of the Mecca dagger had any relation to fact, this story seems to be significant."

"Dagger might have been another present," McGraw said.

Storm Kennedy inhaled deeply. "You mean, Chief Inspector, that you are rejecting Lady Hilary's evidence?"

"Not rejecting it. What a court of law would accept, *I'm* prepared to accept. Her evidence is unsupported. You're implying, I take it, that story of theft of Mecca relic suggests the work of a fanatic?"

"It's not impossible."

"Odds on Mohammed," Sample murmured.

McGraw stared at him.

"Suppose"—Storm Kennedy's voice was cold—"instead of wasting time, we settle once and for all the point whether Mohammed has or has not anything to do with the matter?"

McGraw beckoned to Sergeant Sample. "Get Mr. Ibn Lahûn." Then, as Sample went out: "Don't want to suggest antagonism, Mr. Kennedy," McGraw added. "Nobody happier than I shall be if Lady Hilary is cleared of suspicion. Hard luck for me if I have to charge her. Lord Glengale is here. With his daughter at the moment."

Storm Kennedy began to walk about restlessly. The long strain was telling. He struggled to retain that cold detachment. "When we are through with Mohammed, Chief Inspector, may I ask you one simple question?"

"Many simple questions as you like."

Mohammed Ibn Lahûn entered, with Sergeant Sample. The sergeant's expression was one appropriate to a chief mourner.

"Ah, Mr. Ibn Lahûn." McGraw indicated the couch by the door. "Please sit down. Think you may be able to help."

"All life is service," the Egyptian stated, seating himself. "But many serve evil causes."

"Told me, not so long back, Arlington beneath any consideration by the Moslem world. Not so sure, now. Appears, on recent evidence, that the knife, or dagger, found beside his body is a holy relic which Arlington stole from Mecca. Belonged to the Prophet's wife. Know that?"

"I know that this is not true, sir. Certain possessions of the Prophet—may God be good to him—remain in the custody of those charged with their safekeeping, in Mecca, Medina, Damascus and elsewhere. The dagger of which you speak is not one of these."

"Sure?"

"I am well acquainted with all the holy relics, sir. I would, also, beg to draw your attention to this fact: If recovery of the weapon had been the assassin's motive, he would not have left it there."

"Thought of that." McGraw glanced across at Kennedy. "Had you?"

"Certainly. But we must allow for some unexpected interference."

"Fate interfered, effendi," Mohammed assured him. "It was written when and how the man should die."

"Might be a good idea," McGraw suggested, "if you enlarged, somewhat, on statement to Superintendent Croker."

"Certainly." Mohammed inclined his head, courteously. "I am in England, sir, to attend a conference of those responsible for preserving the faith of Islam. Light is dying from the earth. The world grows dark. The revelations of the Prophet—secure in paradise—no longer touch the hearts of men." Mohammed smiled sadly. "As an old friend of Mrs. Faraway's I naturally called to pay my respects. She is, as you know, sir, very wealthy, but you may not know that she is also very unhappy."

"Not uncommon," McGraw drawled. He glanced again at Storm Kennedy. "Didn't think the Honorable Peter was a man of means."

"No, he isn't," Kennedy answered promptly. "But his wife is the daughter of Cornelius Corkoran, known in the United States as the Railroad King."

"I see." McGraw looked at Mohammed. "Believe I interrupted you."

"Life is dotted with many punctuation marks, sir, but with only one full stop. Mrs. Faraway confided to me her belief that her husband was *entangled again*. She believed, knowing something of those small powers with which the All Knowing has endowed me, that if I attended the party here I might perhaps discern the object of the Honorable Peter's affections. She wished to learn if the matter had grown serious enough to justify divorce."

"Didn't know it was as bad as that," Kennedy muttered.

MOHAMMED went on to explain: "Laughter is sometimes a mask for sorrow. I learned that the Honorable Peter was seeking to induce the singer called Sidonia to accept his embraces. He pressed his attentions upon her so hotly that Mrs. Faraway departed, in just anger. I remained, to endeavor to pursue this unfortunate affair to its termination."

"And what was its termination?" McGraw asked.

"Unfortunately, sir, I lost sight, both of Mr. Faraway and of Sidonia. But I believe the damsel rejected his love. Possibly he failed to offer suitably rich gifts."

"Quite likely," McGraw agreed. "About these small powers to which you referred, Mr. Ibn Lahûn. Helped you to learn anything more definite than that those I believe guilty, are, in fact, innocent, and so on?"

"Many things, sir. The singing woman is without guilt in this matter."

"Think so, too."

"Lady Hilary Bruton can be cleared of suspicion by one person, alone. I have already advised this person to tell the truth."

"To what person do you refer?" Storm Kennedy asked rapidly.

"To Mrs. Muller, effendi."

"Mrs. Muller!"

Chief Inspector McGraw, hands on the desk, began to stand up, his fawn eyes fixed in a stare of ferocity upon the Egyptian's face.

Kennedy suppressed an exclamation, took a step forward. "I don't know what

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has led Mr. Ibn Lahûn to this remarkable conclusion, Chief Inspector. But I have certain evidence to support it. May I suggest that we ask Mrs. Muller a few questions?"

McGraw sat down again. "Mrs. Muller's on her way to London." . . .

Hangover House became a center of urgent activity. Some echo of this penetrated even to Larkhall Pike, the owner, located in his kitchen with a copy of that day's Times.

Only one occupant of the premises remained oblivious to what was going on. Peter Faraway, undisturbed by thunder, snored peacefully, but unmusically, in the potting shed.

AN EMERGENCY call had been sent out to intercept Mrs. Muller. Sergeant Sample sped north in the Yard car in an endeavor to overtake her.

And Chief Inspector McGraw was deeply dissatisfied with himself. He stood staring from the window, his gaze following an angry cloud moving eastward.

He spoke without turning.

"Stepped in on me in the Mallory case, Mr. Kennedy. Got me bad marks. Looks as though I have to be grateful you stepped in on this one."

Storm Kennedy laughed, shortly. There was no one else in the study. "That may be true. But no credit to me. A pure accident led to my discovery of the clue. I wasn't looking for it."

"What Mohammed calls Kismet."

"The law of things as they are?" Kennedy suggested, and smiled.

"Just so. But assistant commissioner may never have heard of said law. Want to get the facts straight. Make sure I haven't been wearing smoked glasses. When you walked down the garden and came out behind the summerhouse, weren't you heading that way *deliberately?*"

"Not at all. Just walking, and thinking."

"Is that so? Saw somebody moving in there, through a crack in the back wall, and took a good look. It was Mrs. Muller. Searching for something under the seat where you'd found the gold case."

"Exactly."

"At this moment she was disturbed by appearance of Mohammed. She gave up the search. You think before he caught her at it? They walked off together."

"Yes."

"You stepped in. Amongst a lot of dust and rubbish found these." McGraw pointed to two objects lying on a sheet of white paper. "Didn't make sense at the time. Couldn't get the connection. But that's where you'd found the gold case, and you assumed the gold case to be the thing Mrs. Muller was looking for."

"Naturally."

McGraw nodded. "Inference sound enough. Didn't come straight back. Went on walking. Still walking when Sergeant Sample came to look for you. Fond of walking—or trying to think up a way of holding out on me?"

Storm Kennedy flushed. "That's damned unfair, Chief Inspector!"

McGraw smiled, held out his hand. "Know it is—now. Wanted to be sure."

Kennedy returned McGraw's smile and grasped the extended hand. "I was trying to think of some way to confirm what was no more than a strong suspicion. You see, I didn't know what the gold case contained. What I found, this second time, under the seat, suggested no association. It might have had none. Nothing to go upon, really, except the fact that Mrs. Muller had been searching there. *She* didn't know—but she may have suspected—that the gold case had been found. I argued that she wanted to make sure. Inference—that she had hidden it there, herself."

McGraw nodded. "Now, what you found was a small, empty phial. Kind chemists use to put up a hypodermic shot. Also a moistened swab smelling of iodine. Conjurer from Kings Riding opened the gold case. There was a hypodermic syringe inside—and a place to hold the charge. Smelled of iodine, too."

Storm Kennedy became conscious of excitement so intense that it was hard to control. "Which answers the simple question I told you I wanted to ask. The question was: What did the case contain?"

"Know now. Arlington got the shot, all right. Hospital reports evidence on left arm."

"*After* he was dead—or appeared to be?"

"After. Someone crept up to that room where he lay, opened the gold case and made an injection. Same prints on phial as on syringe and window frame."

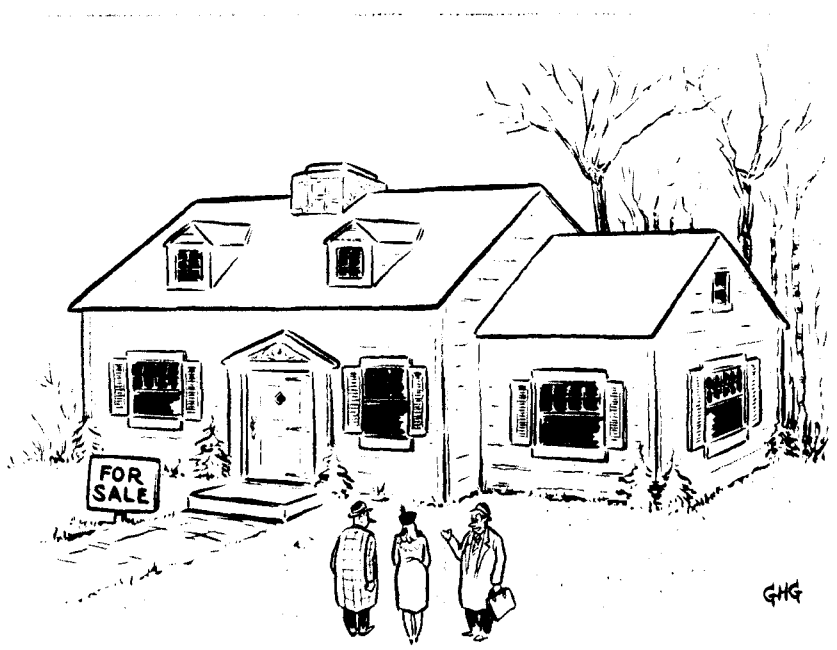
"What kind of prints? I thought that Wilson reported they were illegible."

"Most of them were. But one common factor. All show marks of some sort of fine-meshed material." McGraw paused, stared at Kennedy. "On the syringe and phial these are the *only marks.*"

"Looks like a laboratory job."

"It is. Same with the drug used. But autopsy may trace that. Sit down."

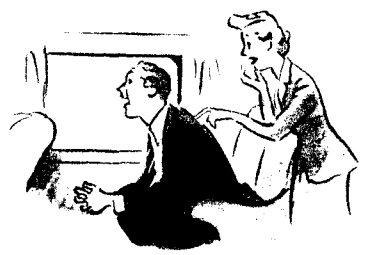
McGraw went around and seated himself behind the desk. He left the lamp alight, although hesitant sunbeams be-



"And now if you folks will kindly sit down, I'll tell you what they're asking for it"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"Boy! Will I wow 'em in Paris!"



PASSENGER: I can hardly wait till we land at Paris! PARIS! Boy, when those gals ogle me! Paris! GEE!

STEWARDESS: But sir, this . . .

PASSENGER: I gave this trip everything I had! Know what's in my bags? Arrow White Shirts! Got to look my ab-so-lute best. And there's nothing like an Arrow Dart, or Dale, or Drew to make a man look his finest. And especially for Paris! ZOW!

STEWARDESS: I quite agree, sir, however . . .

PASSENGER: And *why* does an Arrow Shirt make a man look like a million? Because it's cut to his very torso. Even a torso like mine. Good old MITOGA design does it. Paris! YIPE!

STEWARDESS: Have you considered the possibility, sir . . . ?

PASSENGER: I've considered EVERY possibility, and I always come away with Arrows, when it comes to shirts. Why, even in regard to shrinkage—the Sanforized trade-mark handles *that!* Every Arrow Shirt has one . . . which means *no* Arrow Shirt shrinks even a teensy 1%! And every Arrow Shirt has buttons that are anchored on! Paris! COO-EE!

STEWARDESS: Sir, sir . . . I hate to break this to you, with all your talk of Paris, but this plane is going to *London!*

PASSENGER: London? London? Oh-my-gawsh! But my ticket said . . . London, eh? BOY! WILL I WOW 'EM IN LONDON!

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gan to venture into the gloomy room. Storm Kennedy took a chair opposite to McGraw.

"Have you any theory, Chief Inspector, to account for these marks?"

"Yes." McGraw leaned back, wearily closing his eyes. "Owe the idea to Sergeant Sample. Didn't germinate until Mrs. Muller was pushed into the limelight. Going to try a little experiment."

"Does your theory explain why someone should give a dead man an injection?"

McGraw's jaws began to work mechanically. "No," he drawled. "Doesn't. Any suggestions?"

MCGRAW and Kennedy were in the relic-lined study, with its odor of ancient decay, when Inspector Hawley rapped on the door and announced: "Mrs. Muller is here, Chief Inspector."

Storm Kennedy had been staring out of the window. He turned as Mrs. Muller came in. She wore her long mink wrap. Her face was pale. Sergeant Sample followed.

She ignored Kennedy, looking straight at McGraw. Kennedy noted that the usually courteous chief inspector did not stand up. He merely pointed to the chair set facing his own.

"Be good enough to take a seat, Mrs. Muller."

She stood still. "May I ask why I have been brought back here?"

"Be good enough to take a seat."

She crossed to the chair, her carriage slow and graceful, and sat down. "You haven't answered my question, Inspector."

"Any need to?" he asked. "Nearly made a bad mistake. Saved by the law of things as they are. Ever hear of that law, Mrs. Muller?"

"I know why you mention it." Mrs. Muller had herself well in hand. "That man, Mohammed, has been talking about me. He talks in parables. You may have misunderstood him."

"Think *you* misunderstood him. Believe he offered you certain advice?"

Mrs. Muller shrugged. "He is a fanatic. I'm afraid he is also a hypocrite. He made a strange, veiled suggestion to

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1 teaspoon soda
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
4 tablespoons melted butter
1 cup drained blueberries (fresh or frozen)

Mix all ingredients but berries and beat until smooth. Fold in blueberries. Fry the cakes on lightly greased griddle until brown on both sides. Serve with maple sirup and sausage cakes. (Serves six.)

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me—yes. It appears, as I did not adopt it, that he came to you."

"Didn't come. Was sent for. Obliged for his co-operation. Let's get to matters we have to discuss. Something here I want to show you."

Mrs. Muller threw off her mink wrap. Storm Kennedy automatically stepped forward and draped it over the back of her chair. She glanced up at him. "Thank you, Mr. Kennedy. Are you in this conspiracy?"

"I'm afraid I am, Mrs. Muller," he answered gravely.

McGraw, from a desk drawer, took out the gold case. The chief inspector offered the case to Mrs. Muller. "Good enough to tell me if you recognize this?"

She accepted it calmly, turned it over between flexible fingers, and bent to peer at it—closed, as when it was found. Mrs. Muller's hands in her gloves were quite steady.

"I don't, Inspector." She returned the case. "What is it—a pen?"

"No." McGraw took it gingerly by the tip. He turned to Sample. "Pass this back to Wilson, upstairs."

Sample accepted the exhibit by its other end and went up the short stair to disappear into that arched opening which led to Larkhall Pike's sleeping cell. McGraw closed his eyes and lay back in his chair as if deep in thought. But Storm Kennedy knew that he was waiting for Sample's return before continuing the cross-examination.

Mrs. Muller broke an oppressive silence.

"I still fail to understand, Inspector McGraw, why my journey to London has been interrupted."

"Do you?" McGraw didn't open his eyes. "Sorry—but I can't believe it."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean what I say. Always do. Nothing more difficult in the work of a detective, Mrs. Muller, than to browbeat a woman. But you leave me no choice. Criminal Investigation Department composed of men, not of machines. Come into the open. Give me the facts I want. Pay you better in the end."

FOR uncounted seconds the issue hung in the balance. Then just as Sample returned quietly to his place she spoke.

"I don't think I have any facts to give you," she said.

"Sorry you think that." McGraw spoke in a low tone. "Wouldn't like to reconsider your answer?"

"Why don't you say, outright, what it is you want to know?"

McGraw slowly raised the drooping lids, and looked at her. "Very well. Can do so." He opened a desk drawer, taking out the swab and the phial on a sheet of white paper, which he placed on the blotting pad. "Believe you mislaid these recently."

Mrs. Muller glanced hastily at them. She shook her head. "They are not mine. What led you to suppose they were?"

"May not be yours," McGraw admitted. "But you used them recently."

"Used them? What for?"

The chief inspector laid a second sheet of paper on the desk. "To charge this hypodermic syringe."

Mrs. Muller sat quite motionless and silent. She was still seated so when a redheaded policeman appeared on the stair. He coughed discreetly. McGraw glanced up.

"The same, sir."

McGraw merely nodded; and as Constable Wilson went upstairs again, the chief inspector did an odd thing.

He ceased to chew. From his mouth he took out a small piece of whatever he had been masticating and tossed the fragment into a wastebasket. From a coat pocket he produced a huge brier pipe and a leather case on an equally outsize scale. When he had got the bowl filled to his satisfaction and the tobacco well lighted, he lay back, puffing luxuriously.

Mrs. Muller watched him, in silence.

"Should hate to think," the chief inspector said, "that you are prepared to keep quiet, Mrs. Muller, and see an innocent girl accused of a crime she didn't commit."

"Why do you make such a suggestion?"

"Facts explain themselves. *Someone* murdered Geoffrey Arlington—"

"Geoffrey Arlington!"

"Name new to you? Or just surprised I know it? As an old-timer at this game, Mrs. Muller, I must say this: Never met a cooler hand. Viewed the body. Gave a convincing statement to Superintendent Croker. Walked out of this room without a stain on your character. Have declined to give *me* the facts. Shall now give the facts to *you*."

MRS. MULLER half rose from her chair. Then, came an interruption, excited voices outside the closed door.

"Please wait one moment—"

"Go to the devil!" The door burst open and Lord Glengale came in, Inspector Hawley at his heels.

"Lord Glengale," Hawley began.

McGraw signaled with his pipe, and Hawley retired, closing the door. Lord Glengale looked neither right nor left. He crossed to the desk, stared down at the chief inspector. He didn't appear to have noticed either Storm Kennedy or Mrs. Muller.

"Perhaps a little unceremonious," he remarked. "Patience exhausted. Have applied to that officer just gone out—without result. Tired of tomfoolery, sir. My daughter has given me a full account of what happened. In short, knows nothing whatever about it—except misfortune to have been acquainted with dead blackguard. Have I your permission to leave, with my daughter and Miss Elphinstowe?"

McGraw replaced his pipe between his teeth. "Could answer your lordship in several ways. This is a criminal inquiry. I am in charge. Inspector Hawley quite correct in declining to disturb me. Directly other witnesses are free to leave, shall be glad to advise you."

Lord Glengale remained perfectly still, stiffly upright.

McGraw puffed at his pipe. Sergeant Sample blew his nose. The marquess took a deep breath and stared angrily at Storm Kennedy. He stared at Mrs. Muller—and then stared harder.

"Got it!" he exploded. "Knew I'd seen you somewhere!"

Mrs. Muller, who had sunk back into her chair, looked up at him. Her expression was one impossible to define.

McGraw fully opened his eyes which he had partly closed. "Where did you meet Mrs. Muller?"

"Never met her. Spotted her driving off a while back. Vaguely familiar. Remember now where I had seen her before—in Knightsbridge yesterday evening with that fellow Arlington." . . .

Storm Kennedy stood again by the open window. He had detected the confident purr of an aristocratic engine. It might be Hilary's car. Or it might be Lord Glengale's.

For Lord Glengale had obtained McGraw's consent to take his departure with Hilary and Elfie shortly after his sensational identification of Mrs. Muller. Now, Lord Glengale was gone—perhaps Hilary, too.

No further sounds reached Kennedy's ears from the paved courtyard. Behind him, in the room, a throbbing silence had fallen. He wished he could have willed that it should never be broken, that he be spared witnessing the torture of a woman who, whatever her faults and follies, had high courage and a sense of humor.

It was Mrs. Muller who ended this suspense. And as she began to speak, Kennedy turned and watched her. She was marble pale under the slight make-up

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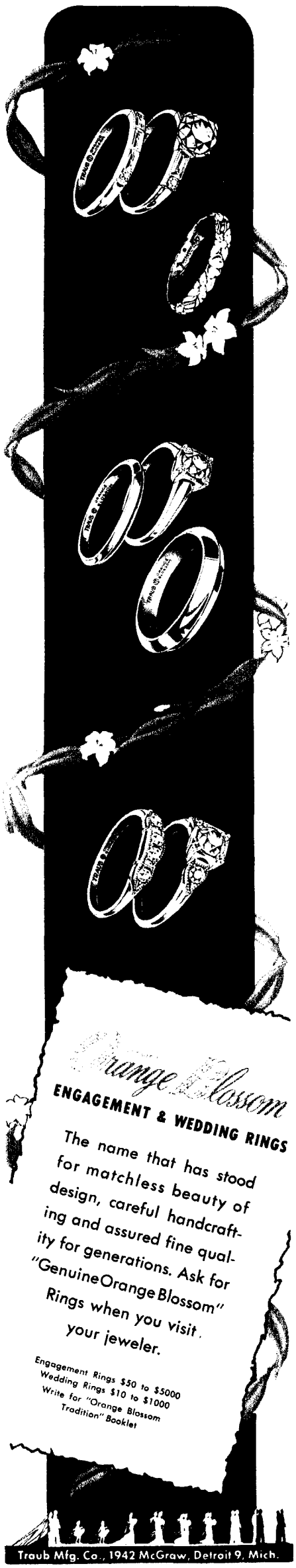
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she used, but her voice remained softly modulated, even, and entirely without tremor.

"You need not trouble to ask me any more questions, Inspector, unless to help. I will tell you everything. I know now how wrong I was not to tell you before. You meant to be kind."

"Might start at the beginning," McGraw suggested.

Mrs. Muller nodded. She told her story with a courageous frankness which carried conviction. It was not in her make-up to adopt half measures.

MRS. MULLER had been born in Beyrouth. Her father, at that time, was Italian consul; her mother, still living, was Syrian.

"I was educated in England. Joan Corkoran—Mrs. Peter Faraway—and I, were at the same school. But I had no invitation to come here. Joan didn't even know I was in London."

She had lived with Geoffrey Arlington as his mistress for four years. Her husband, a German technician responsible for the maintenance of the pipe lines which carry the Persian oil, had never divorced her. "He always said I should want to go back one day."

It had not taken her long to find out that Geoffrey Arlington was an impostor. "But it made no difference, even when I did find out. I still went on loving him." While they were in Egypt, he had news of the death of his wife, said to have been an invalid for years. Upon receiving this news, he had suddenly decided to return to England. He was desperately hard up at the time.

"Wife's estate?" McGraw suggested.

"No. She had nothing to leave. I suspected another motive. Not long after I went away with him he started a secret affair with an English girl. She was very young, pretty—and wealthy. He never knew I had found out. At first, I thought her money was the attraction. Then I began to be afraid, it lasted so long, that he was really in love with her."

The association came to a head during a stay in the south of France.

"I must make it clear that we never met. She had no idea of my existence. Then—they both disappeared for over a fortnight! But he returned, penitent, and full of lies. We left together for Egypt. I never saw Hilary Bruton until I saw her here last night. You see—I knew he was coming to meet her."

They had flown to London from Paris. Lord Glengale must have passed by as they arrived. Geoffrey Arlington had had some mysterious business to transact in France before crossing on to England. Mrs. Muller had been unable to find out what it was. On his bedside phone, Arlington had called a number; and Mrs. Muller, listening in a wardrobe closet of the room adjoining, had heard him talking to Hilary.

Hilary called him back at ten o'clock. He repeated the name Hangover House and her directions how to get there. Then he ordered a car from a firm he had often employed. He knocked on Mrs. Muller's door and said that he might be late.

"And *you* started," McGraw broke in, "at ten fifteen in a car from Auto-Hire. Got here first."

"I thought, now that he was free, he had come to ask her to marry him—and I meant to stay while Hilary Bruton stayed. I rarely let her out of my sight all night. I was still in the big room, at the piano, after nearly everyone had gone. Mr. Lovelace had persuaded me to play some ridiculous song, and Miss Elphinstowe came and joined us. She was so whimsically amiable that it occurred to me she might really be mounting guard. I said I must get my wrap, and I hurried off to the powder room."

Hilary was not in the powder room. But the glazed door was wide open. Mrs. Muller ran out onto the corner of the terrace, closing the door, then around to the front. She stood there, listening—and faintly heard Arlington's voice, and Hilary's. She made her way down the steps, and down the lawn, guided by their voices. They were quarreling furiously, somewhere quite near.

"Before I could get any closer, Hilary Bruton came running past. She didn't see me. I heard Geoffrey shouting, 'Larry! Larry!' "

Mrs. Muller ceased. Resting her elbows on the desk, she covered her face with gloved hands. "Inspector McGraw!" It was an agonized appeal, a tremulous whisper. "As God is my judge, I meant him no harm. I—loved him. He burst suddenly out of the fog. He was in one of his mad rages. In his left hand he held something white. It may have been a handkerchief. In the other he had a short dagger. He saw me. I stood right in his path.

"He used language so vile that—I must try to forget it. But I would not let him pass. Until he threatened me with the knife. Then I ran back to the steps. There I turned and faced him again. He was breathing hoarsely. His eyes glared. He sprang on me. I caught his wrist, twisted it and I felt the blade go into his body. He tripped and fell forward. And I ran around and in through the terrace door of the powder room."

The chief inspector knocked out and then carefully refilled his brier. Mrs. Muller lay back in her chair. Her pallor was alarming.

"Brings us to final point. Gold case you handled, Mrs. Muller, had been cleaned and lightly powdered. Your lace gloves have a small but distinctive pattern. Paris?"

"Yes."

"Slipped up those stairs this morning while this room was empty, opened case and took out syringe. Same marks on all. Same on window frame. Did you charge the syringe and give an injection?"

"Yes." Mrs. Muller's voice, while steady again, was very low. "I hadn't time to relock the door. As it was, you nearly trapped me when I came down to put the key back. I had, instinctively, looked for it in the desk drawer. I had tried to get to him during the night. But Mr. Pike is a light sleeper. I opened the window because my first idea was to throw the case out into the shrubbery. Although I wore gloves, my hands were hot, and I was afraid fingerprints might be found if I left it there. Then, I decided the shrubbery wasn't safe."

SHE tried to escape from Lovelace who met her in the passage, and hurried down the garden, but he was following. It was then that she had enlisted Kennedy's services, asking him to detain her follower. Mrs. Muller knew, of course, that when the case was missed, there would be a thorough investigation. As she passed the summerhouse, Sidonia called out to her. Mrs. Muller had to go in and talk to her. Sidonia left when she had completed her make-up, and Mrs. Muller was wondering where to hide the case when she heard someone calling her name. She was afraid everybody was going to be searched—and threw the case under the seat.

"Why hadn't you replaced the container and the swab?" McGraw wanted to know.

"I had no time to get them back. I had wetted a handkerchief to moisten the swab, and it had swelled. I threw those away as well."

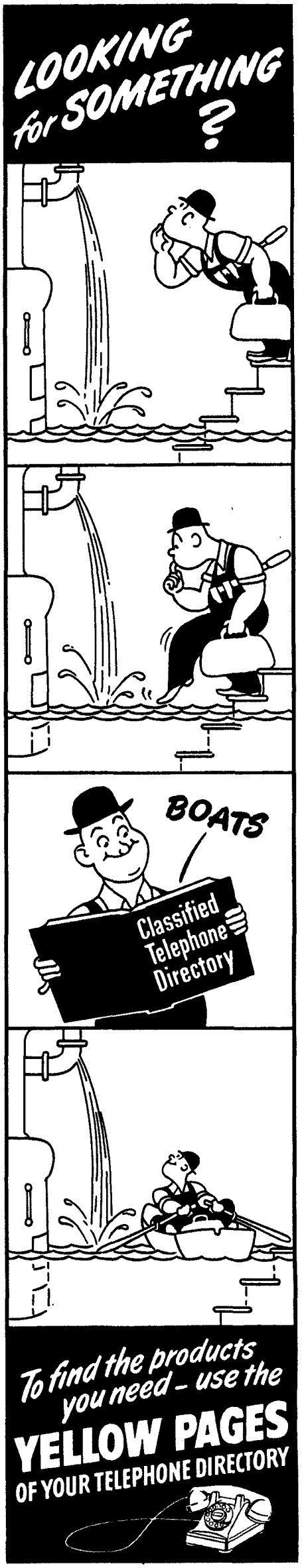
"Went to look for them, later?"

"Twice. The first time Mohammed interrupted me. The second time was just before I left."

"How long had Geoffrey Arlington carried that case?"

"For three years. Ever since his first attack of catalepsy."

It was a strange story Mrs. Muller told,



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in an ever-fading voice. Three years before, during a violent scene in a Casablanca café, Geoffrey Arlington had collapsed, apparently dead. He was certified to be dead, and would have been buried —except that a great Italian physician, a friend of Mrs. Muller's father, happened to be in Casablanca. He called to offer his sympathy. He examined Arlington's body.

"And he became as one inspired! It was his subject—these obscure nervous diseases. He hurried back to his hotel, returned, and made an injection."

Mrs. Muller's strength was deserting her. As her voice failed, her accent became more marked. "The dead man came to life. Dr. Lombrosi made up a charge of this injection. It had to be renewed every three months. He gave it into my keeping. He knew I should never be far away from Geoffrey."

But it was Arlington who employed Silverston, an expert who invented illusions for stage magicians, to make the gold case. No one but he, or Mrs. Muller, could open it.

"One more question. What is your first name?"

"Delilah."

"No other?"

"To Geoff I was always—Lala."

LATE on the following morning, Kennedy awoke and tried to remember what had made him so miserable. He remembered quickly, and it hurt.

Hilary had left Hangover House without a word of farewell. Lord Glengale had gone, too. But Glengale was angry with everybody. Kennedy had delivered Peter Faraway at his own door, leaving him to explain to Joan that vital affairs necessitated Storm's rushing away. He had rushed no farther than his own flat. And, after waiting for more than an hour, had called Miss Elphinstowe's number.

No reply. He had rung again, up to midnight, at half-hour intervals. No reply.

He groaned, and wondered why he had a headache; then recalled how much whisky he had drunk before finally going to sleep. Clearly, he had offended her. It was just as well. There was some deep secret in that outwardly sparkling life. She knew that he was aware of this —and had no intention of disclosing it to him.

Kennedy was sorry for Mrs. Muller. But, in McGraw's opinion, the public prosecutor would make no charge against her. Geoffrey Arlington had not died of the wound; he had died as the result of an attack of angina pectoris, probably induced by violent anger. Catalepsy, to which obscure disease he was subject, had supervened. Dr. Lombrosi's injection had restored him, temporarily, but could not restore the damaged heart.

Mrs. Muller had acted in self-defense. Moreover, to take the case to court meant calling Lady Hilary as a witness.

Sergeant Whittaker entered, in near silence. He carried a tray.

"I didn't ring, Whittaker," Storm Kennedy said.

"No, sir. But I thought a cup of strong tea would be suitable. It is eleven fifteen —and Lord Glengale is here."

"Lord Glengale!" Storm Kennedy came fully to life, swung his legs out of bed and groped for his slippers.

"Yes, sir. He instructs me to tell you that the matter is urgent. I will fill the bathtub."

Ten minutes later, Storm Kennedy walked into his office. "Good-morning, sir."

Lord Glengale stood up. He had been sitting in an armchair, reading a copy of The Daily Telegraph which Whittaker had thoughtfully provided. He glanced at his wrist watch. "Don't believe in early rising?"

"I turned in rather late," Kennedy explained.

Lord Glengale stood watching him, "Done a good job," he announced. "Pleased with you. Hilary's bolting. Know who she's bolting from?"

"I can't imagine."

"You."

"From *me*, sir?"

"Said so, if you were listening. Hilary's an easy looker and full of mettle. But she needs a strong hand on the curb. Shall I go on?"

Lord Glengale took an envelope from his pocket. "Seat on the Golden Arrow. Hard to get at short notice, but still have some influence. She and Elfie are on it. Something Hilary ought to tell you. Will, if you ask her. Told me. Never mind about money. Money not everything. Note enclosed to friend in Paris. Passport in order?"

"Yes."

Lord Glengale glanced again at his watch. "Just time to make it. Binns outside with the Rolls. Wizard traffic driver."

"But I haven't time to pack even a toothbrush and razor—" Kennedy began to protest.

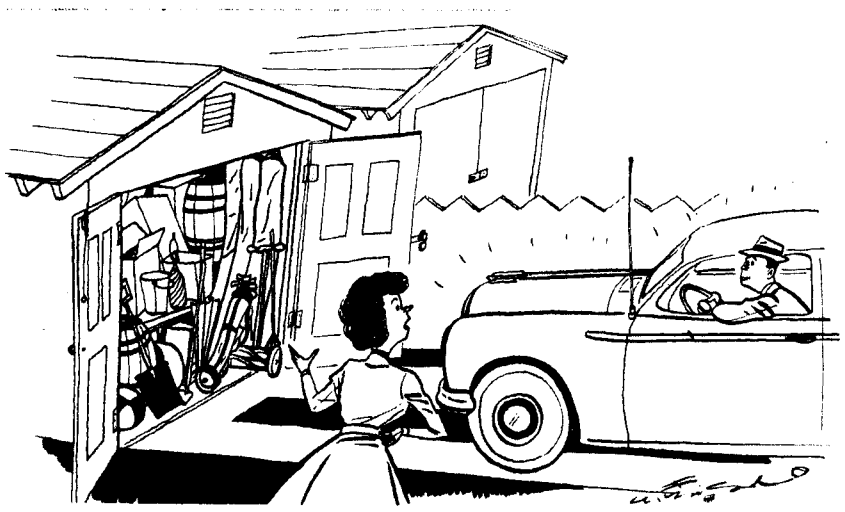
"Been a soldier, haven't you? Buy 'em in Paris."

Sergeant Whittaker opened the door. "Your suitcase is ready, sir."

THE Golden Arrow pulled out of Victoria just twelve seconds after Storm Kennedy stepped on board.

They were in the forward compartment of the same car. Hilary wore a black and gray check traveling coat, a beret to match. Elfie was attired in a blue suit with red facings, and a peaked cap.

When Storm Kennedy appeared in the doorway, Elfie stood up as suddenly as if a wasp had stung her. "I'm so glad you made it, Bill!" she lurched toward him, grasped his hand. "Top marks to



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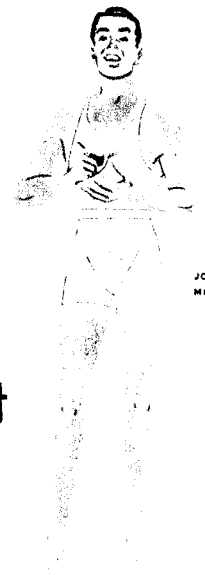

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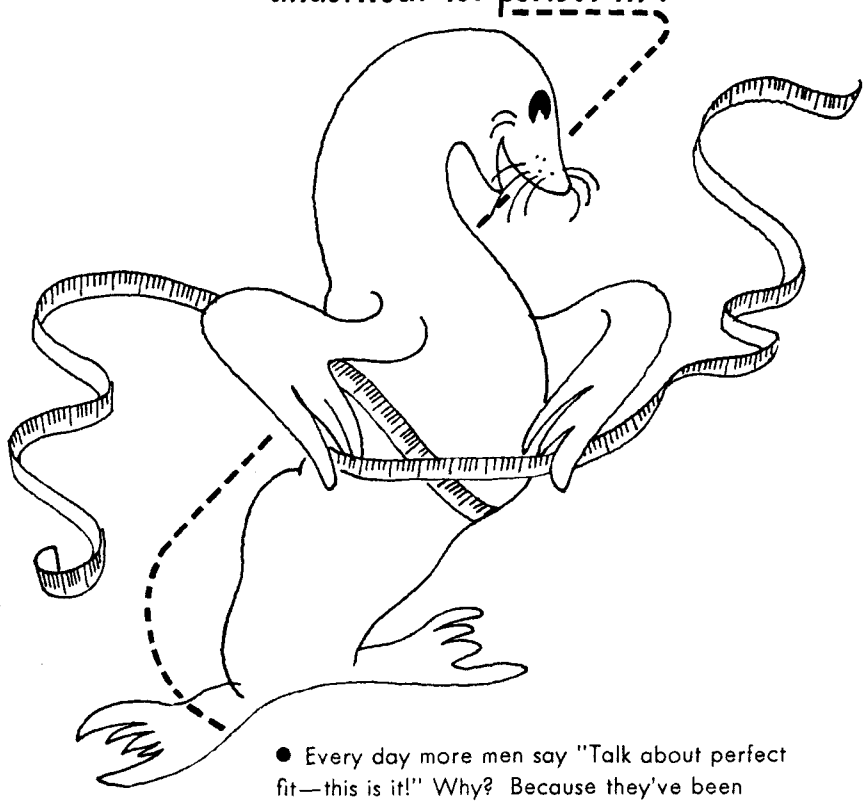

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Ronnie. *I* tipped him. What's the number of your seat?"

"But, really, Elfie—"

"Shut up!" she whispered gruffly. "Engage the enemy more closely! Strike while the iron's hot." She glanced back. "Hilary, I'm leaving you two to fight it out. Drinks on me when I come back." And she was gone, closing the door behind her.

Hilary's chin was so firmly set as to be reminiscent of her father's. She was staring out of the window at those pathetic memories of the blitz which decorate the outskirts of Victoria Station. As Kennedy took a seat beside her, he saw her color fade.

"Hilary." He rested his arm lightly on her shoulders. "Are you very angry with me?"

She shook her head. "I'm not angry with you at all."

"But you ran away without saying good-by."

"I know I did."

He tightened his clasp on Hilary's shoulders, drew her toward him. "Hilary! I have no right, no right in the world—but I can't help myself. I simply adore you!"

"I have no right, either, Bill, until you know the truth about me," Hilary said gently. "But *I* can't help myself. That's why I ran away."

"Perhaps I know quite a bit of the truth, Hilary, and can guess the rest."

"How can you possibly know?"

"Surely you can't have forgotten that you gave me an outline of the story only yesterday?"

"Oh, that," Hilary murmured, and turned away, staring out of the window. "It left out the most important part, altogether."

KENNEDY drew her close to him again. "I know it did, Hilary. Your father already knew about the Lebanon oil well business. So that Arlington would have been wasting his time in exposing the facts to him. Quite apart from which, you were completely innocent in the matter."

Hilary nodded. "It was finding out that I had put money into that dirty swindle which led Father to find out about—Geoffrey." Her hands were clasped between her knees in the familiar way, her lashes lowered. "You see, Bill, I was very young, very vain and very silly. Under Mother's rather foolish will, poor darling, it was easy for me to get hold of far too much money. I was only eighteen when I met him. I thought he was the most wonderful and romantic creature in the world."

"And you fell madly in love with him. At least, you thought so."

"Yes—I did. He was a dangerous man. Even then, he tried to rush his fences, as Father would say. He didn't succeed. But all the same, I was badly in the toils. We used to write to each other regularly. I was always longing to see him again. Then came the oil well affair—and Father discovered the whole story."

"I can imagine the scene."

"It ended with Father absolutely forbidding me to have anything whatever to do with Geoffrey in future. He talked in terms of horsewhips, if he ever caught us together. And you see, I know Father. He meant it."

"But you did meet him again?" Kennedy asked.

Hilary nodded, unhappily. "In Cannes. Secretly. None of my friends knew. Thinking of it now, in cold blood, I can only suppose it was spring madness. But I went away with him, to a little Alpine village, where—" Then, she ceased altogether.

Kennedy held her fast. "Yes, dear?"

"Where we were married by the village curé."

And, now, it was Storm Kennedy who fell silent. He was dumfounded.

Hilary stole a quick glance at him, and went on hurriedly: "Geoffrey was forced to leave Europe shortly afterward—and I simply *had* to tell somebody. That was when I went to Elfie. It was Elfie who discovered that he had a wife already, living in England—"

"Good God! But, when you found out—"

Hilary turned. "Unfortunately, Bill, by the time I found out, it was too late. Elfie took me to someone she knew in France—when the time came. They are sweet people. They don't know my real name, of course, and they have—looked after him, since he was born. Somehow, that foul brute found out. He called on them. They sent Elfie a telegram at once."

She was silent for a moment. "His proposal," she continued quietly, "was that we should go through another marriage ceremony, now that he was free. When I completely lost control and told him that I would rather be publicly executed than marry him, he began to rave. He said, as the child's father, he would bring him to England, and—"

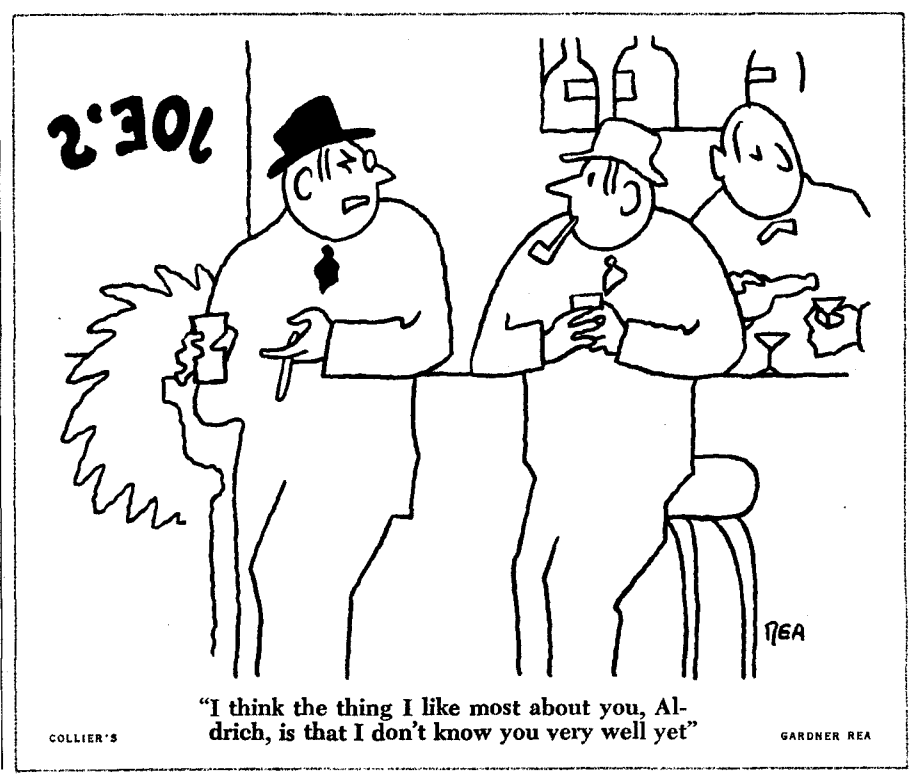
Hilary's voice shook.

"How old is he?"

"Nearly four months. I am on my way to see him, now."

"I'll come with you," Storm Kennedy whispered.

THE END



"I think the thing I like most about you, Aldrich, is that I don't know you very well yet"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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DAY OF GLORY

Continued from page 18

him and dried up the smile. He turned quickly and prepared to spit at the champion but stopped himself in time. It could wait. It had waited four years and it would wait seven hours more.

Hardy laughed at him. "Don't forget, Roland," he said.

"I will be there," Chevigny said.

His trainer turned him away and handed him his clothes. "First a little nap, and then we eat."

"No," Chevigny said. "First a bath."

"You make yourself weak with baths," the trainer said.

"But the water is hot here," Roland said. "It's a sin to waste it."

They walked down Broadway and when they got to their hotel room they found a man outside the door. He was a big man with a face that had been sunburned and windburned many times and healed over afterward in many bars. He grinned at Chevigny.

"I thought you were going to paste him back there at the weighin'," he said. "Glad to see you decided to save it for tonight."

CHEVIGNY'S American manager recognized him and explained to Roland that the big man was a famous American journalist.

"Très important," the manager said.

"I can speak English," Chevigny said, "and I can tell who is important."

"Don't let this guy kid you," the big man said. "I'm just trying to make a quarter here and there. The way I make it is writing pieces about people I like. Just now I got an idea about you."

"Come in," Chevigny said.

They went into the room and Chevigny's American manager and his French manager walked over by the windows to resume their last argument. The trainer started Chevigny's bath. Chevigny began undressing.

"I don't want to get into your hair," the man said. "I know how it is before a fight. You don't like some stranger beating your ear. But it may do you some good to beat *my* ear. You're mad at everybody in America and I think I can straighten you out."

His trainer touched Chevigny on the shoulder and pointed to the bathroom.

"Excuse me," Chevigny said.

"That's all right. I've interviewed people in stranger places than bathrooms."

Chevigny got into the full warm bath and lay back, carefully holding a cigarette out of the water. He took deep drags on the cigarette and moved his legs gently so that the pleasant water flowed lightly around his body.

The American journalist pulled a chair into the doorway and sat down. "Let 'er go," he said.

Chevigny studied his face. "Do you know France?" he said.

The big man laughed in such a way that Chevigny had to grin himself. "By actual count," he said, "I have had fourteen separate love affairs with France and am planning to go back and marry her as soon as I can save five thousand dollars."

Chevigny smiled and shut his eyes. The words felt as good as the water. "You understand how it is," he said. "I can see that."

"Begin at the beginning," the journalist said. "Begin with your old man. I saw him fight once, just after the first war. He was a real fighter. A real soldier, too, the way I remember it."

"He was," Chevigny said. "I will tell you about it."

Here's what he told the big man:

In August, 1914, Maurice Chevigny was twenty years old and one of the most promising featherweights in Paris. He had also served his training in the army and as a consequence his presence was requested at the Marne. He survived that with one wound, not disabling. In his convalescence he married a girl of the neighborhood because he had always liked her and because he wanted a connection with the France he remembered before the war. Up in the line he saw France changing. He was sure this girl would not change very much. He was right about that. After Verdun she helped him a great deal. He had been badly wounded and was very depressed.

"We were defeated," he told her. "We held them, it is true, but essentially we were defeated."

"Be quiet," she said. "You talk like an anarchist."

"I am not an anarchist," he said. "I am a soldier of France and I have all the medals and I tell you we were defeated. Do you know how many of us were killed up there? Do you know how many of you Frenchwomen will never have children?"

COLLIER'S — **"It certainly has been less trouble to entertain since the baby came"** — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

"We will have children," she told him.

But they did not have any children—then. It was not a good time for children. The next year the mutinies went through the army. Chevigny's regiment was one that remained firm and was used to suppress the others. After that he felt that he could survive anything and that his wife was right about France. It too would endure.

THE last spring they were back on the Marne again but it was all right this time. The Boches had been stopped and turned. Chevigny stood on the Rhine bridges at last and looked at their backs and when the Allies held their big parade in Paris he was one of those chosen to march in the Champs Élysées.

The next year Roland was born. "You see I was right," Chevigny's wife said. "Now stop being a hero and get yourself in shape. My son and I want you to bring home some purses."

There were several pieces of metal in him and at certain points he was wired instead of joined with proper tendons but he brought home some purses. They were good ones, too, so that the Chevigny family lived well, although most Frenchmen did not. Only the American tourists seemed to have money that meant anything.

Roland remembered nothing of that but he heard a lot about it later. What he did remember was going to gymnasiums with his father and to bars after the fights and getting boxing lessons before he ever went to school. He remembered how he and the old man would be walking together on a Sunday and his father would notice something in the way another man carried his shoulders or moved his feet, coming toward them, and would be inspired to stop where they were and give a lesson. "Regard me," he would say. "Observe how it is with the hands. The left one high always, never otherwise—never." He would be very emphatic and Roland would promise to remember about the left hand.

When Roland got old enough he too began to fight. And by the time he was twenty and the Boches came again he had fought a dozen professional fights and had won ten of them. "Just like me," his father said. "I was just going good myself when those pigs came in and interrupted everything. Well, you will return and you will be champion."

Roland spent the winter in the Maginot line, feeling very certain of everything and getting in a lot of work with the gloves because there was nothing more serious to do. In the spring they were pulled out and put on maneuvers around Reims. When the Low Countries were invaded the certainty went out of everything. His division was moved up to close the gap with the British but it was done too late. They collided with a German armored column and were terribly defeated.

Roland was in the remnants that were withdrawn and was not in action again. When the armistice was signed he was back in Paris and demobilized. He stood with his parents in the streets the day the Germans marched in. Then they went home and talked it over. Madame Chevigny said that she was going to join her sister in Rouen. Maurice Chevigny said that was foolish; he was going south to Grenoble, where he had a cousin. The Boches, he said, would certainly push on west and north and swallow Rouen like a snail, but they would not insist on the south because there was nothing there that they wanted.

Roland listened to them and thought how like the whole of France they were, opinionated and divided. In the end he chose to go south because he felt that the French would live again down there. They would organize something and begin to fight back.

They separated the next day and he did not see his mother again. The war was almost over when he learned that she had been killed in one of the American bombing raids.

Meanwhile there had been the final disgust of Vichy. When it became clear what had happened Roland and his father went into the Maquis as naturally as each had gone into the army in his time. The Maquis were France and everything else was filth and cowardice.

AFTER that it was better. They had some unity and some purpose and most of the time they did not have to look at the shame of their country. But it was slow work and it did not get to be really satisfying until the Americans landed on the Riviera. Then they could come down from the woods and fight in a way that everybody understood.

They fought very well. The old man said so himself and he was the best of them all, even if he was fifty. He killed a lot of Boches in the last week and if he could have waited for the Americans to get to Grenoble he would have been all right. But he refused to wait. "This is France," he said, "and we are Frenchmen. Let us liberate this one place ourselves."

He took them down one night to a village below Grenoble. They drove out the garrison and held the town for an hour. Then the retreating Germans came through. The old man tried to stop them with some foolishness at the bridge. He had an idea that the Americans were closer than they were and he thought if he could block the road for a little while the Americans could come up and kill a lot of Boches. He was alive when Roland dragged him away but he died before morning.

When the sun rose the last of the Germans had gone and the Americans were moving through the town. Roland stood on a hill and watched them. In the afternoon he and his friends took his father down to the town for the funeral. Most of the others had been buried in the woods but they thought that under the circumstances the old man could be put in a cemetery.

The priest and the mayor took care of everything and the next morning they had a funeral that did justice to a man who had been a boxing champion of France and a fighter in the Resistance. The whole town was there, and Roland came back from the cemetery feeling proud for the first time in years.

He felt now, even in his sorrow, what his father had repeated so often during the long, bad times. *La gloire. La patrie.* The words were on many of the tombstones in the cemeteries and the old men of the village had spoken them over the fresh grave. "I know what we are," his father used to say. "Once we had a greatness the whole world could see. We have it now, though it is hidden in the Maquis and in the cellars of the towns. The time will come when it will be clear again to everyone."

Well, now, Roland thought, the time has come. He walked into the square and stopped to look at an American truck column that was waiting for a traffic jam to clear. He smiled up at one of the drivers. The American stared at him for a moment and turned to the man on the seat beside him. "Look," he said in a loud voice. "Look at them crummy frogs. Take a look at them and you'll see why they can't ever win one of these damned wars without us."

Roland had learned English very well in the days when he and his father had hung around the sporting bars in Paris. He understood this American. . . .

Chevigny stepped out of the bath and

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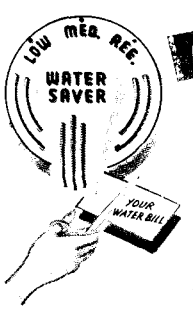

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took the robe from his trainer. "You understand it?" he said.

"Yes," said the American journalist, "perfectly."

Roland shrugged and went into the room where dinner was waiting. The American followed him. "Listen, kid," he said. "Did you ever hear of a bad Frenchman?"

"Many times," Roland said. "I have even killed a few."

"Okay. Don't hate all of *us*. And don't hate Hardy so much tonight that you blow your top. I got a hundred bucks on you at Blinky's."

AFTER the meal, Chevigny went to bed and slept until dark. Then he took a short stroll, alone. On the way to the Garden he stopped at a place on Eighth Avenue that was run by a man from Provence. A number of French were in the place, collected already around the radio, and they recognized him. He nodded politely but in a way to make them keep their distance because he wanted no backslapping and very little conversation, with the fight so close.

When the bartender came over to him he ordered a small brandy to show his countrymen that he was not too nervous to drink anything at all nor so nervous as to need a great deal. When he got the drink he turned toward the little group at the radio and lifted the glass and made them a restrained bow. He drank the cognac in sips. He was careful not to look at the clock behind the bar.

When he was finished he reached for his wallet. The bartender held up his hands, palms out. "No," he said, "not from you. Not tonight."

"Thank you," Chevigny said. "But after the fight, buy them one on me."

He tipped his head toward the people by the radio, put a bill on the bar and left for the Garden.

He arrived in the dressing room exactly at the time required and began getting out of his clothes at once. His French manager and the American manager were racing each other up and down the room arguing about their contract and paid no attention to him. His trainer who had been with him through all the bouts since the war recognized Chevigny's mood and said nothing until they were ready to leave for the ring. Then he put his hand on Chevigny's shoulder and held him back.

"You are not nervous?" he said.

"Not in the least."

"Don't be angry at all the Americans tonight," the trainer said. "Confine yourself to this one American."

"I will."

"When you hear them yelling, don't think about it."

"I won't hear them."

The trainer picked up his bag and they marched out with the big New York policemen in front and on each side making them look smaller and more French than they had seemed in the newspaper photographs. They were the first ones in the ring. Chevigny slipped his arms out of the bathrobe sleeves and sat down at once, showing no expression in his face as he glanced along the ringside rows.

Hardy came in moments later, trotting quickly up the steps at the ring corner, ducking gracefully through the ropes. He ran across to Chevigny without stopping in his own corner. He was grinning in a way that made him seem boyish and clean. The grin and the gesture of going to meet the challenger were mistaken for sportsmanship by the crowd.

Hardy held out his gloves and Chevigny stood up.

"Frog, you look scared," Hardy said. "I don't blame you. This ain't like the war. This is one time an American won't be fighting *for* you."

The voice was exactly the same as the truck driver's, even if the man was not. The words were almost the same, too! *"Look at them crummy frogs. Take a look at them and you'll see why they can't ever win one of these damned wars without us."*

Hardy grinned and turned away and the announcer stepped to the mike.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the main event and stellar attraction of the evening. . . . the Century Club presents. . . . fifteen rounds to a decision for the welterweight championship of the world . . . in this corner that clever boxer and hard-hitting idol of the French people, from Paris, France, weighing 145 pounds and wearing purple trunks . . . Roland Chevigny!"

Chevigny stood up, bowing stiffly, not hearing the dissonance of cheers, boos and whistles, hearing only the insults to his manhood and his nation that Hardy had made just now and that he had heard from the American at Grenoble.

Likewise he heard nothing while the announcer described the welterweight champion of the world in the other corner and he was surprised when the house lights darkened suddenly and the tricolor and the Stars and Stripes were spotlighted overhead. His trainer had to nudge him at the first notes of the organ. He leaped up as the playing of the Marseillaise began and stood through it in profound amazement. He was less surprised when an effeminate man sang The Star-Spangled Banner in a style which Chevigny thought was reserved for love songs. One could expect that of Americans, he supposed, and the contempt replacing his rage was comforting.

The anthem ended, they got their instructions and he went back to his corner. When the bell rang he made the sign of the cross leisurely and moved straight out, disdaining to waste any of his skill. He was on the floor almost immediately.

The ring made one slow, horizontal revolution like a big turntable and then stopped abruptly. Chevigny found that he was lying on his side, propped on one elbow, looking into his own corner. He could see his American manager yelling at him and his French manager beginning to weep. His trainer looked at him with an expression of horror and then turned away in disgust. He realized that if anything of French honor was to be saved it rested with him only. He heard the count of eight and got up.

He snapped his left as Hardy leaped into him and got a couple of seconds' time out of that and snapped it again as Hardy came back from the jab. He brought up his gloves and used his elbows and fell inside and hung on as long as the referee would let him. When they were parted Hardy caught him again with a left hook.

CHEVIGNY went down and took all the time he was entitled to. He was clear in his mind but very tired and feeling doubt. When he got up this time he moved away and kept moving, using everything he knew, the ropes, the changes of speed and direction, the long snapping left. He was down once more for eight before the bell saved him.

Back in his corner his trainer kept his hands moving and his mouth shut, while the managers jabbered at him like women in a market quarrel. When the ten-second buzzer sounded, the trainer said, "Shut up!" to the others and caught Roland's cheeks between both hands.

"Listen," he said, "your body is going to be all right. Now use your intelligence. Remember you come from a people who are famed for intelligence. It is all they have left. Show it to *these* people and make them believe it."

The bell rang and Chevigny stood up, pleased to find that his body, as the trainer had promised, was going to be all right. This time he slid away as Hardy rushed at him with reckless fury, and the fight settled at once into a familiar pattern. It was no longer the drama of revenge over which he had brooded. It was a game he knew how to play.

He jabbed long enough to redden Hardy's nose and make him think Chevigny could do nothing else, then changed to right-hand leads, then to body hooks. He was an artist and the understanding ones in the crowd close to the ring knew it and began to tell him so. He could not hear them but he began to feel something from it and something from Hardy's expression and from the looks he saw in Hardy's corner, leaning over the Texan's shoulders in the clinches. He was not going to take this round, but there were thirteen more.

When he went back to the corner the trainer allowed him a brief smile and said, "A little better."

After the third round the trainer smiled longer and said, "They are going to like this in Paris. You are giving them something to cheer about."

"They need it," Chevigny said.

After the fourth round the trainer said, "It is more than just cheering now. It is the glory."

Chevigny smiled. "Ah, yes," he said. *"C'est la gloire."*

He tried to be cynical but he could not. He felt the same sentiment that the trainer felt and he felt the sentiment and profound belief in the greatness of France that had sustained his father through all the bad years.

National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, 11 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill.

He was brilliant in the next round and the crowd came over to him completely. In the action he was not aware of that but the trainer mentioned it between rounds. It disturbed him because it shed doubt on his convictions about Americans. It made him look upon Hardy as perhaps not vicious but simply barbaric. It did not lessen his intensity, however. He boxed just as well and he punched harder. Near the close of the round he dropped the champion with a right-hand smash that followed a series of hypnotizing feints, and Hardy barely beat the count. The champion finished the round but Chevigny had no more doubt left.

"I think it is complete," he said to his corner.

But he had underestimated Hardy's youth and strength. Chevigny was short with a left and when he tried to fall in close and grab, Hardy caught him with the hardest left hook Roland had ever taken. He fell forward and Hardy hit him twice more before Roland dropped on his face. He did not know he was down until he tasted the resin on the canvas and felt the ring again revolving slowly like a turntable. He rolled over and the lights flashed wildly above him. He rolled over again. When he tried to push himself up he felt like an old man. The boy from Texas, waiting for him in a neutral corner was the world's champion and moreover he was very young.

Chevigny heard the referee's hoarse voice, saw the white-sleeved arm rising and falling before his face and made one more effort. He got up just in time. He saw Hardy coming toward him and was grateful when the referee stepped between them to wipe the resin from Chevigny's gloves. Then the referee stepped back and Hardy came on.

Chevigny threw his left, no longer fast and sharp, and clinched. Hardy leaned close to his ear as he struggled to break the clinch. "Listen, frog," he said. "You're washed up. Why don't you just let it go?"

He pulled out of the clinch and began punching for the head. Chevigny ducked and rolled and worked inside and hung on again.

"Listen," Hardy said. "Like I said, this ain't the war. This time you ain't got an American fighting *for* you."

THE words revived all the resentment that had driven Chevigny for so long, and restored the pride that Hardy had been beating out of him. He made his last effort and pushed Hardy into the ropes. He stepped back out of the clinch and began punching. His first punch was a good left hook that landed because Hardy's conceit had removed all his prudence. His next punches landed solidly because the hook had knocked out the champion's timing. The rest of it was just a matter of more punching.

Chevigny stood there, with his feet spread, holding Hardy against the ropes with punches, slamming at his face methodically and heavily, remembering with each punch all the bad things that had happened to France—and getting rid of them; remembering and avenging his father and the cemetery in Tourves and the old men talking of *la gloire* and *la patrie*.

As Hardy sagged, Chevigny bent over him, still punching. He landed the last blow just before the champion's hands and knees hit the floor. Hardy lay with his eyes closed, his head resting on one arm while the referee counted him out.

Chevigny was hardly aware when his hand was raised, he was so bewildered by the unanimity of the crowd's acclaim. He discovered that he hated no one except the Boches any longer and decided that he would have to study the Americans further.

He stood with his head lolled back, his eyes almost shut with pleasure and a kind of sleepy smile on his face as he listened to one of the radio people chattering into a microphone beside him. "We have a new champion tonight, folks, and a great one," the man said. "A Frenchman who has come all the way over here and given us a great demonstration of skill and courage. You can imagine what it must be like in France tonight. It is certainly wild here . . ."

The announcer turned to Chevigny. "Will you say something for the radio audience, Roland?" he said, speaking carefully as if he were addressing a child. "Perhaps they will hear you in Paris, too. You're the champion now, you know. How do you say it—*le champion?*"

Chevigny struggled to recover his dignity. *"Oui,"* he said. *"Le champion du monde."*

"Thank *you,* Roland," the announcer said.

They pushed him down out of the ring. At the foot of the steps he recognized his new friend, the American journalist. There was too much noise to talk. The American held up a sheet of paper to him with the words written on it big:

Vive la France!

Chevigny could not help smiling. He was embarrassed to say it, but the feeling could not be denied. It was the same as in the first days of the liberation before he had become disillusioned. He leaned as close as he could to the journalist and shouted, *"Vive les Américains!"*

He pulled away from a fan who seemed to want to steal his bathrobe, and hurried up the aisle.

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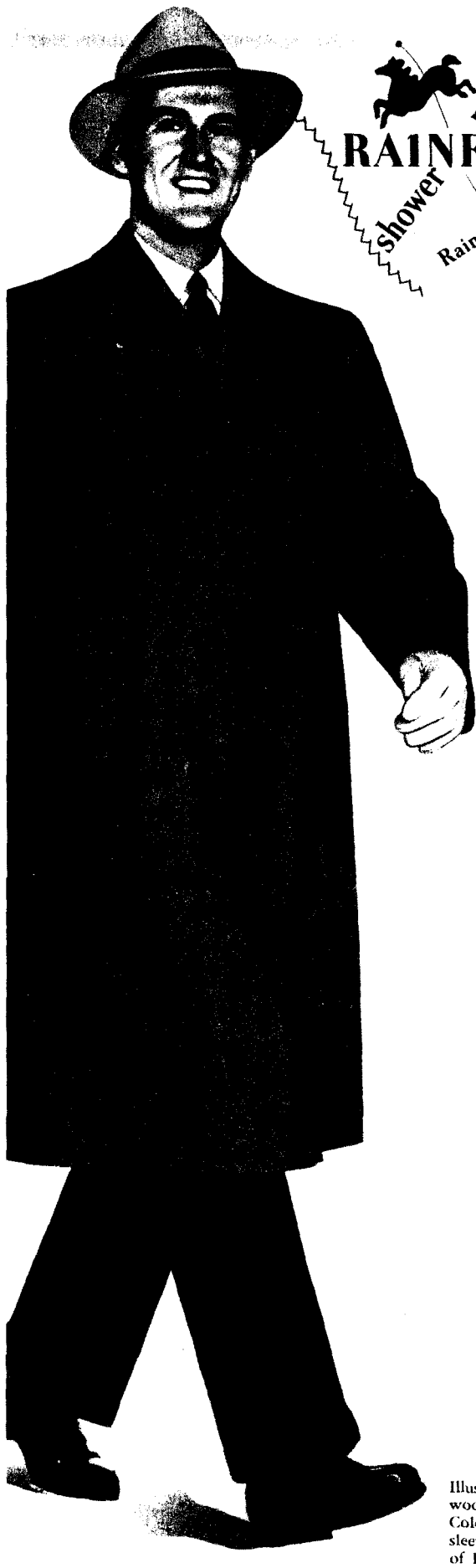

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THE MENACE OF RED CHINA

Continued from page 23

The tremendous potential of China's man power and materials dominated many discussions at U.S. Communist party headquarters while I was editor of the Daily Worker. Conferences with secret conspirators, spy and saboteur agents like J. V. Peters and the late Jacob Golos, always traced the route Asiatic operations would follow. China first, followed by Japan, Korea, the Philippines—and then Alaska and Hawaii!

Golos, one of the espionage chiefs, often outlined the vital urgency of "organization on the West Coast and Hawaii" as vital links in the Asiatic chain which would mean the ultimate "defeat of American imperialism."

Peters, then as now a main cog in the Communist International underground, discussed plans with me for infiltrating Hawaii with our California undercover agents. Recent Congressional revelations of a Red spy network extending from California to Alaska indicate that Peters did his West Coast job very well.

Discussion leaders at our "educational" meetings were party theoreticians like Foster, Alexander Bittelman, Moscow-sent expert on Leninism and China, or Max Weiss, chief of the Young Communist League, later known as American Youth for Democracy. Always emphasized was the necessity of our joining the China struggle as a preliminary to the "overthrow of our own *bourgeoisie.*"

Yet it is a tragic irony that this gravest threat to our national security is a thing of America's own making. Most Americans, during World War II, fell for the Moscow line that the Chinese Communists were not really Communists. They firmly believed that Mao Tse-tung's soldiers were nothing more than "agrarian reformers," plus a few democrats and liberals who couldn't stand the Kuomintang corruption and graft. To prove their contention they cited T. A. Bisson in Far Eastern Survey, who wrote that "by no stretch of the imagination can this be termed Communism; it is, in fact, the essence of bourgeois democracy, applied mainly to agrarian conditions."

And that is just what Moscow wanted Americans to believe. Even many naïve government officials fell for it. So did several ill-guided newspapers and magazines. This deception of U.S. officials and public was the result of a planned campaign; I helped to plan it.

Making America a Cat's-Paw

Its objective was to win American confidence so that the United States' foreign policy in China might be influenced to Moscow's own ends. The number one end was a Chinese coalition government in which Chiang Kai-shek would accept the "agrarian reformers"—at the insistence of the United States.

Among the unwitting American officials that I influenced in this operation were a United States senator and a member of the House Rules Committee. The senator, fancying himself an authority on China, lent a sympathetic ear to my "right slant" on Chiang Kai-shek. My contacts with both officials were on orders of Communist chief Browder.

The classic example of naïveté, however, was a high government official with whom I had become acquainted in the depression days. A defense of the WPA, that I had written while I was editor of the Communist Mid-West Record, had caught his eye and won his respect for my judgment. He communicated with me frequently.

He phoned from Washington one night in 1939 to get my opinion. What, his query went, did I think of the rumored aid by Stalin to Hitler? Naturally, I pooh-poohed the idea. He seemed satisfied. So was I, and so was Browder when I reported the conversation the next day. A few weeks later, the alliance of the 20th century's two most infamous dictators was working at full speed.

The Asiatic assignment's chief contact man in Washington was Frederick Vanderbilt Field, millionaire and dilettante left-winger. His mission was to the State Department, where there were valuable channels through which to pour his propaganda that Mao Tse-tung's followers were merely agrarian reformers. But once the Chinese Reds gained the upper hand, Field changed his tune. In the July, 1948, issue of Political Affairs, the Communists' official theoretical publication, he wrote:

"Our Chinese comrades are destroying American imperialism in the Far East. Let us, American anti-imperialists, at least accept and make use of the historic contribution which they are making toward our own welfare."

This "on-again-off-again" policy toward Mao Tse-tung always shifted with the devious, opportunistic course of Moscow strategy. The first twist came in 1937. Earl Browder, then general secretary, called a "China conference" at party headquarters, 35 East Twelfth Street, New York.

Grouped beneath pictures of Lenin and Stalin in the drab ninth-floor office overlooking the street were ten U.S. Communist leaders, among them: Alexander Trachtenberg, publisher of all Marxist-Leninist literature in the U.S.; J. V. Peters, the Communist International secret agent; Fred Brown, whose real name was Ferrucci Marini and who was a Communist International secret agent; Harry Gannes, foreign editor of the Daily Worker; Sam Carr, national organizer of the Canadian Communists; Carl Bristel, active in the Young Communist League; Frederick Vanderbilt Field, Browder and myself.

Browder announced that he had received word that "the followers of Mao Tse-tung have to be presented in a new dress." With a sarcastic grin and Kansas-imitated twang, he said our new objective was to picture them as a mild variation of Plains state agrarian reformers. Up to that point they had been known simply as Chinese Communists.

We agreed that the change could not be effected immediately, since our recent emphasis had been on "the revolutionary aspects of the Chinese Soviets." Then Field outlined an alternative. We could work through legitimate Far East organizations and writers that were recognized as Oriental authorities. Field emphasized use of the Institute of Pacific Relations. This is not a Communist organization, but Field later succeeded in becoming secretary of its American Council. Also chosen were the Ameri-

About the Author

It is with real authority that Louis Budenz writes of The Menace of Red China. As a Communist party member and managing editor of the Daily Worker, he took an active part in the plotting that brought about China's downfall. He split with the Reds, October 11, 1945, and is now professor of economics at Fordham University.

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can League against War and Fascism, and American Friends of the Chinese People, the latter a Red front organization. Their publications Fight and China Today were to be used in the deception.

The "agrarian reformers" idea started from there. It took root in leading Far East cultural groups in the U.S., spread to certain policy-making circles in the State Department and broke into prominent position in the American press.

Browder masterminded the new China policy. Having served two years in China as a Communist International representative, he was our authority on that country. Ostensibly, back in 1927, he was one of a three-man International Workers Delegation composed of himself, Tom Mann, of England, and Jacques Doriot, of France (Doriot later renounced Communism). Actually, Browder's real job in China had been the undermining of U.S. prestige. He had shouted about the evils of "the Dollar Republic" (the U.S.A.) and how it was "the exploiter of all countries." Those denunciations were incorporated in the 1928 Sixth World Congress declaration of war against all bourgeois democratic countries.

Significantly, Browder had arrived in China just after Chiang Kai-shek threw out the Communists who had tried to take over the Kuomintang. A raid on the Soviet embassy in Peking a short while before had revealed conclusive evidence of a Comintern plot to use the Kuomintang for its own purposes of world revolution. Then, as well as now, China was the focal point for world revolution. And one of Moscow's agents in the Kuomintang central executive committee prior to the 1927 purge was Mao Tse-tung, the peasant leader who had helped organize the Chinese Communist party in 1921.

But, by 1937 Mao Tse-tung was just an "agrarian reformer." This whitewash was a plot to get United States pressure on Chiang Kai-shek to agree to a coalition government. When the Japanese invaded China, Mao proposed "national unity arrangements" to Chiang.

Chinese Communist co-operation with Chiang Kai-shek lasted until Stalin's 1939 pact with Hitler. Then, of course, Chinese Reds followed the Moscow lead again, branding the European conflict an "imperialist war" and breaking off relations with the Nationalist government. Soon after, Russia signed a non-aggression pact with Japan.

Mao Tse-tung, always a devoted Stalin disciple, didn't let patriotism for his invaded homeland stand in the way of Moscow's long-range strategy. He was too well drilled in the philosophy of Soviet policy. This policy was expressed best by Stalin in 1934: "The strategy of the party is not something permanent, fixed once and for all. It changes to meet historical shifts, historical turns."

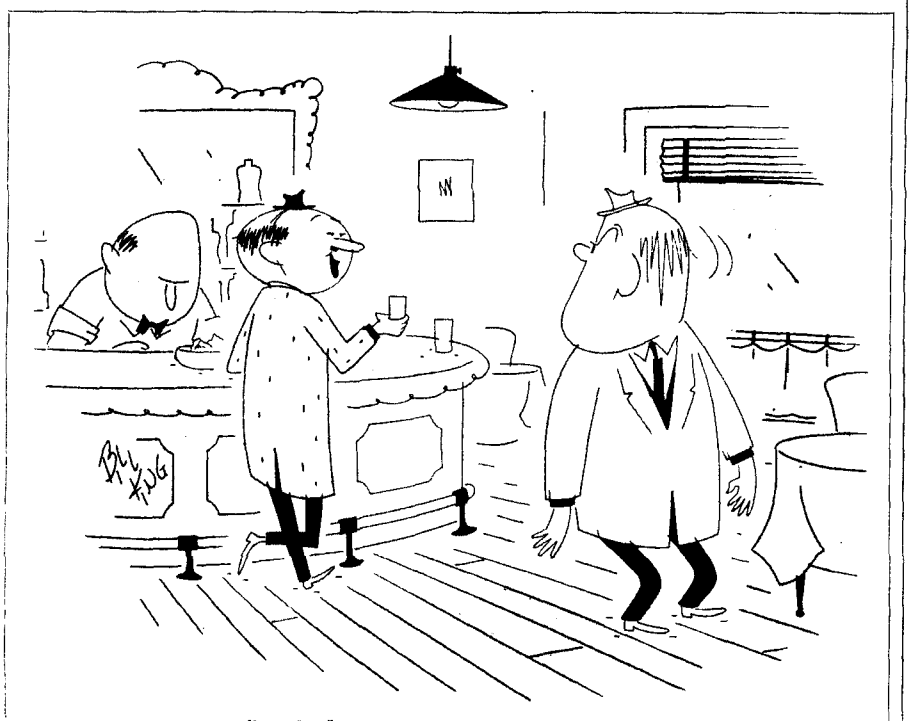
Wartime Communist propaganda in the U.S. made much of the gallant fight Mao Tse-tung's armies were supposedly making against the Japs in China. Yet no party-line apologist has yet explained how ten Japanese divisions moved from Manchuria to the Central China front in 1944, through Communist-held territory, without meeting any show of resistance. It was that Japanese force which eventually cut through east China and overran General Claire Chennault's Fourteenth U.S. Air Force bases.

Chou Pleads for Coalition

In the midst of the Stilwell crisis in October, 1944, while Japanese troops from Manchuria were encircling U.S. air bases in Yünnan, the Chinese Reds issued another call for a coalition government; it was faithfully echoed by naïve Americans. Chou En Lai, political assistant to Mao and chief Red negotiator during the 1946 China mission of General Marshall, said: "In order to save China in this crisis . . . we propose that the government abolish (the present) one-party dictatorship and set up a coalition government." (Everyone remembers the "advantages" a coalition government gave Czechoslovakia.)

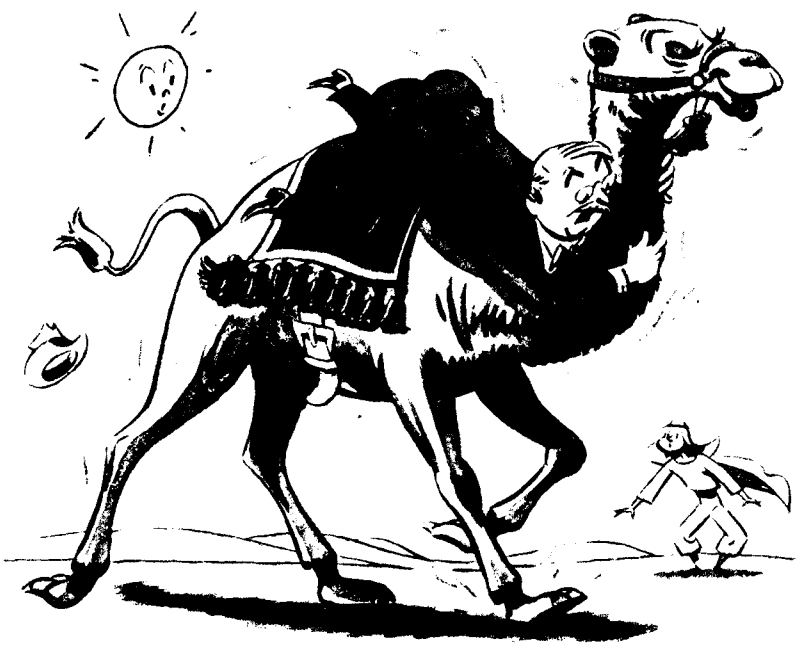
Just six months after Chou's statement —in April—the Communist duplicity was revealed, and by Mao himself. At the Seventh National Convention of the Chinese Communist party, Mao made a special report on coalition government. Coalition, he said, was merely a slogan that would lead to the destruction of Chiang Kai-shek and the defeat of "reactionary American imperialism." That revelation re-emphasized this party resolution, adopted in 1944: "The co-operation of the Chinese Communist party with the United States is a temporary strategy."

This policy of deceit began the downfall of Nationalist China in late 1945. Russia, after a phony six-day war with the Japs in Manchuria, disarmed 625,000 Nipponese soldiers and turned their weapons over to the Chinese Communists. That Russian-donated booty enabled the Chinese Reds to drive Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers out of Manchuria, North China, and to eventual surrender at Nanking. Three months before Rus-



"I asked you to step outside and say that—I didn't say I'd go with you"

COLLIER'S BILL KING



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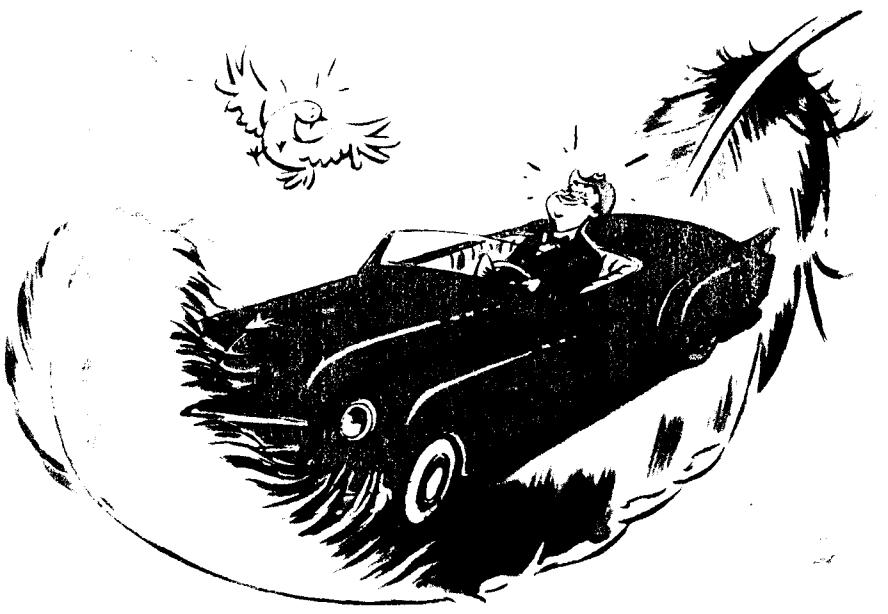

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sia thus armed Mao Tse-tung's forces, Moscow had pledged friendship and support to Chiang's Nationalist government in return for China's forced agreement to Russia's claims in Manchuria.

There were many instances where the Communists were successful in impressing their views on the U.S. State Department simply by planting articles with the proper slant in such magazines as Far Eastern Survey, Pacific Affairs and Amerasia. Both Far Eastern Survey and Pacific Affairs are publications of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

However, the institute is, as I said, not a Communist front. Most of the 1,600 members of the American section of its 10-nation Pacific Council are patriotic U.S. citizens. But party members and apologists have infiltrated its most influential committees and publications. Their articles and speeches have been used as reference material by the Far Eastern Division of our State Department. Frederick V. Field, one of the institute's council secretaries, incidentally, attended the San Francisco Conference and at the same time served as correspondent for the Daily Worker.

The success of Amerasia's entree to at least some circles of the State Department is a court-proven fact. Its coeditor, Philip J. Jaffe, was indicted in 1945, charged with conspiracy to remove confidential government records from secret files of the State Department and other departments. That was the first revelation of Washington's wartime stolen secrets, followed later by the Alger Hiss-Whittaker Chambers exposé.

Jaffe, whose magazine faithfully followed the Moscow line on China, pleaded guilty. After paying his fine, he entertained his codefendants (some whose indictments had been dismissed) and members of the Daily Worker staff at a party. Toasts were drunk that night to "the coming victory of Communism in China and the defeat of American imperialism."

Soviet secret police in the U.S. first told me about Jaffe. They said he was a "valuable friend." Later, through reports to the National Committee, I learned Amerasia's main objective was establishment of State Department contacts which could prove helpful in stopping U.S. aid to Chiang Kai-shek.

Chiang Branded as Fascist

Less than 24 hours after Japan's surrender, American Communists really turned the heat on their old foe, Chiang Kai-shek. He suddenly was labeled a Fascist. An editorial in the Daily Worker of August 15, 1945, declared that "not a single American gun, soldier, plane or other war equipment must be placed at the disposal of the Fascist clique at Chungking."

Two days later a paid "message to President Truman" appeared in the Daily Worker. Its verbiage was substantially the same as the Daily Worker editorial of August 15th. It was signed by "twenty-one prominent Americans." Among them: Frederick Vanderbilt Field, Lawrence Salisbury, an IPR editor; T. A. Bisson, China "expert" to whom the Chinese Reds were "the essence of bourgeois democracy."

Later, the Daily Worker editorial was supplemented by a memorandum from the New York State Office of the Communist party. The subject: Campaign of Struggle against United States Imperialist Intervention in China. I still have a photostatic copy of it.

The memo ordered picket lines, mass meetings and Congressional protest delegations "in opposition to the Truman Administration and Republican party policies of imperialist world domination . . . and imperialist intervention in China." As a means to that end, it recommended the sale and maximum distribution of Mao Tse-tung's book, China's New Democracy. It didn't mention, however, that the U.S. version of Mao's book had been revised by Earl Browder and other Communists back in the late 1930s to edit out embarrassing references to the "dictatorship" (in the image and likeness of Stalin, of course) that he planned to establish once the Reds came to power in China.

The memo also suggested books by two American authors as reading material: Harrison Forman's Report from Red China and Gunther Stein's Challenge of Red China. That was not surprising. Both had pictured the Reds as agrarian reformers.

Mao's Attack on the U.S.

Mr. Forman's book was published in 1945; but the line had changed while the book was on the press. That year Mao Tse-tung openly declared himself with Russia and against the United States, telling the Chinese Communist convention that "coalition government" was a temporary expedient, one that would lead to the destruction of Chiang Kai-shek and American imperialism. Mao's attack on America was made while U.S. and Russian troops were still celebrating their linkup at the Elbe River.

At the Daily Worker office, we immediately realized that the honeymoon would soon be over. Mao's tip-off was followed on June 1, 1945, by a Moscow directive in the New Times.

On the surface, it was an innocuous article. Titled Patriotism and written by N. Baltisky, it declared that the highest patriotism consisted of subservience to the Soviet Union. Comrade Baltisky added that "true patriotism" required the peoples of the world to stand with the Soviet Union against "all imperialist ventures" of their own governments.

To uninitiated, non-Communist eyes, that was no more than a harmless rehash of the propaganda line preached by the Soviets prior to the Comintern's dissolution in 1943. It meant something more to Communists, familiar with Stalin's technique of transmitting orders. It was the Kremlin's code method for rallying the world's Reds for the newly launched cold war—which Moscow still insists was started by the West. The date was three weeks after V-E Day and six weeks before the Potsdam Conference of the victorious Big Three "allies."

The "cold war" line, introduced by Mao Tse-tung and seconded by Comrade Baltisky, got its sanction from Stalin in October, 1947. Moscow announced the formation of the Fourth International, postwar successor to the Comintern. Its manifesto said that world politics, since World War II, had crystallized into two opposite lines.

"On the one extreme," it read, "the U.S.S.R. and the democratic countries aim at whittling down imperialism and strengthening democracy. On the other side the United States and England aim at the strengthening of imperialism and the strangulation of democracy."

Presumably, imperialism was whittled down with the successful Soviet coup in Czechoslovakia, and democracy was strangled when the French government defeated Communist efforts to overthrow it.

Now it's China's turn to get "strengthened" democracy, Soviet style. And American troops in Korea and Japan are exposed to another Bataan, flanked by numerically superior enemy forces on the mainland and open to submarine blockade from Soviet ports in Manchuria and Siberia.

Back in 1923, five-year-old Soviet Russia saw China as its steppingstone to world domination, realizing well that as China goes, so goes Asia. It took a quarter of a century to reach the goal, which only proves that while the Communist pattern of conquest may deviate, it never dies.

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OUR SHOCKING ACCIDENT WARDS

Continued from page 22

told the ambulance drivers: "That man can't be brought in here. This might be a suicide or murder case. We aren't getting mixed up with such things." After some argument, the ambulance attendants drove off to another hospital. The patient died en route, and the intern was reprimanded.

A ten-month-old boy was stricken with a mysterious malady early one morning at Seaside Heights, New Jersey. His parents were told his condition was serious and they commandeered a police radio car to drive over 60 miles to a city hospital. There the baby was refused admittance because authorities feared he was a contagious victim of polio. They suggested taking him to a small isolation hospital in another town.

Here again the desperately ill child was refused admittance. This hospital was "too full." And so the baby was taken back to the first hospital. A police deputy chief finally persuaded the hospital to send the child in an ambulance to a third hospital where he was finally admitted at 4:30 P.M. after spending the day in his mother's arms—frantically speeding from hospital to hospital.

The child died.

Autopsy proved what emergency inspection would have shown, that not poliomyelitis, but simple remediable intestinal obstruction was the trouble.

The records of the Queens County, New York, medical examiner list the death of a thirteen-month-old girl as an "accident caused by swallowing a peanut." The child had found and swallowed a few peanut kernels before her mother could stop her. The mother forced the child to disgorge several, but soon she was breathing heavily—then gasping. Her parents rushed her to the nearest hospital where the doctor scoffed at the idea that the child had something lodged in her throat. When the mother insisted the child was choking on a peanut, he said that the hospital did not have the equipment to handle the case and suggested another hospital.

The doctors at a famous New York hospital examined the little girl and said, "No foreign matter in throat or lungs," insisting that she had bronchitis. At 7:30 P.M., X-ray equipment had been locked up for the night. No machine or technician would be available until nine the next morning. Deeply worried, the parents took their child home.

That night her breathing became so difficult they obtained an oxygen tent and put her in it. This seemed to ease her suffering. The next morning they took the child to a third hospital—a public hospital—where an immediate operation helped her breathe. Twenty-four hours after she had swallowed the peanut, it was removed. But it was too late and the girl died.

In another Eastern city an injured woman, brought in from a traffic accident, could not speak. Helpless, she lay on the stretcher, head turned to one side—her neck lax as rubber hose—while all around her, nurses, doctors, attendants passed her by.

"What have you done about this woman in the Emergency Room? Is she to be admitted?" I heard one nurse ask another.

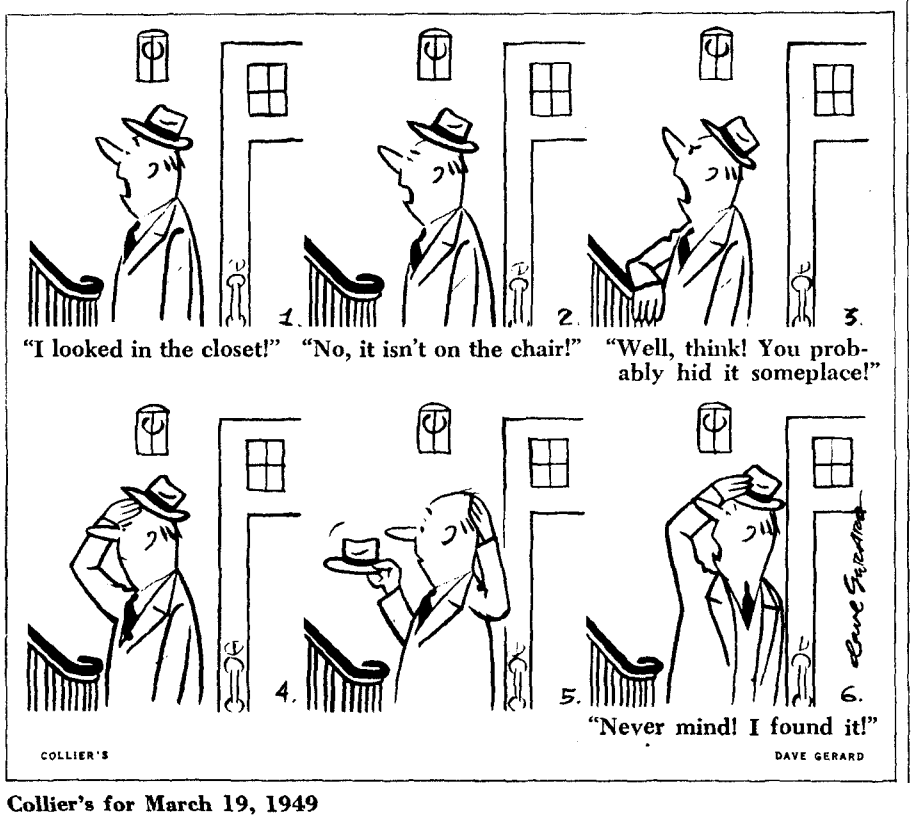
"I don't know what they're going to do. I can't locate a doctor, besides I'm going to supper now. See you later."

Finally when I could stand watching the queer bloodless face no longer, I found a doctor and insisted that he look at her. "She's not bleeding to death, is she?" was his answer. "You know we don't encourage accident cases here."

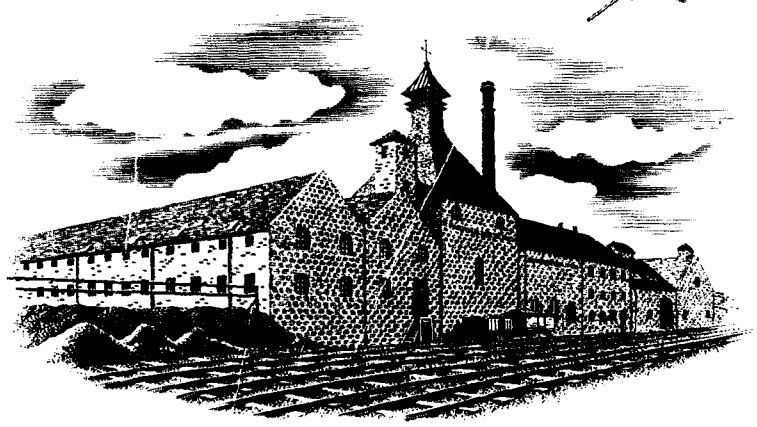
In fairness to the hospitals: Emergency cases are expensive to handle. They often need X rays, fluoroscope, packing, bandages, braces, blood and blood plasma, laboratory tests. And emergency cases are dirty too. They mess up floors, nurses' and doctors' uniforms, instruments and surgical kits. Yet ordinary humanity dictates that regardless of financial circumstances, race, creed or color, every hospital must give immediate emergency care.

State highway patrolmen rushing victims to hospitals were so often refused admission in California that in 1945 they asked the legislature to make acceptance compulsory. Incensed, the legislature passed the law to help accident cases obtain prompt and efficient care at state cost, but the governor vetoed the measure.

One California city, San Francisco, has pioneered in establishing city-operated emergency service. In 1873 it was only three rooms, located in the prison and operated by the police department. But 40 years ago the health department took over. It zoned the city into six emergency areas, and bludgeoned the taxpayers into setting up small emer-



Know your Scotch



When the barley is properly sprouted, it is removed from the malting floors and taken to the drying kilns. Here—in a cupola-shaped building—the malted barley is spread out on huge grids or drying screens. Then—far below—peat fires are lighted. It is the smoke of the burning peat, as it passes through the barley, that imparts the fragrance for which Highland Malts are so famous.

No. 5 in a series of informative advertisements.

"It's the Flavour"

TEACHER'S

HIGHLAND CREAM

The Scotch you know is always right

Blended Scotch Whisky...86 Proof • Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
Sole Importers: Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, New York • Importers since 1794

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gency hospitals in each zone now served by 14 fully equipped ambulances.

The hospitals are small. They vary in size from eight to 34 beds and are staffed at all times with a doctor, a registered nurse, an ambulance driver and an emergency hospital steward. Not a large staff, but everyone knows his job. One little emergency hospital has treated 45 patients in an hour.

A few years ago an Italian baker had the misfortune to poison accidentally 75 of his best customers with tainted cream-pie filling. The accident happened in the afternoon. Before nightfall all had been treated at Harbor Emergency Hospital, the cause of the poisoning had been established, and preventive measures had been taken to avoid further cases.

Aches Reported by Phone

As with city hospitals everywhere, San Francisco is plagued with frequent telephone "customers." A constant stream of calls comes in all day long from anxious, excited, worried, neurotic, sick and discouraged citizens. One doctor sums it up as a "constant stream of headaches, heartaches, stomach-aches, backaches and no aches." These do not, of course, help the cause of seriously sick citizens. There are, for instance, the Saturday-night regulars: women calling for ambulances to take care of drunken husbands. The usual answer to these calls is that ambulances are sent only to treat the injured. A Central Emergency Hospital steward handled such a call several weeks ago and gave the woman the usual answer. There was a pause. "Just a minute," the woman said.

A second or two later: "Okay, you can send an ambulance out to get him now. I just broke a lamp over his head."

However, no matter what some interns say, alcoholics are only a small part of emergency hospital business. In San Francisco only 13 per cent of accident cases are alcoholics.

Over 78 per cent of San Francisco's 101,819 yearly emergency cases are seriously sick or injured citizens. From time to time, as expenses for operating the service have increased, a few penurious taxpayers question what it costs to foot the bill for this kind of emergency hospital setup. Then come demands that the patients be charged for the service.

"No," says health director Dr. Jacob C. Geiger. "Once you start charging, then you are in trouble. Who's interested in saving money, if you're going to save lives?"

It is Dr. Geiger's proud boast that anyone, even a stranger in the city without a single friend or a doctor, gets the same fine medical care. "No politics are involved. We give everyone the best treatment we can."

Whether it's a stranger in a decrepit Skid Row hotel or a prosperous resident of Russian Hill, immediate ambulance attention is guaranteed. It takes an average of three minutes to reach the patient after the call is received. Citizens, knowing that an ambulance will arrive, do not try to move the injured—as they do in many cities, with such disastrous results to life and limb.

San Francisco has its own special problems. The main one: a high suicide rate. Dr. Geiger, a fanatic about saving lives, works continually to retrieve the lives of attempted suicides. He pioneered human treatment of cyanide poisoning through injections of methylene blue.

"San Francisco was once known as cyanide suicide center, but we cleaned that up. Then," relates Dr. Geiger with an expression of resignation, "they started jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge." Standard equipment in all ambulances is a cork life preserver and a large coil of rope.

Dr. Geiger gets state aid plus most of the money he requests from the city. Very few cuts are made in his annual budget for health.

Of course Dr. Geiger is not completely satisfied. Some of the hospitals should be enlarged and dilapidated old hospitals rebuilt. Two-way radio equipment is vitally needed for the ambulances.

But the $404,546 a year the city spends on its emergency hospitals pays off. The cost to the city per case runs around $4; the cost to the individual taxpayer less than 50 cents a year. *Anyone who has been in an accident knows there is no cheaper accident insurance available.*

Only eight months ago another city, Detroit, decided to give its citizens a modern accident-care program, after first talking about the problem for 20 years. During those years victims lay in the streets an average of 45 minutes before a police paddy wagon arrived to truck them sometimes many miles to the city hospital far downtown.

The final decision was against adopting the San Francisco system. Instead, Detroit developed a program of its own. Fifteen of the city's 32 hospitals signed a contract with the police and public welfare departments. The contract guarantees them protection against financial loss from emergency patients unable to pay their bills. In turn the hospitals guarantee treatment and hospitalization to all accident and emergency cases not covered by industrial compensation.

The city has been rezoned to speed up accident service. Ten new ambulances equipped with two-way radio and oxygen are stationed at police department precinct stations to take patients to the nearest hospital. Eleven more ambulances are on order.

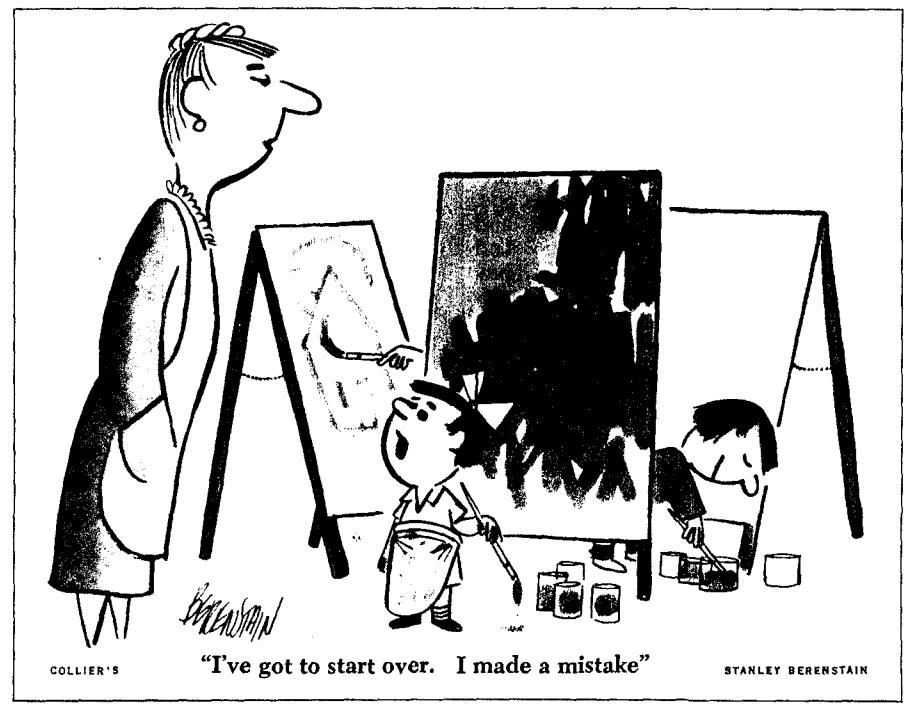
From the standpoint of hospitals the main attraction of this program is that it pays the actual costs of operating an emergency service. From the standpoint of the citizen the main attraction is that no longer is he met at the hospital's door with a grim bill for anticipated expenditures and refused admittance until he pays up, as has happened in some cities.

After eight months of operation there have been no complaints about the system. The city council has been pleasantly surprised at how low its cost has been. Of the first 600 patients treated, Mount Carmel Mercy Hospital was able to collect from over 500 and the city anted up for the rest.

Voluntary hospitals offer, as one excuse for not providing better emergency care, the dubious theory that their well-off customers lead sheltered lives and therefore are not so prone to sickness and accident. The corollary of this theory being: Let the accident-prone go to the city hospital. If it is poorly equipped and understaffed, that is too bad but it is good enough for them.

Typical of this theory is Minneapolis where voluntary and private hospitals leave emergency business to city hospitals. Most cases are sent to Minneapolis General, the city hospital, which shows the results of 17 years of general neglect. The city may be proud of its excellent University of Minnesota medical staff, but the hospital is a crumbling wreck with paint scaling off the walls and plaster dropping from ceilings. Pleas to hire painters, plumbers, exterminators, and buy much-needed medical equipment are turned down.

New York is the third American city with an adequate emergency service. New York City, traffic wise, a big and dangerous place either to live in or visit, splits its tremendous emergency load between public and voluntary hospitals. But New York is not as generous as Detroit to its voluntary hospitals. The city sets a ceiling over which it will not go, in paying the costs of hospitalizing an indigent emergency case and it contributes nothing toward the maintenance of accident dispensaries. Forty voluntary hospitals, handling the bulk of emergencies, annually find themselves stuck with a deficit of more than $650,000 for emergency services. Funds to meet this deficit must be painfully raised in drives.



COLLIER'S

"I've got to start over. I made a mistake"

STANLEY BERENSTAIN

A nominal fee—25 cents to a dollar—is charged for treatment in New York's private emergency rooms and covers almost any service from sewing up a child's cut lip to a shot of adrenalin for a cardiac patient. But many hospitals are unable to pry even such a small fee from their emergency cases. At the Hospital for Joint Diseases, which averages about 1,500 cases a month, never more than $300 to $400 is collected. This explains, in part, why voluntary hospitals are wary about emergency cases.

To an outsider, New York's busy emergency staffs may seem hardened to grief and tragedy, but the reporter who sits many Saturday nights from midnight until dawn with the emergency room nurse soon gets another picture.

The room is filled with victims of a traffic smashup. A drunk comes in seeking a wife he cannot describe; a plaintive sufferer seeks relief from a toothache. Later, a man quickly spotted as a drug addict begs for a morphine injection to ease an aching back. Then a mink-coated woman arrives who has sprained her ankle leaving a night club. The nurse must deal patiently with all as circumstances require. Sometimes she humors, sometimes she browbeats her visitors.

A policeman enters leading a man beaten and slashed in a fight. There is a steady influx of patients who arrive haggard and twitchy, declaring they can't sleep. An aspirin, solemnly administered to insomniacs, works wonders. Many individuals are overly demanding and critical. Few patients show normal self-control or foresight. Hospitals then have another difficult problem besides raising funds. They must find employees who combine ability with tact and sympathy.

Although 33 of New York's voluntary hospitals operate some kind of ambulance and emergency setup in co-operation with 13 municipal hospitals, doctors worry about being prepared to meet a sudden public disaster. New York, like most communities, has operating plans left over from World War II's civilian defense days. These blueprints have been permitted to get out of date and are now largely useless.

New York State, however, is conducting a survey to determine what needs to be done to improve hospitals within its boundaries.

The experts say every hospital in the country should have disaster drills staged like fire drills, perhaps not so often, but at least once a year. Ninety per cent of our hospitals have not had such a drill since OCD became obsolete initials.

Most health directors and hospital superintendents said they have a disaster plan in the file. In a Middle Western city I asked one doctor to let me see his plan. The closest thing he could find to it after a 90-minute search was the last report of the hospital auditor. A plan lost in the office file is not going to be of much use to vulnerable flesh and blood.

Details of a Recent Tragedy

City ambulance services are just as badly prepared to meet large-scale emergencies. Chicago, for example, had another tragic hotel fire early on the morning of December 12, 1948, in which five were killed and twelve hospitalized.

The next day I checked St. Luke's, the hospital nearest the Victoria Hotel where the survivors were all taken by fire department ambulances. Hospital records showed that 45 minutes elapsed before the last victim reached St. Luke's. Yet, the fire occurred only two minutes away from the hospital at 4:30 A.M. Sunday when there was no shortage of ambulances and no downtown Loop traffic.

The heartbreaking question most frequently asked by the families and friends of emergency victims who feel a hospital has been guilty of negligence or, worse, of medical malpractice is: "What can we do? What can *anyone* do to stop these terrible things from happening?"

They think first of legal action. The responsible interns and residents could be sued, but generally are too poor to pay a judgment. Staff physicians and hospital administrators who carry insurance against suits are usually cleared of any responsibility.

One way or another, then, the public must expect to pay for emergency medical and surgical care for the ill and the injured. It can pay in personal suffering or by endangering the life and safety of themselves and their children. Or, much more simply, people can pay by giving better tax support for ambulances and hospital emergency service, at the same time insisting by every means within their power that the city develop an accident program to meet community needs. They can also pay by increasing financial contributions to voluntary non-profit hospitals.

The decision rests with the public. American hospitals, medical schools which staff hospitals with interns, residents, practicing physicians and surgeons all know how to do the job. What is lacking is the will—and the wherewithal!

THE END

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$100,000 IN CASH PRIZES

NEW 1949 ANNUAL CONTEST OF THE DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS SERVICE FOUNDATION

You May Win As Much As $50,000.00

HERE'S a brand new contest of fun and skill brought to you by the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation! $100,000.00 in cash prizes must be won—yes, twice as much as was recently paid out in the 1948 Annual DAV Service Foundation Puzzle Contest. Of this huge sum as many as three prizes, as much as FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS may be yours—in return for a good deed and your skill in puzzle solving.

3 PRIZE GROUPS — WIN A PRIZE IN EACH GROUP!

GROUP No. 1		GROUP No. 2		GROUP No. 3	
1st Prize	$5,000.00	1st Prize	$15,000.00	1st Prize	$30,000.00
2nd Prize	$2,000.00	2nd Prize	$5,000.00	2nd Prize	$10,000.00
3rd Prize	$1,000.00	3rd Prize	$2,500.00	3rd Prize	$5,000.00
4th Prize	$500.00	4th Prize	$1,250.00	4th Prize	$2,500.00
5th Prize	$200.00	5th Prize	$500.00	5th Prize	$1,000.00
6th Prize	$200.00	6th Prize	$500.00	6th Prize	$1,000.00
7th to 10th prizes, each $100.00. 11th to 20th prizes, each $10.00. Next 30 prizes, each $20.00. 60 additional prizes each $10.00.		7th to 9th prizes, each $250.00. 10th prize $200.00. 11th to 20th prizes, each $100.00. Next 30 prizes, each $50.00. 60 additional prizes, each $25.00.		7th to 9th prizes, each $500.00. 10th prize $400.00. 11th to 20th prizes, each $200.00. Next 30 prizes, each $100.00. 60 additional prizes, each $50.00.	
Total $10,900.00		Total $29,700.00		Total $59,400.00	

GRAND TOTAL OF THIS OFFICIAL PRIZE LIST IS $100,000.00

Help Us To Help America's Disabled Veterans

Incorporated by special Act of Congress, the DAV needs funds to help rehabilitate America's 2,500,000 disabled war veterans—to help them to obtain needed claim evidence, service connections, medical care, hospitalization, vocational training, and suitable employment . . . yes, even to solve personal problems.

It is for these services that the Foundation again solicits your support. Your contribution is needed and you will be happy to know that every penny of the net proceeds of this contest (after paying for prizes, advertising and all other necessary expenses) will be used by the Foundation and by the DAV to continue its work.

Enter Contest Now!

So act now. Read the Entry Form and read the rules. Then try solving the Official Puzzle. Note that you may send in a higher score *free of charge* later on if you find you can improve on the solution you now send in. So don't delay -the important thing is to get into the contest right away and put in your bid for your share of the prizes. (See special prize for fast action below.)

EXTRA PRIZE FOR ACTION!

You May Also Win a 1949 CHEVROLET If You Act Fast!

To become eligible for this extra award, your **original** entry must be postmarked before midnight, April 10, 1949. Your best solution (original or substitute) will then be judged in competition with those submitted by all other contestants who meet this deadline and who have not been awarded an automobile as an extra prize. If it ranks highest (in case of ties, official contest rules apply) you will win a brand new 1949 Chevrolet. So enter now. *But your **substitute** solution can be submitted as late as June 29, 1949, and still qualify for judging for this extra award.

THIS TIME IT MAY BE YOU

with much more money too!

Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright, National Commander of the Disabled American Veterans, presents check for $33,000.00 to James E. Nickerson of Port Washington, N. Y., top winner of 1948 DAV Service Foundation Puzzle Contest.

FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS — SOLVE THIS *DAVogram* PUZZLE

1. Identify the six objects at the top of the puzzle. (The name of each object is a six-letter word.)
2. See the table of letter values below the puzzle. Each letter is worth a certain number of points. If you have exactly named the objects you will find that the total value of the 36 letters that spell out the names of the six objects is 743 points. If you don't arrive at 743 points then try again, for the 36 letters must add up to 743 points.
3. Now your job is to place those words, correctly spelled, into the shaded letter-paths, each of which has space for six letters. You can place any one of the six words in any one of the shaded paths. Each word must read from top to bottom or left to right.
4. You will now note there are 13 empty white squares remaining in the diagram. Now you must insert letters of your own choosing into those 13 white squares and by combining these letters with the interlocking letters you have already filled into the grey squares, spell out 5 extra complete words. Each of these 5 extra words, too, must read from top to bottom or from left to right.
5. Of course, it is easy to fill in 13 extra letters which in combination with the letters in the grey squares will spell out 5 extra different words, but remember your job is to use 13 letters that will give you a high score when the value of those extra letters (as shown in the table of letter values) is added to the 743 points you will have already earned if you identified the pictured objects correctly.

SEE SAMPLE PUZZLE BELOW *And Read How We Solved It!*

DIAGRAM No. 1

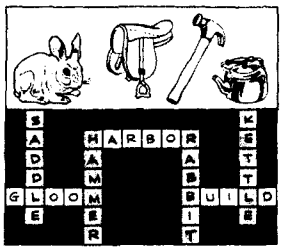
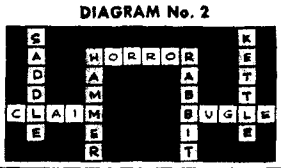


DIAGRAM No. 2



We show here how to go about solving a DAVogram, and how to work out alternate answers to get higher scores.

First we identified the objects pictured: RABBIT . . . SADDLE . . . HAMMER . . . KETTLE — and then we added up the value of all the letters in the names of these four objects (using the table of letter values given for the Official Puzzle) and found the total was 467 points. Next, we filled in these four names in the four shaded paths and then added 10 extra letters which gave us 3 extra words: GLOOM . . . HARBOR . . . BUILD. These 10 extra letters which we had filled into the white squares had a total value of 181 points, thus giving us a total score of 648 points when added to the letters we had filled into the shaded squares.

Then we tried again, and with some thought we changed our 10 extra letters and got three different extra words, as you can see in Diagram No. 2. We changed GLOOM to CLAIM, HARBOR to HORROR and BUILD to BUGLE. We thus attained a total of 210 points for the 10 extra letters we filled into the white spaces, giving ourselves a total score of 677. Of course these are only two possible solutions and perhaps we might have done even better by shuffling the four identified names around into different shaded letter paths. Now, if you get the idea, why not try your hand at the Official Puzzle.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE & ENTRY FORM

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TABLE OF LETTER VALUES

A—16	F—19	K—32	P—28	U— 9
B—20	G—33	L—26	Q—22	V—31
C—25	H—30	M—10	R—34	W—27
D—12	I—24	N—29	S—23	X—21
E—13	J—14	O—11	T—18	Y—15
				Z—17

My Score is

POINTS

It is important that you be careful in adding your score. Mistakes may cause you to lose out. Enter right away for you may improve your score by sending substitute solution later free of extra cost. YOU MUST SEND IN THE COMPLETE PUZZLE. DO NOT DETACH FROM THIS ENTRY. MAIL TODAY!

To the DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000.00 Puzzle Contest
Dept. 318
Washington 6, D. C.

To Be Eligible For Chevrolet Enter By Midnight April 10, 1949

I enclose herewith $ ..... contribution to the DAV Service Foundation. Enter me in your contest. I have filled in the diagram above and at left above have also filled in the score achieved by me in solving the Official Puzzle. [Please check prize group or groups you are entering.]

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 1. First Prize $5,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $2.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 2. First Prize $15,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $5.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 3. First Prize $30,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $10.

Note: Donations should be made payable to the DAV Service Foundation. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

NOTE: You may enter any one, two or all three prize groups depending on the amount donated. The following shows how a contestant can qualify for the various prize groups.

Group No. 1 ($5,000.00 First Prize) $2 contributed
Group No. 2 ($15,000.00 First Prize) $5 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 2 ($20,000.00 combined first prizes) $7 contributed
Group No. 3 ($30,000.00 First Prize) $10 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 3 ($35,000.00 combined first prizes) $12 contributed
Groups No. 2 and 3 ($45,000.00 combined first prizes) $15 contributed
Groups No. 1, 2 and 3 ($50,000.00 combined first prizes) $17 contributed

It is understood you are to send me an Official Receipt for my entry and donation and an Official Substitute Solution Form on which I may submit (free of cost) a better score for the puzzle if I find I can improve my score any time prior to the final closing date for substitute solutions. (See Rule 8.) I have read the rules of the contest and agree to abide by them.

SIGNED .....

NAME .....
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....
ZONE NO. IF YOU KNOW IT

STATE .....

If you have previously entered this 1949 DAV $100,000.00 Puzzle Contest, **DO NOT USE THIS FORM** for submitting a substitute answer. Please be patient until you receive your Official Substitute Solution Form with your Official Entry Number (allow 2 to 3 weeks depending on distance from Washington, D. C.). Additional copies of this Official Puzzle and Entry Forms will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. (Address Dept. 500)

FULL LIST OF WINNERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL CONTESTANTS AFTER FINAL JUDGING

THE OFFICIAL RULES Please read carefully

1. $100,000 will be awarded in accordance with the instructions, official prize list and these rules to the contestants who achieve the highest scores in solving the Official Contest Puzzle. This sum will be awarded in three prize groups: Group No. 1 with a first prize of $5,000.00; Group No. 2 with a first prize of $15,000.00; Group No. 3 with a first prize of $30,000.00. Each group has an additional list of 109 prizes each, making a total of 330 prizes in all. (See official list of prizes.)

2. To enter Group 1 a contestant must send in with his answer to the puzzle a donation of $2.00 to the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation; to enter Group 2 a donation of $5.00 is required and to enter Group 3 a donation of $10.00 must be sent in. A contestant may compete in any one, two or all three prize groups and once having entered may transfer his entry from any group or groups to any other group or groups by submitting the necessary additional donation any time prior to final judging.

3. Each prize group will be judged separately. The contestant who submits the highest valid score in Group 1 will be entitled to first prize in Group 1. Second prize in Group 1 will be awarded to the contestant with the second highest score submitted in that list and so on until the 110 prizes in Group 1 have been awarded. Prizes in Groups 2 and 3 will be awarded similarly.

4. In the event of ties in any group (which seem likely, since this is a large national contest), as many prizes will be reserved in that group as there are tied contestants, before any prizes are awarded for lower scores. To break such ties these tied contestants will be required to send in solutions to a set of five tie-breaking puzzles. The solutions to puzzle No. 1 in this tie-breaking set will be judged first and then the tied-for prizes will be awarded in the order of the valid scores submitted. If this is not sufficient to break all ties and permit awarding of all the tied-for prizes, then the solutions to puzzle No. 2 submitted by the remaining tied contestants will be judged. If ties still remain, the solutions of the still tied contestants to puzzle No. 3 will then be judged and so on, if necessary, to puzzle No. 5. This may mean that puzzles Nos. 2 to 5 may not have to be judged. (It is worth noting that in the last DAV Service Foundation Contest top prize of $33,000 was awarded as the result of judging only puzzle No. 1 in the first tie-breaking set.) However, if further needed to break ties a second, third or even a fourth set (each of 5 such tie-breaking puzzles to be judged similarly) may be used. All tie-breaking puzzles will be similar to the original puzzle with clearly identifiable objects, though the objects may be more difficult and more numerous. Partial credit may be given for partial solutions. Tie-breaker puzzles will be judged on the same basis as the original puzzle. The time limit for solving and mailing back the first set of tie-breaking puzzles (if needed) will be not less than 14 days from the date of mailing to tied contestants, and therefore all tie-breaker puzzles will be mailed on the same day in a local area near tied contestants; for the second set of tie-breaking puzzles (if needed) not less than 7 days; and for the third and fourth sets (if needed) not less than 3 days each. Tied contestants will not be required to make any additional contributions. Should final ties remain after the fourth set of tie-breaking puzzles, each tied contestant will receive the full amount of the prize for which he or she is still tied.

5. The contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States except employees of the DAV and its subsidiary units, the DAV Service Foundation, its advertising agency, its service organization, or members of their families. Also excluded is anyone who has won $500.00 or more in cash or kind awarded in any other contest prior to entering this contest, or any member of his or her family. Every possible precaution will be taken to enforce this provision. Only one member of an immediate family living at the same address may compete. All entries must bear a permanent home address in the Continental United States to which all contest mail will be sent. Where a contestant changes such permanent home address, the DAV Service Foundation should be notified immediately, but the Foundation can, in no case, assume responsibility for delivery of mail. *In view of the uncertain address of members of the Armed Forces on active duty, and the consequent delay in mail delivery, this contest of necessity is not open to them.*

6. Each contestant will receive an acknowledgment and an entry number upon receipt of his or her solution to the Official Puzzle, which solution must be submitted on an Official Entry Form and must be accompanied by a contribution of $2.00 or more. At no extra cost, one substitute solution can be submitted on the Official Substitute Solution Form which will be sent to each contestant and which will carry the entry number registered in the contestant's name. In working out and submitting puzzle solutions, contestants must follow the instructions accompanying the puzzle. Neatness does not count, but unsigned or illegible entries, or entries so unclear as to be confusing, will not be considered, and donations accompanying such entries will be returned upon request after judging is completed. Where more than one entry is submitted by an individual his or her highest valid score will be considered only in that group or groups in which that score is entered. That score will serve to compete in any one, two or all three prize groups, depending on the amount donated with that particular entry. An individual may win one prize in each prize group.

7. In solving the puzzle, practically any word that fits may be used. A contestant will not receive more points than that claimed nor more than that earned. Therefore, please use care in totalling your score. Remember not to use any hyphenated word or form, prefix, suffix or combining form, abbreviation or contraction. The final word source authority for this contest will be the Merriam-Webster New International Dictionary, Unabridged, Second Edition, 1948 printing and (with the exceptions noted) any word may be used provided it actually appears in bold-face type anywhere on any page within the A-Z main alphabetical section of the above dictionary. No plural or other inflectional form is acceptable unless it appears in bold-face type. No word that appears only as part of a two or more word phrase or expression (such as "suey" in "chop suey") is admissible.

The DAV Service Foundation will not enter into any individual correspondence concerning the eligibility of any word for use in solving the puzzle. Each contestant however may be required, upon request, to furnish the source of any word used.

8. All entries must be sent by mail to:
DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000.00 Puzzle Contest
Washington 6, D. C.
and must be postmarked before midnight, April 30, 1949, and received before 5:00 P. M., May 15, 1949, to be eligible for consideration. The deadline dates for mailing and receipt of substitute solutions are 60 days after these respective dates. The failure of any contestant, after request by the DAV Service Foundation, properly to identify the source of a questioned word, may make said word inadmissible. The DAV Service Foundation will not be responsible for lost or delayed communications or for clerical or mechanical errors and each contestant by the act of sending in an entry agrees to be bound by the rules and instructions and, in any event, with the decision of the DAV Service Foundation and/or its Committee on Awards on any and all matters affecting the contest.

9. Any contestant who accepts help of any kind from anyone (same family or household excepted) will be disqualified. Sworn statements to this effect will be required from all winners and every reasonable effort will be made to enforce this rule.

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MY WILD IRISH DOWNEY

Continued from page 19

radio show and night-club engagements. An aversion toward working in night clubs was quickly overcome when he discovered he could get as much as $10,000 a week for appearing three times nightly with Carolina Moon, It's the Same Old Shillelagh and other Downey perennials.

On the air, Downey has whistled and sung his way into countless homes under the sponsorship, at various times, of cigarette companies, laxative companies, coffee companies, cosmetic companies, and his current inamorata, the Coca-Cola Company. Coca-Cola, for whom he has warbled seven years, contributes $4,500 a week toward his upkeep. For this sum he does three 15-minute broadcasts over some 200 stations and further takes it upon himself to be photographed as often as possible in the company of a Coca-Cola bottle.

There is something spiritual, as well as commercial, in this attachment, and it is all the more fitting in view of the fact that Downey himself is constructed along the same bulky lines as the bottle.

Any résumé of the Downey career is likely to be unsettling, particularly for young people who have just discovered him. Although he is only forty-seven, Morton Downey was sitting on the bandstand the night that Paul Whiteman introduced a new song called Rhapsody in Blue. In 1933 the New York World-Telegram conducted a poll and concluded that he was the best male singer of the year. That year Ruth Etting was the top female vocalist, Ben Bernie the best master of ceremonies, Rubinoff the outstanding instrumental soloist, and Edwin C. Hill the number one news commentator.

Lush Praise for His Voice

Ten years before that, in 1923, the Newark Ledger, in a sudden flight of rhetoric, described his singing as comparable to "the gentle dripping of many waters into a moon-kissed lagoon." Ultimately, Downey was summoned to sing at the White House for President Roosevelt. He spent an entire day learning and rehearsing Home on the Range and the President asked him only for Rose of Tralee.

Connoisseurs of Irish tenors are apt to become inordinately lyrical in describing Downey's voice, which is sweet and heady and not unlike a fine light wine delicately flavored with peat. On the other hand, there have been dissenters. The late O. O. McIntyre, for example, could not stand either Downey or Rudy Vallee, although he admitted he was probably a minority of one. Contrariwise, Glenn Dillard Gunn, an eminent music critic of the period, stated flatly that the young Irishman trilled far better than the famous Galli-Curci.

At one time Downey seriously considered studying in Italy for opera. Singing in Paris one year, he asked the late Grace Moore for advice. "How much are you making now in night clubs?" she asked Downey.

"Fifteen hundred a week," he said.

Miss Moore looked at him sharply. "Stay where you are," she commanded.

One of the first records of Downey's appearing in public is a yellowed clipping from a Meriden, Connecticut, paper, circa 1918.

"Members of the Colonial Club," it said, "will have an opportunity to hear Philip Boudini and Morten Downey, of Wallingford, tonight when they will play their accordions in the lounging room throughout the evening." This was the first, but not the last, time that his name was grievously misspelled. On several subsequent appearances, he was known variously as Matt, Mortimer or Martin, and on one particularly galling occasion, simply as "an unidentified tenor."

The Meriden paper added that Downey had traveled "far and wide" with his instrument. This was not precisely true. Downey had come from Wallingford, a few miles down the road, and the accordion was largely a prop. He had, however, sold candy and peanuts on New Haven passenger trains by singing his wares, and it is true that he had gone as far and wide as New York, approximately 85 miles from Wallingford.

Mother Paid Him Not to Sing

At the very beginning, in the ancestral home in Wallingford, where Mr. Downey, Sr., was a combination fire chief and tavern keeper, young Morton was paid *not* to sing by his mother, who found it distracting. The price was a nickel and included not whistling, also, since he frequently attempted to combine the two with shattering results. In later years he was able to work out an extremely harmonious duet with himself, which he still uses, but his original efforts along these lines were not calculated to promote peace and quiet.

Despite her willingness to pay for peace and quiet, Mrs. Downey was foiled in her attempt to keep Morton throttled. Things went from bad to worse. Soon there was evidence that the young tenor who appeared at a Banquet and Dance Given by Saul Birns to his Employees was Morton Downey.

In any case, Morton began to appear more and more frequently at picnics, political rallies, church socials and high school assemblies. Finally, after his second year of high school, he disentangled himself from the toils of formal education, and, with his eye on the moon, set off for New York to make his fortune.

The youthful tenor began starving to death almost immediately. Fortunately, however, Jimmy Hagan, a Tammany leader and the first of Downey's many political friends, heard him sing at a rally and sought him out after the performance. Taking one look at his gaunt appearance, Hagan took him to a restaurant and fed him.

Then he asked him where he lived. Downey, unfortunately, could not afford to live anywhere in particular outside of Grand Central Station, but he proudly mumbled, "Brooklyn." Hagan asked, "What street?" Downey was stumped. Hagan, who already had eight children of his own, promptly took Downey home with him and assigned him to a room on the top floor with three of his children and an Airedale. Downey stayed for six years.

Ultimately, and inevitably, Downey was discovered by a Paul Whiteman scout who found him at the Sheridan Square Theater in Greenwich Village in 1919, singing under the billing, "Direct from Ireland." Downey was not taking just this one liberty with Ireland; he was also singing When Irish Eyes Are Smiling in a cowboy suit. He has since seen the sacrilege in this and now insists the suit was the manager's idea.

After his "discovery," Downey was tapped for the S.S. Leviathan Orchestra, one of Whiteman's various musical enterprises. The Leviathan Orchestra was landlocked at the time while awaiting the first postwar voyage of the ship, and it appeared in vaudeville theaters for a year to drum up trade before the Leviathan actually went to sea. Eventually, Downey made over 20 trips to Europe and achieved his first measure of fame as "The McCormack of the High C's."

While he toiled with Whiteman, it was necessary for Downey to hold a musi-

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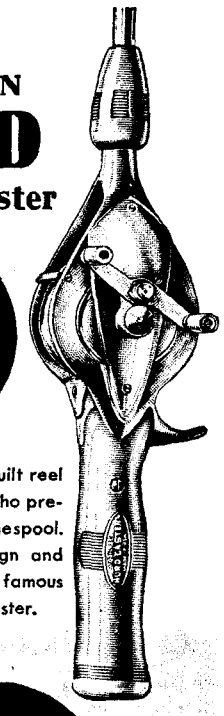

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cal instrument between his vocal numbers, inasmuch as it was unheard of at the time for a singer to sit around and do nothing except sing occasionally. Downey, therefore, dutifully held a reedless saxophone in his hands until the saxophone section became overcrowded. He then moved over to a French horn. When the real French horn player stood up to render his stirring solo of Indian Love Call, Downey also stood up. The result was that no one in the audience could tell which one of them was actually playing. Finally, the French horn player protested, and Downey was ordered to remain seated during all performances of Indian Love Call.

In the mid-twenties, Downey left Whiteman for vaudeville and appeared regularly at such famous old New York theaters as the Palace and the Hippodrome until vaudeville began gasping for air, and not finding any, expired. Downey himself was on the verge of going down for the third time when Hollywood rescued him and put him in

GOLD FOR THE OLD

By JIM MARSHALL

In the never-never land of California, they've turned the most generous old-age pension dream ever concocted into a law. It may bankrupt the state but every citizen over 65 is set up for life. Read about this latest Golden State phenomenon

In Collier's *next week*

th e movies, none of which was especi lly distinguished except the first one, Sy copation, the first complete talkie m sical.

Between pictures, Downey appeared in arious New York night clubs, including Texas Guinan's Playground, where George Raft was a chorus boy and Ruby Keeler and Barbara Stanwyck were chorus girls. It was here that Downey met Richard Bennett, the famed father of Barbara Bennett whom he married in 1929. At this first historic meeting, Bennett gave Downey a lecture on honesty and then read him excerpts from a Gideon Bible. It developed later that Bennett had stolen the Bible from a hotel room.

Triumphant Tour of Europe

Eventually, the Broadway night clubs began to have their usual effect on the Downey nervous system and he tossed them over and went to Europe. His tour was a triumphant one and took him to Berlin, Ostend, Paris, the Riviera and London, in which city he was forced to sing You Took Advantage of Me eleven times for the Prince of Wales.

In London, Downey also discovered the wonders of radio at the B.B.C., where he encountered a microphone for the first time. He immediately sailed for America to try the new medium. The rest is history. Downey practically invented bobby-soxers, his fan mail soared to as high as 95,000 letters a week, and the first six weeks he was on the air, at the same hour as Amos 'n' Andy, his mail outstripped that of 93 programs.

A full 20 years later, at his opening at the Waldorf-Astoria in 1947, the same old Downey topped by $60 the gaudy record set by Frank Sinatra a few months previously, and he was not permitted to leave the floor until he had sung a total of 40 songs. The ancient tenor's hold on the audience was described later as "total mesmerization."

On the subject of money, Downey is frequently pained at the thought that people are inclined to look at him and say, "Look, a singing millionaire!" Not long ago, he was estimated at something like $3,000,000, and he was totally unnerved at seeing himself exposed in print. "That," Downey said, "was both unfair and untrue."

He Has Business Acumen, Too

On the other hand, he violates all the laws of the artistic world by being a clever businessman. He derives a handsome income from real-estate holdings, a perfume partnership with Sherman Billingsley, of the Stork Club, and a quiet interest in various companies here and in South America. Although his marriage was dissolved several years ago, Downey supervises his five children and has already signed over seven buildings to this happy brood.

Nevertheless, his expenses are correspondingly heavy. When he sings outside of New York, for example, he is responsible for the care and feeding of a party of 14, including his orchestra, his arranger, his press agent and his announcer. In two months last fall, Downey earned some $80,000 by appearing in Miami, Kansas City, Los Angeles and Las Vegas. His expenses for the same period, exclusive of taxes, were more than $60,000.

At home, Downey keeps a Park Avenue apartment, a house in Connecticut, and a retinue which includes a valet named Willis, a man Friday, and a round little Englishman named Jimmy, whom Downey, in a moment of absentmindedness, invited home with him from Liverpool about ten years ago. Jimmy is afflicted with an appalling accent, and when it did not improve it was inevitable that they would have a misunderstanding someday. Then several years ago, it happened. Jimmy walked out in a huff. However, he simply moved down the hall into Downey's music room and he is still living there, among the dusty old manuscripts, happy in the belief that Downey does not know he is there.

Everything considered, Downey's life is a full and overflowing one. He moves at an erratic pace, but he is gaited for it, and he would not have it any other way. There is a rumor that his insurance broker saw him riding a horse in Central Park not long ago and immediately canceled his insurance, but this is obviously untrue. Downey abhors physical exertion and, except for keeping an electric bicycle, which does all the work, his exercise is confined to telling genially ribald stories in the Stork Club to such cronies as Billingsley, Joseph P. Kennedy and ex-Mayor Kelly of Chicago.

Working, however, he is something else again. Despite his happy Hibernian countenance, Downey takes his work seriously and he can be devastatingly irreverent to those who assume otherwise.

In Washington recently, during the inauguration, he appeared at the Statler Hotel and was interrupted in his singing by none other than James Caesar Petrillo, the music boss. Petrillo wanted to get a violin and join the act.

"I got a badge," Petrillo warned.

"You got a badge and you also got a money belt," Downey retorted. "Sit down."

Unfortunately, Petrillo got up. It was a harrowing experience, but later Downey said, "Well, anyway, I'm glad that Petrillo didn't try to sing. I happen to know he gargles with a household deodorant."

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DINNER FOR MONSIEUR MARTIN

By GEORGES SURDEZ

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

Collier's SHORT SHORT

WHEN I was a very little boy and frightened in new surroundings, my mother did not scold me. She took my plight seriously and told me a story to illustrate an important point about fear, which I never forgot. Even today, I have use for that story on occasions.

"Here you are," she started quietly, "afraid of everything—afraid of the other little boys, afraid to go upstairs in the dark, afraid of strange dogs. Afraid of a lot of things you are not even sure you should be afraid of. What would you do if you had to go into a room with a bear?"

"I wouldn't go," I told her.

"I did," she informed me.

"Maman! With a bear in the room, you . . . ?"

She had done that and she told me all about it. She was eleven or twelve years old at the time, living in a village in the Swiss Jura. Her father owned a sizable farm and was quite hospitable. A wandering showman, whom Mother called a Bohemian, came through with a performing bear and gave an open-air exhibition.

That bear was as shaggy and massive as a self-respecting bear can be. Being in a French-speaking region, he was called Monsieur Martin while performing, although his master called him Tonio in private. He could do a lot of tricks, dance to the sounds of the accordion, march in step with a beating drum, salute the flag of the Helvetic confederation.

The showman told of his great strength and ferocity. Monsieur Martin, it seemed, had a quick temper and tolerated no fooling. To guard against a hasty reaction, the man had him rigged with a stout collar, a chain, a heavy leather muzzle. During his performance he would growl and snarl and his master would push him back to his proper place with a stout stick.

That night my grandfather invited the Bohemian to stay at the farm, and the bear was placed in a shed near the stable. Of course, as amusement was scarce in the mountains, neighbors dropped in to talk with the foreigner.

There was plenty of wine, and some local liquors distilled from plums and cherries, which boast some fame in the region.

The Bohemian was an amazing fellow, who told odd yarns with an odder accent, and played his accordion like an expert. He could sing in any language you suggested, German, French, Italian, Russian, and had even picked up some patois ballads. The bottles circulated, and by ten o'clock, a very late hour on a farm, the men, and some of the women, were, to use the local expression, "quite gone."

It was then that an unusual tumult broke out, loud grunts, the sound of planking being pounded, accompanied before very long by the neighing of horses and the plaints of disturbed cows. "Don't worry," the Bohemian said, "it's my Tonio. You people have been so nice to me I forgot to feed him, and he is making a fuss."

My mother's father was ashamed that even a bear should be hungry under his roof. He beckoned to my mother, who had kept in a corner so that she would not be noticed and sent to bed, and told her to go and feed the animal.

My grandmother protested mildly, but when she was reminded that the bear was in an enclosure and chained solidly, she smiled at my mother and nodded for her to do as ordered.

"What does he eat?" Mother asked.

"Oh, anything. Vegetables, cabbages, carrots, bread, cooked meat," the showman said. "Mix them together, like for your pigs. Give him a lot, he has a fine appetite."

So my mother went to the stove—it was in the same room—and made up a *pâté.* She took her time about mixing the stuff, wondering whether it would be more dangerous to protest to her father or to go in with the bear. She picked the bear.

AS SHE crossed the courtyard, leaving the sounds of laughter and singing behind, she could hear the bear clamoring for food. He quieted the moment the latch clicked under her hand. She had taken along a storm lantern, and when she entered the shed she suspended it on a hook just inside the door.

The bear looked her over as keenly as she looked him over, and grumbled something under his breath. Then he vanished behind the planking. My mother heard him snuffling—he knew where the opening to the manger was. She stood there, her heart pounding, for a time, then braced herself, walked the six or seven feet to the partition and slid a plank aside. As she shoved the pan through the opening, she saw two paws with long, rasping claws seize the utensil and drag it inside.

She was afraid, but being a child, and a girl child, she was even more curious. She found a crack between the planks and put her eye to it. Then her heart nearly stopped beating, from fear.

That bear had a stout collar, to which a chain was attached. But the chain was not fastened to anything, it was looped around his neck! And it was obvious, from his great bulk and evident strength, that had he really wished to, he could have beaten the partition to splinters, knocked down the door and made his escape.

But he had been satisfied with merely making a lot of noise! That demonstration of self-control reassured her.

MEANWHILE, the bear had shoved the pan into a corner and was standing there, peering over his shoulder at the exact spot where she stood behind the partition. He knew very well that she had not gone away, that she was watching him. He would sniff over the food, then turn to snuffle and grunt in an annoyed tone.

Of course, Mother thought then. He can't because of his muzzle. I'll go back and tell the man.

But before she had time to act, the bear squatted, licked the food tentatively. Then, very calmly, he brought up both forepaws slid the heavy muzzle from his nose, pushed it above his eyes and began to eat.

"You understand," my mother concluded. "That bear just quietly pushed that muzzle up, like an old lady pushing her spectacles up to her forehead. I knew then that my father had guessed the truth, that I had been afraid for nothing, that the stories the man told about Monsieur Martin, the fits of anger, were all make-believe, to make the show more interesting. After that, I never was afraid of anything until I found out whether there was anything to be afraid of."

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MY CAR WAS STOLEN

Continued from page 35

about auto thefts. For more than 20 years, Lieutenant Jacob Wolfe, chief of the auto squad of the metropolitan police force, has been hounding car thieves. He now has a "Wolfe pack" of eight skilled operatives, plain-clothes men who patrol the streets of Washington in unmarked radio cars.

Their record of stolen-car recoveries is the highest in the United States—96.5 per cent in 1947, a figure they hope to have eclipsed when the record for 1948 is compiled.

"Nine tenths of the cars stolen today," Lieutenant Wolfe declared, "are taken by pranksters, drunks, youngsters on a spree and others looking for an evening's fun. Most of them are recovered in a day or two, abandoned when the gas gave out.

"How did they get them? The old story. The owner left his key in the ignition, or on the sun visor, or under the floor mat, or in the glove compartment. He might as well have hung a sign on his car: Come and get it."

A Case from A.A.A. Files

At the national headquarters of the American Automobile Association there was agreement with this view—and an unforgettable illustration of its consequences.

"The key to the stolen-car problem," declared one official, "is the key in the ignition switch. While we favor every means of catching and convicting the professional car thief, our emphasis is on the car owner—trying to convince him of the tragic possibilities when he makes his car 'available.' Here's a true case to illustrate what I mean:

"A doctor stops to call on a patient. He has a brand-new Buick sedan. He is in a hurry—he'll only be gone a few minutes. John, Jim and Bill are not really bad boys—just kids with that impetuous urge of all teen-agers to drive a car, a fast car. They stop to admire the new Buick, they see the key. One suggests a ride, another a dare to do it. A full tank, a powerful new car with the key in the ignition just aching for someone to turn it and the first thing you know, they are off. They race around the countryside, showing their heels to everything on the road. It's great fun.

"Then the doctor reports his car stolen! An alert patrol car man notes the license and sounds his siren. The boys, panic-stricken, decide the best thing to do is to try to outrun him. The chase is on. The big car roars down the road, faster and faster, squeezing and weaving through traffic, taking short cuts through service stations.

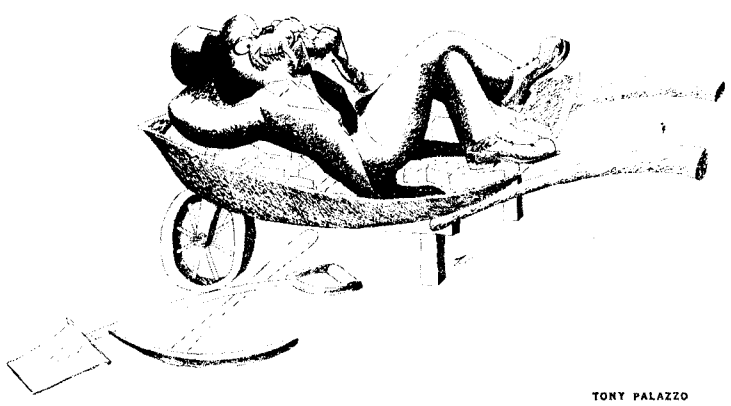
"Then, at 80 miles an hour and out of control at a curve, it literally wraps itself around a telegraph pole. One boy is killed, two are maimed for life, the new car is a total wreck, misery and sorrow are brought to three families, a valiant police officer's life is endangered in the 80-mile-per-hour chase, and a car owner is haunted for life because he hadn't removed that little piece of metal."

That was amateur car thievery. What about the pros? Everyone advised: "See the Federal Bureau of Investigation."

The F.B.I. does not come into an auto-theft case unless the thief has taken his hot car over a state line, or is suspected of having done so. The National Motor Vehicle Theft Act, which permits the F.B.I. to act, has become the greatest deterrent to professional car stealing yet

SENATOR WALRUS:

on the Labor Problem

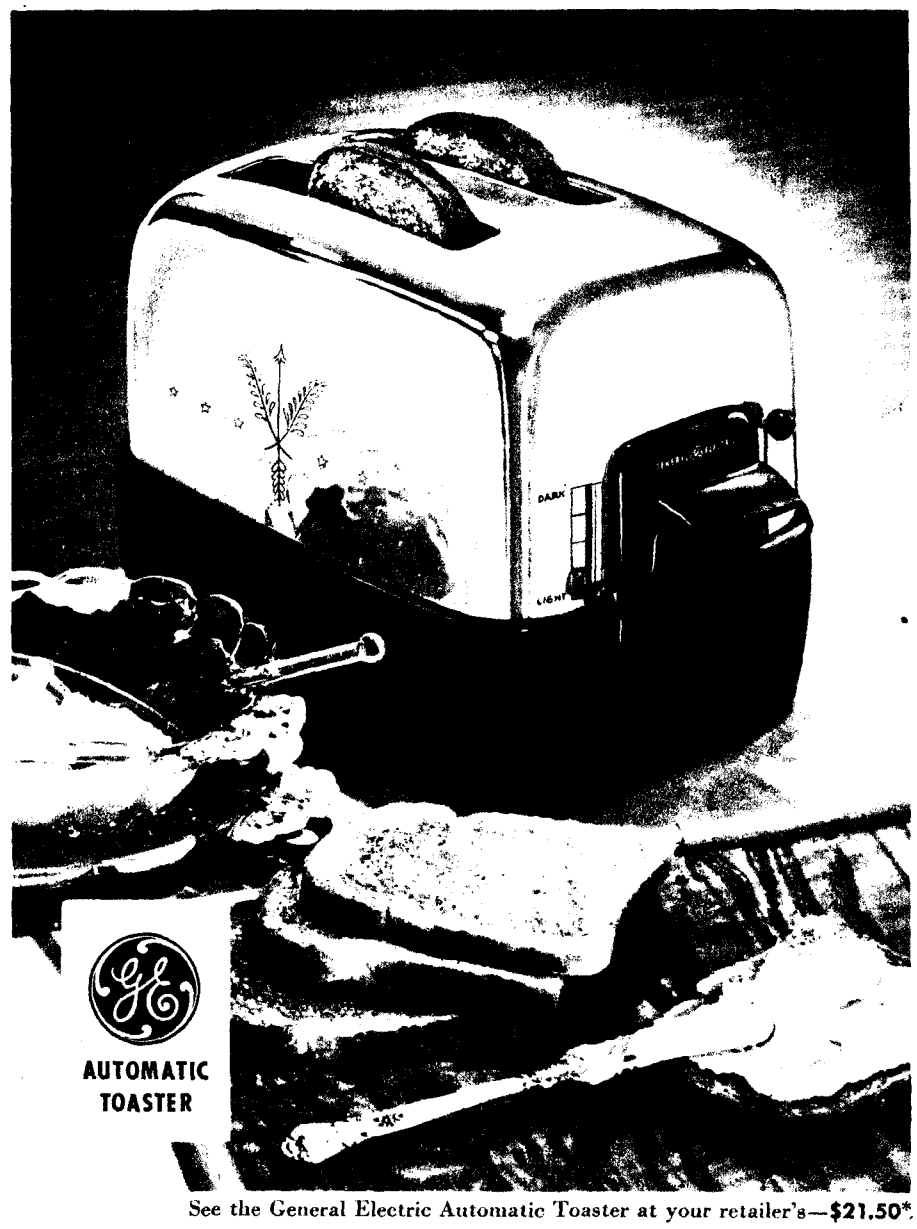


TONY PALAZZO

Much as I favor the laboring man,
Labor's a topic I duck if I can;
Labor is nothing I'd openly pan,
Nothing I'd joke of;

Labor's a matter as grave as the gout;
Labor's a matter I'm leery about—
Something I'm eager to manage without
Doing a stroke of.

—AL GRAHAM



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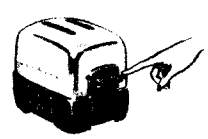

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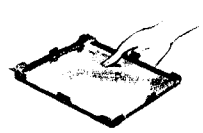
Light . . . Dark . . . Medium . . . or several shades in between. Just set the other knob on your General Electric Automatic Toaster. You'll get each and every slice the way you want it.

What a snap to clean!



You can clean this toaster in ten seconds! Snap-in crumb tray makes cleaning quick, thorough, and easy. Remember—in toasters as in all appliances, you can put your confidence in General Electric. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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"Toast to your taste—every time."

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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DENTISTS SAY:

Colgate Tooth Powder
with the 2-minute routine
Gets Teeth Sparkling And Super-Clean

OVER 4,000 DENTISTS SAY THIS EASY WAY REVEALS NATURAL SPARKLE OF TEETH

1. Simply brush teeth for two minutes, morning and night, with Colgate Tooth Powder.
2. Brush *all three* surfaces—front, back, and biting edges of teeth.
3. Always brush *away* from the gums.

SEE THE RESULTS— IN YOUR OWN MIRROR

Watch how this Colgate Tooth Powder routine *removes* dull film that improper cleaning *misses!* Leaves teeth naturally bright, shining clean. And—Colgate Tooth Powder's tangy flavor refreshes your mouth, sweetens your *breath!* Try it today!

KISSABLE of course! Colgate Tooth Powder sweetens and freshens your *breath*, too!

No dentifrice can get Teeth and Breath cleaner!

devised. Under it the F.B.I. has built a wonderfully effective machine which state, city and county law-enforcement officials study and use, and with which most of them co-operate fully.

It is reassuring to hear the F.B.I. say that there are no large car-stealing rings today. But they remind you that as long as cars are scarce and high-priced, small car-stealing mobs will spring up, and lone thieves will continue to operate throughout the country.

Here is the way the professional works: A "spotter" locates a certain type of car and steals it. This hot car, or "hot joint," is taken to a "drop" or "hangar" (underworld for garage) where it is usually stripped of extras, repainted and the engine number is ground off. It is then given a "junker title" (obtained from the engine of a junk-yard wreck of the same model; cost: $35 to $50). The engine number on the junker title is stamped on the altered car and the machine is sold at a profit of from $500 to $2,000.

In some cases, when a short hot is taken to a drop, it may have its new and perfect motor removed entirely from the body. This new motor is then smashed to bits and the pieces buried. In its place an old engine, from a junk-yard wreck, is substituted. With the junker title obtained from this old engine the car can be safely sold without any alteration of the engine number.

Both cases point up the need for a better means of registering or identifying a car than having a number stamped into the engine block at the factory.

If thieves think they fool the F.B.I. by grinding off engine numbers and repainting the body, their eyes would be opened by what I saw behind the scenes at F.B.I. headquarters.

In the F.B.I. Crime Lab

I stood in a room about 20 feet square. The blinds were drawn and the room was dark, except for a single shaded light over the center of a workbench. Its powerful rays focused on two square magnetic terminals from which thick cables ran to a black switchboard.

An F.B.I. agent in a smock threw a lever and a heavy humming filled the room. "Give me the 'exhibit,'" the agent said to his assistant. The assistant handed him a sample bar of cast iron about a foot long which had been cut from a larger piece of metal.

"Notice there isn't a mark to indicate where the stamped number has been ground off," the agent said. I ran my fingers over the metal. There was not a scratch.

"Now watch," he said, placing the bar between the terminals. The humming rose to a whine. The assistant picked up a rubber hose and poured an oily, red fluid on the metal.

"Magnetic oxide of iron in oil solution," he explained.

Thin curls of blue smoke rose from the ends of the bar where they touched the terminals. The agent pointed. I saw nothing but soupy red riffles on the bar. Then suddenly, numbers appeared, faint at first, then clearly visible. There they were: 456-431. The agent scribbled a note and turned off the current. The numbers vanished.

"When the serial number was stamped on the metal, molecules were disturbed," the agent explained. "This magnet-flux sends a powerful electric current through the bar, and the impulses are interrupted en route by these same molecular disturbances. You might say the impulses are forced to detour, upward and downward. In doing so they agitate the magnetic oxide of iron we poured on the bar. The agitation takes the outline of the numbers, making them visible."

This is not the only "miracle" performed each day in the G-men's crime laboratory. The real stratosphere of crime detection comes into action when a hit-and-run victim is involved. Sometimes the only bit of evidence is a tiny fleck of paint found on the body or clothing of the victim, probably from the car that hit him.

The paint chip is rushed to the F.B.I. laboratory, and in a few hours comes a report: "The sample may be from a 1942 Dodge, originally painted bombardier blue, repainted gray, but now black."

How do they do this? First, a piece of the chip is carefully mounted in clear plastic. Then it is studied under a high-powered microscope by experts whose color sense would amaze even the stylists who name women's stocking shades. But this is not simply a color test. Car makers use different *types* of paint, as well as different *colors*. So the chip can also be resolved into one of the following categories: lacquers, synthetic enamels, metallic lacquers, or metallic enamels.

The F.B.I. possesses more than 1,000 car-paint samples on file cards and mounted boards. These are supplied by either the paint company or the motor manufacturer. But the test doesn't end here. To verify the visual identification, a bit of the chip is burned and the image of the flame is projected on a spectrograph. The spectrogram thus obtained, when compared with those on file, gives evidence that will stand up in any court in the land.

"What about fingerprints and bloodstains? Do they play any part in running down car thieves, now that you have all these superscientific devices?" I asked.

In answer, an assistant director of the F.B.I. showed me at least 15 places where car thieves leave telltale fingerprints *but do not realize it*. No matter how carefully they "clean up" after they ditch or sell a stolen car, certain spots are overlooked, and the F.B.I. knows where they are.

Going beyond the car thief to his accomplices, there is a simple means of fixing guilt on a drop or hangar. During a raid, one of the first things sought by G-men is the die or stamp used to alter engine numbers. Each die possesses tiny scratches, the equivalent of lines on a fingerprint, which transfer to the engine block when a new number is stamped. They show up clearly under a microscope. Suppose the marks on a recovered stolen-car block match those of the dies taken in a raid? Enough said.

A Mob's Ingenious Scheme

Only recently have the big rings been broken up. In 1946 there was the Yelvington-Dyess mob, which operated over six Western states. One of Yelvington's more ambitious efforts was to steal the same car twice, *in order to return it to its original owner*—and make money on the deal!

Here's how his scheme worked: When a car was stolen, the motor number was changed and a set of duplicate keys was made. The car was then sold, using a junker title. After the sale the car was immediately restolen, by using the duplicate keys. The original engine number was then replaced and the car abandoned near the address of its legal owner, where it was soon recovered.

The car which some innocent person had purchased from Yelvington simply disappeared. The title the interim owner held was to nothing but a wrecked vehicle somewhere far away. The thieves had his money, and the real owner had his car back. The heat was off and everybody but the unfortunate middle man was happy.

I learned that it is sometimes safer to park your car in the street than in a parking lot that requires you to leave your key. A dishonest attendant can copy the number of your key and, if you are foolish enough to leave your registration card in the car, he can learn your

COLLIER'S

"I suppose they're all right for anybody who can't get a date"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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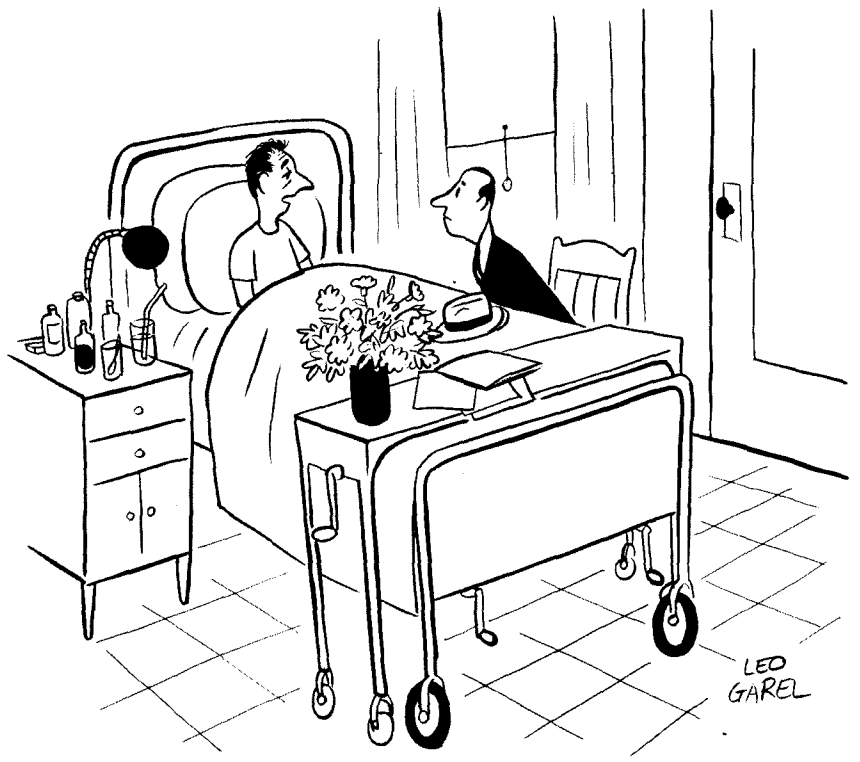


COLLIER'S **"Bill, go downstairs to the phone booth, call this place, ask them how I'm doing and come back and tell me, will ya?"** LEO GAREL

home address. The attendant now has all the information he needs to steal your car at leisure, without breaking into it.

At a key-making shop he simply gives the number of the key and the make and model of the car (he doesn't have to have a duplicate key). While he waits, the key maker consults a code book, puts a blank in a hand-held device adjusted to the numbers in the code book, grips it once, and says, "Fifty cents, please." The result is a key that will open and start your car. No questions asked. No fuss, no trouble, no breakage. Just locate the car and drive it away!

You can thwart this by using a duplicate which has no number. However, this trick is not completely thiefproof for the culprit can still get the number from the door lock.

If your car is stolen and you report it to the police, don't be surprised if they seem rather calm about it. They want the facts, all right, and they will do all they can to recover your car, but sometimes the police are "victims" themselves.

For instance, a common trick is to report a car stolen when the owner finds a traffic ticket on it. He claims he parked it elsewhere and says a crook must have abandoned it near that fireplug, or too close to the corner.

Opinions on Locks Differ

The motor industry as a whole takes a skeptical view of what can be done to make cars less vulnerable. "We make cars for honest men. If they are stolen that isn't our fault," seems to be the general attitude. But some manufacturers are working with insurance companies to devise better door and ignition locks. However, the car owner, being human, loses his key now and then, or breaks one in the lock, so a car must not be made invincible.

Still, there is nothing to prevent the owner from placing a secret number of his own somewhere on the chassis, as a means of identification in case his car is stolen and the engine number ground off. The simplest method is to type a number on a strip of paper and cover it with scotch tape. Then conceal the whole label with black friction tape. He should select a spot for it that is not exposed to weather and cannot be easily found.

Thus far we have dealt only with the motorist's angles. There is much more that can be done.

There is no logical reason why every state should not require motor vehicle titles, yet 16 do not. Some ask only for a bill of sale, which is easily forged. This gap might be closed by Congress with legislation that would require a federal title bearing a photograph and the fingerprints of the owner. States deriving revenue from titles would oppose this, but the loss in revenue might be more than offset by savings in law enforcement by insurance companies and personal loss. Motor vehicles, capable of traversing five to ten states in a day's travel, should be federally licensed, like airplanes.

Auto theft statutes of the various states should be made uniform. Until recently, for instance, it was not a felony to steal an automobile in Louisiana, but it *was* a felony to steal a horse!

A permit should be required of those seeking duplicate keys, and all key makers licensed. Where emergency service is needed, in case of lost or broken keys, state or city police patrol cars could issue emergency permits upon proper identification of the car owner.

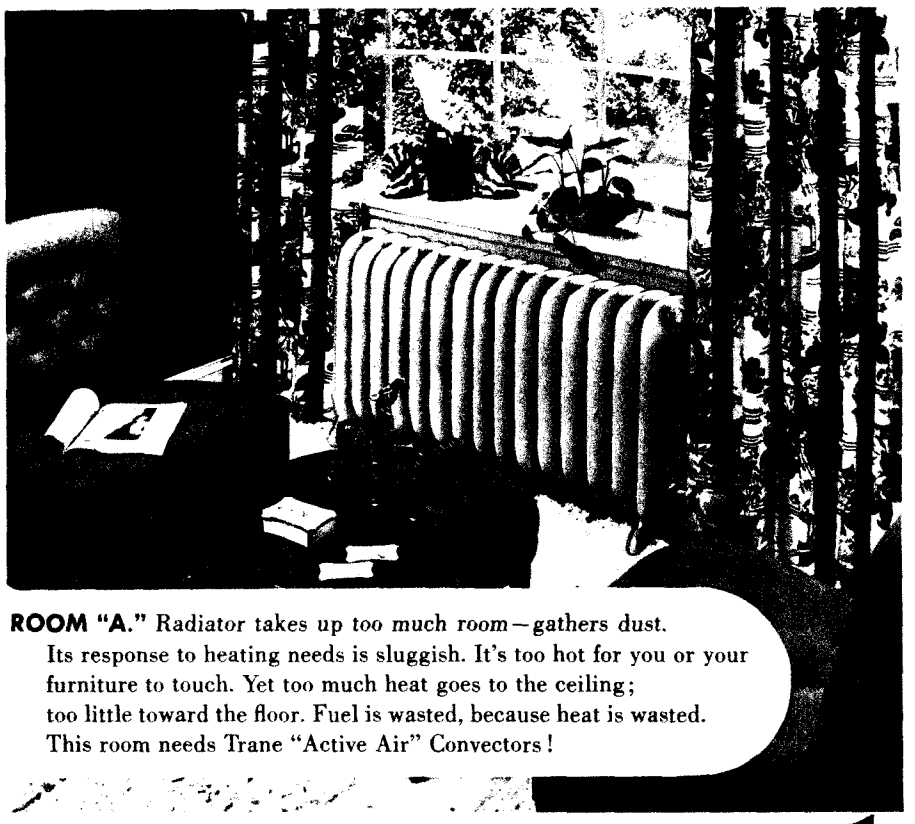
State police radio and teletype networks should be expanded and modernized. Interstate police teletype now reaches only 31 of the 48 states.

Whatever may be the long-range solution to the car-theft problem, the motorist himself can do more than anyone else to rid America of a crime whose full toll of lives and money cannot be calculated.

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I., told me that nine tenths of all car stealing would vanish if motorists would observe the following simple "don'ts": (1) don't leave a car unguarded with the motor running; (2) don't leave ignition keys in the car, even for a few minutes; (3) don't leave a set of keys hidden in the car; (4) don't park a car on a dark, deserted street; (5) don't fail to close all windows, fasten ventilators and wind vents, and lock all doors; (6) don't leave packages or other tempting property visible inside the car.

If the car owner will do this much, Mr. Hoover declares, the F.B.I. and other law enforcement agencies will have more time and money to devote to the professionals.

Car thievery was reduced 15 per cent last year over the preceding year, but as long as it remains the crime with the highest potential dollar loss, much remains to be done.



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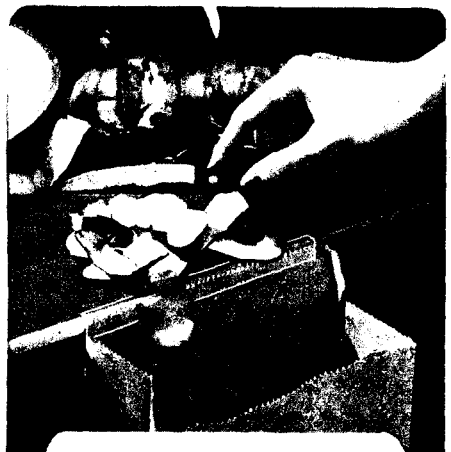

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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for the tummy

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?
Nature's Remedy
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

VENI, VIDI, VIDEO

Continued from page 24

wasn't coming, she wasn't ever coming. The only thing he would ever know about her was that she walked her dog in the courtyard nightly. He started gloomily back to his apartment. He had taken a dozen steps when he became aware of someone breathing on the back of his neck.

Pete turned to the fat policeman and said, "I haven't done anything. You have nothing on me. Go soak your head—"

"Now don't get sore," said the cop. "Now take it easy, friend. The people said she was kidnaped."

They had reached Thatcher's apartment and the policeman's footsteps dragged. "So yah got a television," he said. "I never seen one in a house. I never seen one where a guy could set down and enjoy it. I only seen 'em standin' up."

Pete hesitated, then said, "Come in."

The policeman appropriated the big chair while Thatcher twirled the dials. He came upon a program on how to embroider and maliciously left it there. The cop stared glassily at it for some minutes. "Can yah get channel six?" he said finally. "It seems to me this is the night they got rassling on channel six."

Pete glared at him in the darkness, then spun the dial and presently two hairy and muscular behemoths were making threatening gestures at each other.

"Hey," said the policeman excitedly, "that's McGurk, the dirty bum. I hope he gets it good. Hey, howja like that leg scissors? Kill the bum!"

He sat there and the bouts continued and Pete went in and undressed and came back in pajamas, yawning elaborately and making such motions as noisily putting the milk bottles outside and pulling down the shades and the policeman sat there transfixed until a sudden fall ended the final bout.

"Much obliged," said the policeman, hoisting his bulk out of the big chair. "Yah got a nice set there, only I'd say that in Gilhooley's saloon they get a better picture." So saying he passed out into the night and Pete slammed the door.

THE next night, Pete plodded up the walk, and the blonde was there with her dog. He knew her name now and possibly that could be considered as progress. "I hope the little girl is all right, Miss Merritt," he said, and she smiled and assured him that she was.

"Well," Thatcher said, and the girl smiled coolly, and Pete got red again and tripped over his big feet and said he was mighty glad to know there were no ill effects, and went on cursing to his apartment. He opened the door and fell into the arms of eighteen or twenty kids who packed the hall.

"Let the man through," said one, and no sooner did he have the door unlocked than they swarmed past him and fought for choice seats. Pete switched the dials, found a Western and sidled past them and out into the kitchen.

By seven thirty the last of the children had departed. Thatcher ran the vacuum, scraped a little mud off two of the chairs, stacked in one corner three sweaters, a hat, a rag doll, and one rubber that had been left, and settled down to relax and enjoy himself. He stretched out and the doorbell rang. Pete permitted himself a small dream. Miss Susan Merritt might be there.

He opened the door and shuddered as he looked at the grinning visage of Mrs. Feible from upstairs. Behind her was a small bald-headed man with a collar two sizes too large for him.

"Why, Mr. Hatcher," said Mrs. Feible with a giggle, "I been telling Sam we ought to get more friendly with the neighbors. We've been meaning to drop in and pay a visit ever since you moved in but Sam's been out to lodge meeting nights and what with this and that—"

"If it ain't one thing it's been two others," said Sam Feible and reached out his hand. "Mighty glad to know you, Mr. Fletcher."

They moved inside and Mrs. Feible stopped short and said, "Land sakes, Sam, Mr. Hatcher's got himself a television set. And one of them big screens that won't hurt a body's eyes."

"Well, well," said Mr. Feible feebly, not nearly as expert a dissembler as his wife. "I declare we're just in time to see the June Jimpson show. Course we've heard her on radio for years but we never have seen her."

Pete went over and did the business with the dials. He sat down on the footstool and Sam Feible took the big chair, scrutinized the screen and said pontifically, "You got her a little too dark, don't you think?"

Pete muttered to himself and turned a dial. He sat back silently and watched the show and presently he realized that it was warm in the apartment. He thought suddenly of beer. Simultaneously Sam Feible looked at him and coughed a hacking cough and said nothing, but his eyes were eloquent.

The June Jimpson program ended and in the interval between programs there came a beer commercial. A bottle came on the screen, a bottle so cold it was sweating. The bottle was tilted in the air, and beer gurgled and sang into a glass. Pete's tongue was a piece of felt between his teeth, his throat was a gravel pit. He sat there and swore to himself a solemn oath that he would die of thirst, he would roll over on the floor and gasp out his last choked breath with blackened tongue before he poured a beer for Feible and his wife.

Ultimately the Feibles departed and Pete made his resolution. People he hated. Animals he liked even to such things as aardvarks and horned toads and scorpions. It was just the human race that he detested, including blondes and children. . . .

Pete came home the next night and did not pause upon seeing Susan Merritt airing her dog. He nodded coldly to her and went on and opened the outer apartment door and found the hallway jammed with small fry. "Sorry, kids," he said. "The television's broken."

HOPE departed from their faces, and a twinge went through him. He might as well have said that Santa Claus had slit his throat.

"What happened?" said a little girl, her voice cracking.

Pete hardened his heart. "The cathode jammed the flammis," he said. "Just one of those things, kids."

The children were stricken. Pete went inside and closed the door. He went into the kitchen, poured a beer, came back and turned on the television set. The Western feature for the night was just starting. He tuned it in, sat back and prepared to enjoy himself.

But something was wrong; somehow he had the feeling he was not alone. He twisted with discomfort, then turned and looked behind him at the window. It was a mass of distorted faces, cold blue noses squashed against the glass. The smaller children's faces were against the lower panes, the larger ones above, all eyes on the television set. They could see although they could not hear.

Pete went over and their eyes swung from the screen to him. He reached up one hand and grasped the cord of the window shade and eighteen pairs of eyes never wavered from his hand that spelled their doom.

His grip relaxed, he went to the door and said, "I give up. Come in."

They forgave him. They trooped in and overflowed the room and the smallest girl won the race to the big chair, parked her gum under the seat and sat there happily while Thatcher picked his footing past them and went out to the kitchen to fry a brace of eggs for supper.

He sat down at the table thinking fantastic thoughts of posting leprosy and smallpox signs outside his apartment. He began his lonely meal and a cowboy shouted, "Come on, boys, we'll head 'em off at Piute Pass," and a gun went off and Thatcher stabbed himself in the cheek with his fork.

At seven thirty the room was cleared. Pete sank into his chair and heard a ring at the doorbell. He detected a giggle in the hall, a typical Mrs. Feible giggle. Suddenly the years of breeding dropped from him.

"Why don't you try Gilhooley's saloon?" he shouted.

There was no other sound for a moment and then the outer door swung shut. Frozen to his chair, Pete saw a slim form scurry past his window along the flagstone path.

Horror-struck, he rose and dashed outside. Mrs. Feible was on the stairs, clutching the evening paper and he raced past her and outside and called frantically, "Miss Merritt."

She scudded ahead of him into the dark and her apartment door slammed. He went back and feverishly hunted

MELISSE

Vernal Index

Crocuses in every lawn,
Birds in every steeple;
Everything is balmier,
Particularly people.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

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through the telephone book and dialed her number and at last heard her voice answer.

"It's me," he said confusedly. "Pete Thatcher. I thought it was somebody else, I thought—"

"It's perfectly all right, Mr. Thatcher," she said. "I wanted to see the cooking program, but it was foolish of me. It would bore you to tears anyway. Do forgive me."

While he was babbling about his love for cooking programs, she hung up. He staggered over to the big chair and sat down and watched ze chef prepare ze casserole. . . .

He went to work the next morning and out in the shop he came upon a foreman he was fond of, Danny Wisniski.

"I heard you bought a television set," Wisniski said. "Pretty slick, hey? I bet it's great, and you really enjoy yourself."

Pete smiled wanly and said that it was fine. He had an afterthought and told Wisniski to drop up and take a look sometime. He went on about his work, went home at five and Susan Merritt was promenading with her dog. He spoke to her and Miss Merritt smiled sweetly. Pete was going to apologize all over again but the dog barked steadily at him and he gave it up and trudged into the apartment hall, wedged full of happy-faced youngsters who greeted him with treble cries of joy.

The kids were gone an hour later. It was a Friday night, a night when many people went out. Pete stood in his apartment and looked across the court at apartment 42. It was a duplex and a light was on upstairs. Probably Susan Merritt was getting dressed. Probably some jerk would be taking her out tonight, making love to her, the bum.

He slumped into a chair in front of the television set, and at nine rose and peered into the misty night again. He saw a young man coming up the flagstone walk, a clean-cut, collar-ad young man with a box of flowers under one arm. The door of apartment 42 opened, admitted the young man and closed again, blotting out the light. Pete went back and slumped in the big chair and the doorbell rang.

"I will kill that Feible," Pete said. "Before the eyes of his wife I will dismember him." He wrenched open the door and a handsome young couple were standing there, looking slightly nervous.

"I guess we're nervy," the young man said. "But you know how it is with the big fight on tonight. We took a chance. If you object, just say so."

PETE looked gloomily at them. "Come in," he said. He tuned the set and found a preliminary fight under way. The couple spoke admiringly and at length about his set, to Pete's surprise. They even insisted that he sit in the big chair. Pete felt better. He was beginning to think there might be some human beings left in the world when the doorbell rang and he found Frank Wisniski there with half a dozen other men.

"If it ain't okay," said Frank, "just say the word. Just give us the high sign and we'll hit the road, Mr. Thatcher."

"Come ahead," Pete said.

Frank waved them in. "Easy with that beer keg, Stanley," he said, and turned to Pete. "If you're good enough to leave us see the fight, why, we figured the least we could do was bring the beer. We got some cases here—all good and cold. It oughtta be enough in case any of your own friends drop around. Take that beer out in the kitchen, Stanley. Who's got a bottle opener?"

The door had not been closed and suddenly Pete saw that Sam Feible and his wife were in the room and another gentleman with whiskers he had never seen before. Pete felt someone breathing on his neck. The fat policeman eased by him and beat Sam Feible to the big chair by an eyelash.

"Beer," said Frank Wisniski, popping into the room with a tray of glasses. Pete accepted one and turned to the door where Susan's parents were standing.

Susan's father said, "We saw the people thronging in. Don't know if it's open house or not—"

"Glad to have you, Mr. Merritt," said Pete. "I'm afraid we won't have enough glasses—"

"I'll run over and get some," Mrs. Merritt said. "Some of the folks in our building across would love to come if you don't mind. They wouldn't ask, not knowing you—"

"How about Susan?" said Pete. "Do you think she might—I mean would she—does she care—"

"Susan, when we left," said Mr. Merritt, "was sitting on the davenport with her young man. I don't imagine they'll be interested in fighting. Ha, ha, ha."

"Ha, ha," said Pete hollowly.

HE DIDN'T count noses. Ten minutes later at a guess there were about thirty people in the audience. Wisniski and his boys were running beer from the kitchen to the living room, and on the screen the referee had his arms around the fighters and was saying, "Now bot' youse boys break clean—"

Everybody was there but Susan, Pete thought. The doorbell rang and he got the door open and saw a young man there and beside the young man, Susan Merritt.

Susan said, "This is Mr. Devlin, Mr. Thatcher."

Devlin said, "I'm really keen to see this fight, Mr. Thatcher—if you don't mind."

Pete stepped outside the door and Susan and Devlin went inside. Pete stood out there in the hall by himself. There was not even standing room in the apartment now.

Devlin was standing on tiptoe, eyes only for the screen, but Susan slipped out into the hall.

"I'll stand out here," she said. "I don't really care about fights."

"I do," said Pete. "But not now. I'd rather look at you." He had a sudden bold idea. Softly he closed the door and they were standing together in the hall and Susan laughed.

"You've had a hard time," she said. "It'll get better. I know of three people in the apartment who are having sets installed next week. You won't be pestered so much by the children."

"They're pretty good kids," Pete said. "I was going to shut them out of it but I couldn't be that much of a heel."

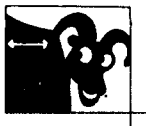
"You're very nice," she said, and flushed a little looking at him. "I didn't like you at first—I didn't like the way you gave me the eye every day when I was walking the dog. I thought you were terribly fresh."

"I wanted to be," Pete said. Gently he urged her down the hall and outside.

"I feel terribly guilty," Susan said, "keeping you from seeing the fight. Wait! We can see it from here."

They paused before the window and Pete helped her up on the window sill. Pete stood beside her, looking in through the window at the television set. The boys were slugging it out in the ring and Frank Wisniski was running in from the kitchen with a tray of beer glasses.

Pete put his arm around Susan because her perch was precarious and it would be a terrible thing if she fell and hurt herself. She didn't mind, she held his hand. Pete stood close to her and looked inside his apartment at the fight. But instead of seeing himself and the screen and the sardine-packed room he saw a future evening with himself and Susan sitting in the big chair. And the door would be locked and bolted with a chain and the shades would be drawn and there would be nobody in the room at all, just himself and Susan and the television set.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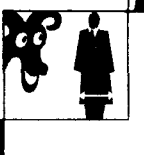
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Collier's 1st Annual All-America

By BILL FAY

PICKED FOR THE TALENTS THEY NEED IN ACTION RATHER THAN RULE-BOOK STARTING POSITIONS, THIS TEAM IS THE HOTTEST NEWS STORY IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS

THE conventional basketball line-up lists two forwards, one center and two guards. The players occupy these fixed positions approximately ten seconds in a forty-minute game—during the center jumps which start the halves.

During the other 39 minutes and 50 seconds, each player is a specialist. He contributes a skill that adds up to balanced team strength in this era of lightning-fast, high-scoring basketball. Coaches have their own names for these special skills. In the coaches' vernacular, a player is a *work horse,* a *quarterback,* a *driver,* a *front-court feeder,* a *shooter* or a *fireman.*

Shortly after Christmas, the National Association of Basketball Coaches entered into a long-term agreement to select the annual All-America basketball team for Collier's. It was decided then to pick All-America players for their essential skills—not to fill outdated positions in a conventional line-up. The result is an All-America team which may startle you at first glance.

Vince Boryla, University of Denver center, is the *work horse* on Collier's All-America line-up. Ralph Beard, University of Kentucky guard, is the *quarterback;* Bill Erickson, University of Illinois guard, is the *driver;* Ed Macauley, St. Louis University center, is the *front-court feeder;* Ernie Vandeweghe, Colgate University center, is the *shooter;* and Jim McIntyre, University of Minnesota center, is the *fireman,* the indispensable, all-position substitute.

Now, let's find out why the coaches talk about work horses and quarterbacks. Herbert (Buck) Read, coach at Western Michigan College, president of the coaches association and chairman of Collier's All-America Basketball Board, explains:

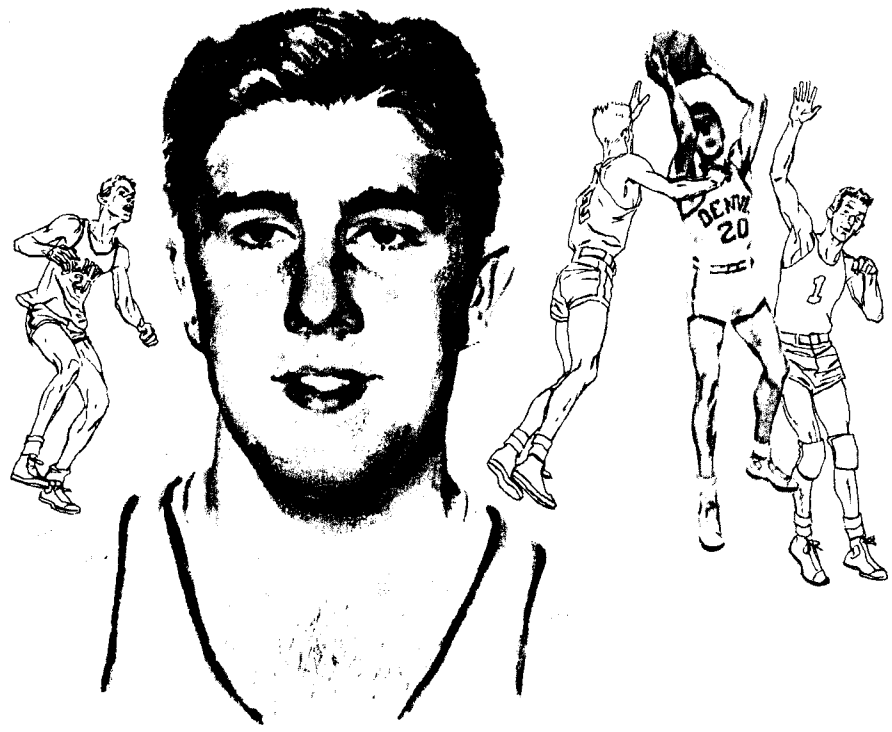
"You can't evaluate players on scoring records alone. Each year you find many players with phenomenal records—players who average 20 points a game, or better. Theoretically, if you picked five such scoring wizards on your All-America, you would have a team capable of manufacturing at least 100 points per game.

"Actually, as a team your five wizards probably would have trouble making 40 points a game. You can't score if you don't have the ball, and not all scoring specialists have the physical equipment to grab rebounds off the board consistently."

This is what the coaches mean when they speak of the various specialists.

Every team must have a work horse—a big, brawny, aggressive fellow well over six feet tall. The bigger the better. A team can't do business without him. On defense, he gets up there and takes rebounds away from the opponents. On offense, he works under the basket and grabs the misses. When you consider that the best shooters make only about 30 per cent of their shots from all zones, it is apparent how necessary the work horse really is. He's the difference between having the ball or not having it.

After the work horse gains control, the quarter-



VINCE BORYLA, *Center,* UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

ALL-AMERICA POSITION: *Work Horse*

A junior from East Chicago, Indiana, Boryla's 6 feet 4 inches and 215 pounds of fight have made him a champion wrestler under both backboards—the quality needed in the ball-controlling work horse. In addition, he has three equally effective ways of shooting. He has a deadly jump shot, can hook with either hand, or fire from the outside with an unorthodox two-hander (he holds the ball at and shoots from eye level rather than from the normal chest position). The 21-year-old Hoosier ace scored 36 points against St. John's in Madison Square Garden—20 of them coming consecutively

RALPH BEARD, *Guard,* UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

ALL-AMERICA POSITION: *Quarterback*

Like many a famous quarterback of the gridiron, Ralph Beard is the smallest man on the squad—5 feet 10 inches tall and 175 pounds. This 21-year-old senior from Louisville is the spark plug of Kentucky's defending N.C.A.A. champions and is generally regarded as the fastest dribbler in college basketball. He's an adhesive player on defense—always assigned to guard the opponents' top scorer. An excellent one-hand shot from the inside, Beard is even more deadly with two hands from the center court. On a good night, he may cinch as many as 50 per cent of his field goal tries

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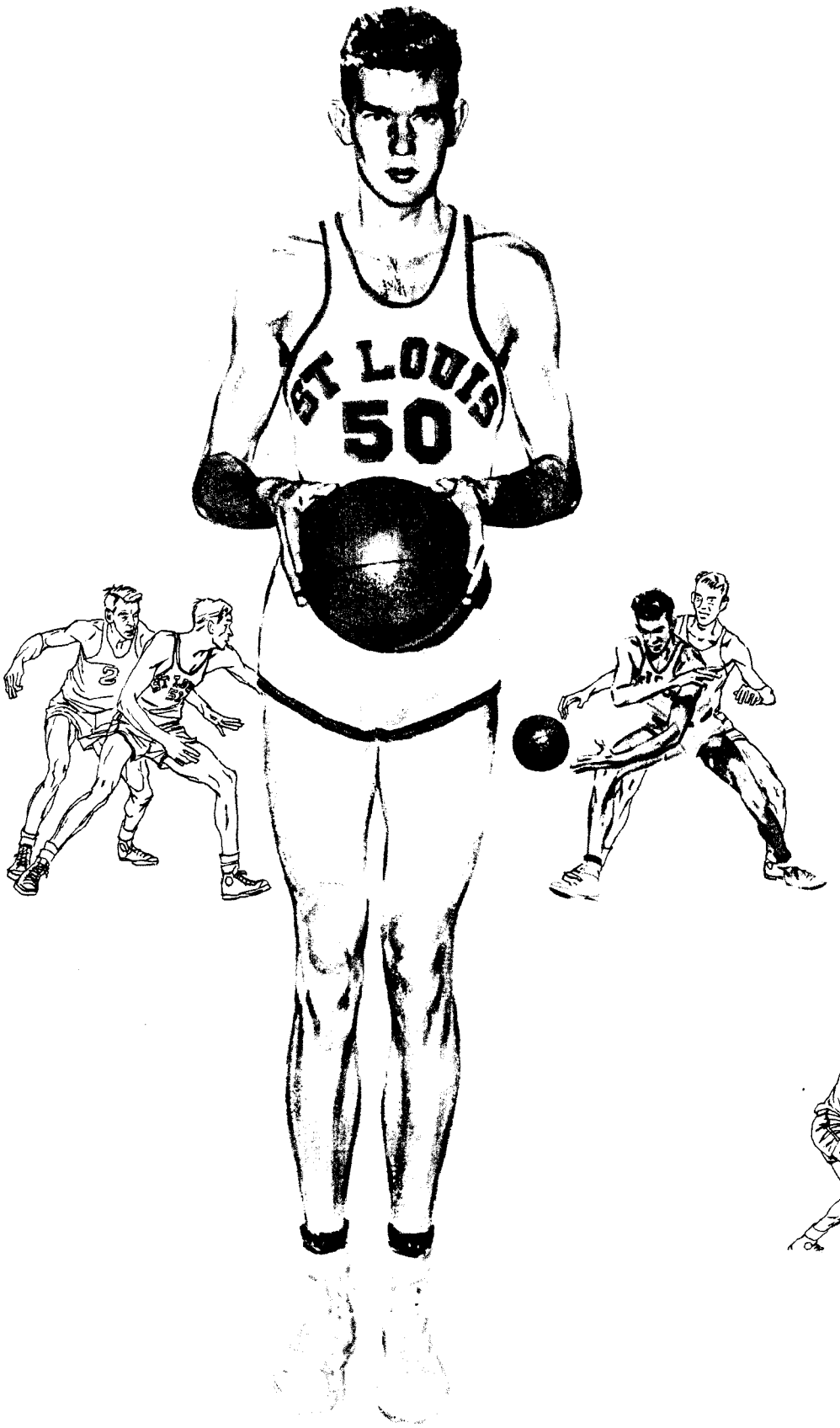
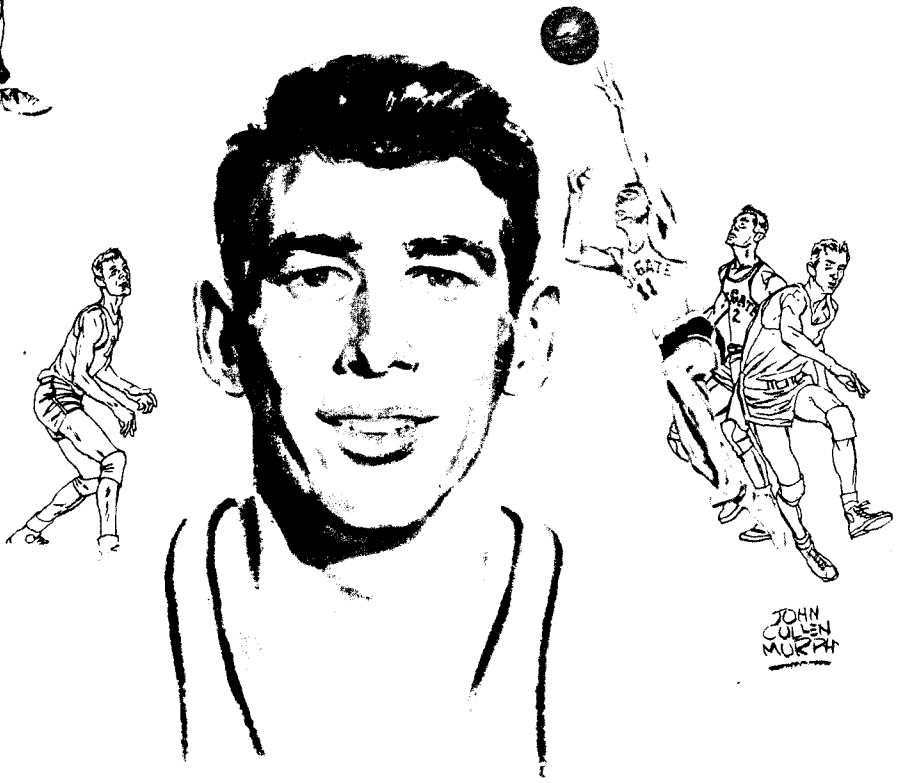
College Basketball Team



BILL ERICKSON, *Guard*, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

ALL-AMERICA POSITION: *Driver*

An unconventional but highly successful maneuver characterizes the play of this junior from Rockford, Illinois. He specializes in driving under the basket for scores in this way: He dribbles in from the right side, moves under the basket, past the basket, then twists and flips with his right hand from the left side of the floor. He's 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 184 pounds and is 20 years old. In three years of college play, Erickson has the enviable record of cashing in 35 per cent of all his field goal attempts



ED MACAULEY, *Center*, ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY

ALL-AMERICA POSITION: *Front-Court Feeder*

This 20-year-old senior from St. Louis is a coach's dream for the front-court feeder job. He handles a basketball as deftly as shortstop Marty Marion fields a baseball. He makes every play look easy—which has won him the nickname of Easy Ed. Opponents can't get near the ball when Ed holds it at extended arm's length—he's 6 feet 8 inches tall. But being built like the Eiffel Tower (he weighs only 180 pounds) has its disadvantages—when the team takes to the road, Ed needs two upper berths

E. VANDEWEGHE, *Center*, COLGATE UNIVERSITY

ALL-AMERICA POSITION: *Shooter*

There is no kind of shot this 20-year-old senior from Oceanside, New York, can't make. He's equally good on a lay-up, pivot, hook or set. In his first three years of college play he has scored 1,007 points and holds the Colgate record with 35 points in one game. He has been averaging better than 20 points per game this season. The 6-foot 3-inch 190-pounder's record is more remarkable when you know that he didn't take to basketball until his soccer-enthused family moved to the United States from Canada

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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back takes charge. The quarterback must be extremely fast and an unerring passer. He directs the backcourt maneuvering—sets up the plays.

Finally, when the play is set, the driver carries the ball into scoring position. He must be fast-starting and a clever, instinctive dribbler. He must be able to dribble through to score—if the opening is big enough. If the hole closes, he must be able to pass the ball to the feeder.

The feeder must do many things well. He works around the basket inside the foul line. If guarded loosely, he scores on hook shots, pivoting either left or right. If covered, he sizes up the whole offensive picture in a split second—and feeds the ball to the teammate in the best scoring position.

Of course, the shooter should be open and the feeder should get the ball to him. The shooter is the best shot. He must be a double-threat man, able to shoot from outside or dribble in with a fast change of pace. Naturally, he is the feeder's primary target.

But what about that sixth man? That fireman?

Every player has a bad night occasionally, and in almost every tight game there comes the make-or-break point. At the psychological moment, a coach must have a fireman ready for action. The fireman must be versatile enough to replace the player who is having an off night—or perhaps needs a rest. And the fireman should be a spark plug—a player who can rouse a team emotionally, inspire it to peak performance. There are players like that—and every coach needs a good fireman, to have a well-balanced team.

The system used in selecting these stars is identical with the authoritative method used in picking Collier's All-America football team last fall.

An All-America basketball board, which consists of a coach from each major competitive section of the country, did the job. Clair Bee of Long Island University represented the East; Adolph Rupp of the University of Kentucky, the South; Ozzie Cowles of the University of Minnesota, the Middle West; Hank Iba of Oklahoma A & M, the Southwest; Everett Dean of Stanford University, the Far West; and serving as chairman, Herbert Read.

Assisting throughout but especially active in the first two steps were the members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches.

The selection process involved three steps.

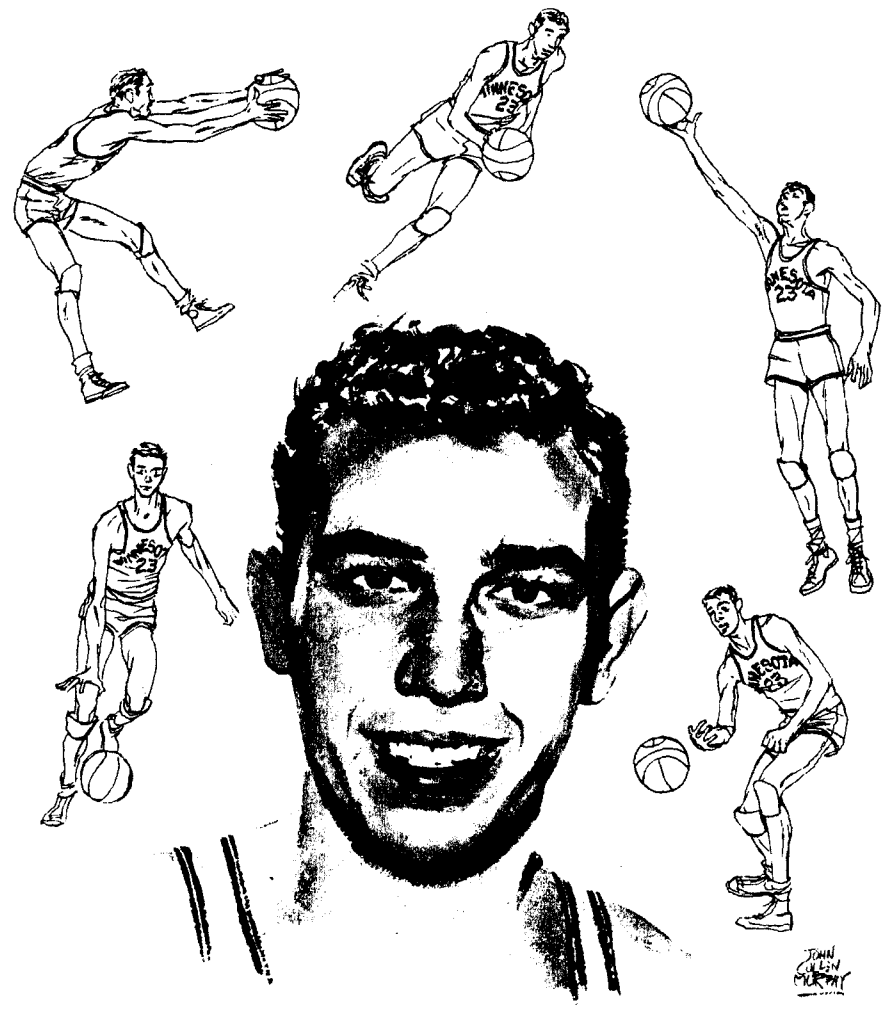
Step one: The coaches studied the players in their own sections of the country, watching them in game action. They followed their season's records from scouting reports. They rechecked first impressions by examining game movies.

Step two: The coaches voted for the players who, on the basis of personal observation, deserved All-America consideration. This nation-wide ballot produced the five regional All-Star teams published last week.

Step three: Collier's All-America Board of distinguished coaches studied the five regional teams and picked the six outstanding stars. Selections were based on personal observation by board members and close study of game movies.

Although the practice has not been as highly publicized, basketball coaches film their games as extensively as do football coaches—and for the same reason. The movies uncover individual faults as well as errors in team strategy. They are the only practical and fair method of evaluating and comparing All-America candidates who do not oppose one another or do not compete against common opponents.

Collier's originated the All-America tradition by picking the first All-America football team 60 years ago. Our alliance with the coaches who control college football and basketball is a logical and significant development in Collier's All-America tradition. It sets a common and authoritative All-America standard for the two outstanding and most popular college sports. It will do much to eliminate confused claims arising from selections made by various groups which attempt to imitate Collier's All-America teams.



JIM McINTYRE, *Center*, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ALL-AMERICA POSITION: *Fireman*

The sixth man on Collier's new-style All-America basketball team is an indispensable, all-position man. He's got to do everything well and be able to inspire his teammates when the going is toughest. That description fits 6-foot 9½-inch Jim McIntyre. This 21-year-old senior from Minneapolis puts everything he's got into his game. He's 235 pounds of fighting fireman

Collier's All-America Basketball Board

Far West: Everett Dean
Stanford University

Chairman: Herbert Read
Western Michigan

South: Adolph Rupp
University of Kentucky

Mid West: Ozzie Cowles
University of Minnesota

East: Clair Bee
Long Island University

Southwest: Hank Iba
Oklahoma A & M

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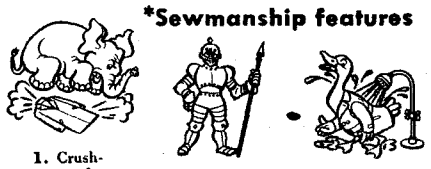

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PRIDE'S CASTLE

Continued from page 15

said the words, she knew. Pride Dawson had put it there. And he had done so because he wanted to see her again. I'll have to give it back, she thought, as she reached for the cord to pull the driver's leg; the stage jolted to a stop and she got down.

Now, she thought, I'll have blocks to walk and through the Whisky Wards, too. But it was just about here that he went into that saloon—only a few streets over.

She was walking now, straight down the side street toward the Bowery block where she had seen Pride that morning. The street on which she was walking clung grimly to its respectability. It was unpaved, and every other house showed a broad expanse of dusty street in front of it where the frugal residents had refused to pay the fee of the watering cart. Sharon did not even glance at the houses or the street. Instead she continued to walk, constantly increasing her pace, until to her intense chagrin, she noticed she was almost running. By an effort of will, she slowed to a more sedate stride.

Through the Bowery, the crowds still moved, but nowhere was there a big man who towered by more than a head above them. Sharon felt like crying. "Now," she said aloud with great exasperation, "I shall have to go into a saloon!"

But she had not gone ten steps when the door of the saloon across the street burst open, and a knot of struggling men boiled out into the street. In the midst of them, she recognized Pride. He was roaring like an angry bull and using his big fist with devastating effect; but the strongest arm in the world is of little help against a crowd of determined men armed with brass knuckles and blackjacks.

She saw him go down and lie in the street, while his opponents proceeded to work upon his inert form with their boots. Tim was beside him but a smart clip to the side of the head sent him down.

SHARON did not hesitate. She dashed across the street and sailed into the crowd of toughs, using her umbrella as a weapon. The ruffians whirled, their brass knuckles ready. But when they saw their small, modishly dressed attacker, they broke into roars of cheerful laughter.

"Cowards!" Sharon shouted. "Twenty of you against two!"

"He should of knowed better than to start a ruckus in Joe's," the leader of the gang said mildly. "Well, so long, ma'am—treat him good and he'll fergit all about it!"

They turned then and trooped back into the saloon. Sharon knelt there in the street, forgetful of the dirt, and tried to lift Pride's big head into her arms. Beside her, Tim groaned and sat up, shaking his head. He stared at Sharon with a look of open-mouthed wonder.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said. "You sure came just in time."

"I'm afraid," Sharon whispered, "that your friend is badly hurt. Help me get him up. Where are you staying?"

"Nowhere, ma'am. We hadn't found lodgings yet. Pride would go into that there dive 'cause the girls what waits on you are half nakid. So they doped his drink and picked his pocket—and when he come to, he started a fight."

"They took all your money?"

"Every living cent—three hundred and fifty dollars."

Sharon frowned thoughtfully. "Let's get him up," she said. "We'll take him up to my father's place. Daddo will take care of him."

"Ma'am," Tim said reverently, "you're a fine lady."

Between them, they got the lurching, swaying hulk of Pride Dawson to his feet. They reached Broadway at the height of the rush hour, when most of the workers had completed their twelve to fourteen hours of daily work. Sharon, who knew this time, turned a despairing face toward Tim.

"We'll never get one now!" she said.

One glance showed Tim exactly what she meant. The stages had all got fresh horses and were racing uptown.

Then one stage came along rather more slowly than the rest—a stage drawn by horses who had escaped the abattoirs and the glue factory by a minor miracle. Wildly Sharon signaled it, and it stopped.

They climbed aboard and the stage clopped steadily uptown, easily outdistanced by the faster vehicles. Somewhere in the vicinity of Sixty-eighth Street, the stage stopped and Sharon turned to Tim. "We'd better get off here," she said.

Tim looked at Pride and saw at once that the big man's eyes were open.

Sharon smiled gently at Pride.

"So you're back with us," she said. "Can you walk?"

"Reckon so," Pride mumbled. Then: "Glory be! It's you!"

"Please," Sharon said. "You've been hurt. You'd better be quiet."

They got down, then, holding Pride between them. Pride was able to walk though somewhat unsteadily. He was acutely conscious of Sharon's shoulder beneath his arm, so that, although his strength rapidly returned, he pretended that it had not and continued to lean heavily upon her.

They came to a path that ran upward among the rocks. Looking up, Pride could see the whiskered face of a goat staring solemnly down at them. There were chickens along the path, and pigs, to say nothing of the numerous filthy urchins that ran like wild things at the approach of Sharon and the two men.

But the houses, once they had reached them, were stranger still: They were built of old packing cases, or any kind of scrap lumber that had come to hand, and were roofed with flattened tin cans. From every fence and clothesline bright festoons of colored rags fluttered.

Pride looked at Sharon. "You live—here?"

"No. Not now. I did once, though. My father is a ragpicker. He lives here."

THE O'Neil house was the largest and most imposing of the shanty settlement. As they came up to it, Stan O'Neil came out to greet them. Pride put out his big hand.

"My father," Sharon was saying, "Stanton O'Neil."

"I," Stan O'Neil said, "have a wee dram in the house. You look as if you could use it."

"I could," Pride said.

They sat on the tiny stoop and sipped the Irish whisky. Pride could feel the slow warmth it brought curling to the tips of his toes. Sharon sat there with a cup of tea in her hand and watched him with her soft brown eyes.

"Daddo," she said at last, "think you could find work for my friends?"

"Well," Stan said, "they can take a poker and go out with the others; 'tis dirty work for sich fine lads, but 'twill keep them eating."

"You mean," Pride burst out, "I should pick rags?"

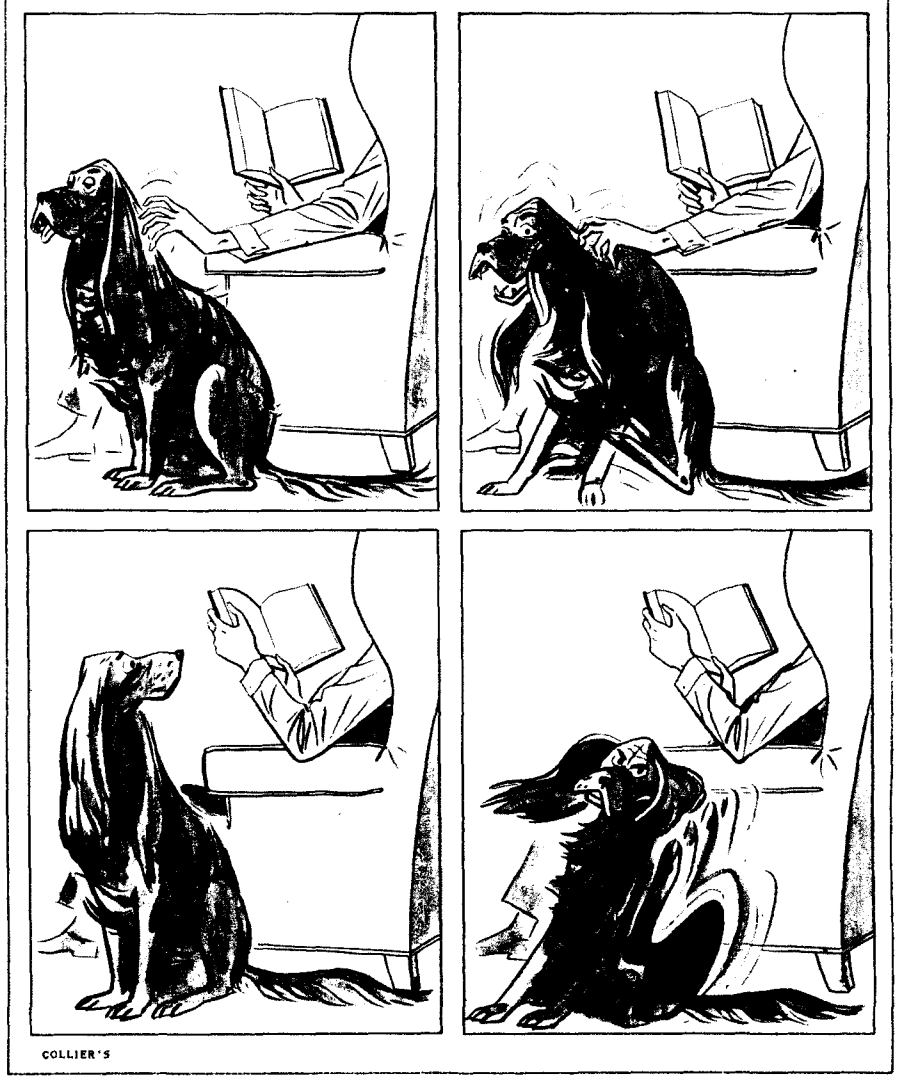
Tim looked at Pride, his blue eyes hard. "You've done dirtier things."

Pride turned to him, anger mottling his cheeks. "When have I ever—"

"Wasn't talking about your hands," Tim said evenly.

Clancy

By John Ruge



COLLIER'S

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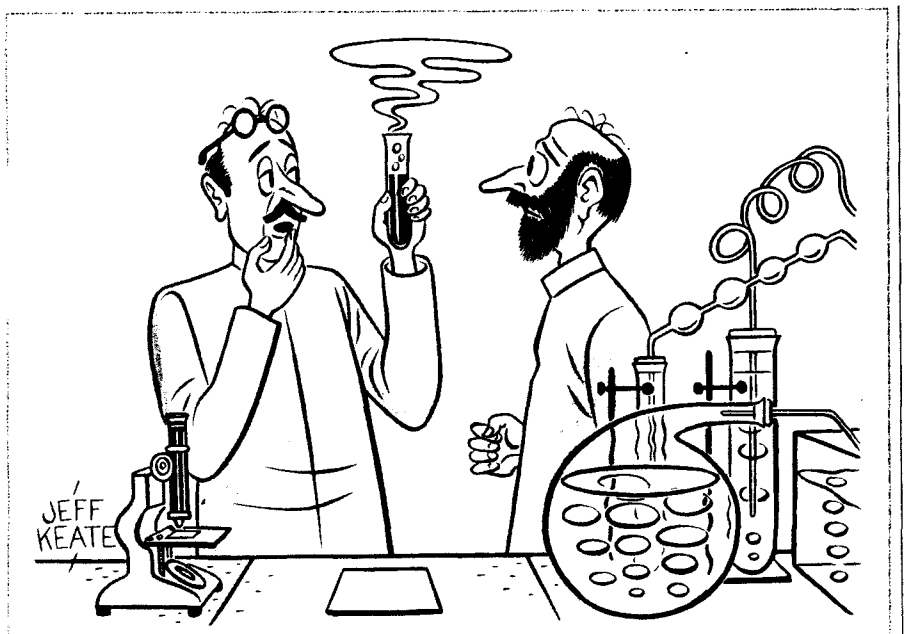


COLLIER'S "I'm afraid it's only a mediocre miracle drug" JEFF KEATE

Sharon leaned forward, something close to recognition in her eyes. "Not his hands," she said. "Then what were you talking about, Tim?"

Tim stood up and spat. "He," he said contemptuously, "got dirt on his soul." Then he walked away from the house.

Pride got up at once, the great vein on his forehead beating visibly with his blood. But Sharon was before him, both her hands gripping his wrists. Slowly the dark color ebbed from his face. "Come, Pride," Sharon said, "take a walk with me. You don't mind, do you, Daddo?"

"No," Stan said, "I don't mind."

She slipped her hand through the crook of Pride's elbow and they went down the path together.

Sharon looked up at him. There's something in him, she thought, something ancient and terrible and grand. He's a barbarian, that's what he is. And nothing will ever tame him or make him civilized. I think he has the cruelest face I ever saw—and the most wonderful. She was conscious that Pride was gazing down at her with wonder in his eyes.

"You," he mumbled "—you called me Pride!"

"Did I? Do you mind?"

"Mind? I never heard it sound so good before."

"Then I'll go on calling you Pride. How in the world did you ever get such a name?"

Pride looked away from her, back toward the dim lights of Shantytown. "My maw," he said gruffly, "she named me Pride—so's I wouldn't forget to have it."

"Oh, Pride. Here's your—luck piece back."

"Keep it. I want you to have it."

"No, Pride," Sharon said. "It's your luck."

Pride held the nugget in his hand and looked at it. "It ain't good enough for you anyhow," he said. "One day I'm going to give you diamonds!"

"Thank you," Sharon laughed. Then she sobered abruptly. "Pride," she asked, "why were you so angry with Tim?"

Pride frowned, looking down into her small face. "Because Tim told the truth. I got a black devil inside me—and any woman that smiles at me once lives to cry over it later. Come on. I'm taking you back to your paw."

"No," Sharon said, "I don't want to go back."

"I said come on!"

Sharon's brown eyes were filled with mischief. "No," she laughed, "let's walk—let's walk for hours!"

Instead of answering her, Pride stepped up to her in one long stride. His arm moved out and drew her to him. She saw his face above her blotting out the sky, and at the last moment she got the curious sensation that there would be no more stars again—not ever in the universe. Then his mouth caught hers and twisted it cruelly, his arms tightening, bending her backward. Then he released her, stepping back so that their parting was as sharp and sudden as a whipcrack.

He stood there looking at her. Then he took out a cigar and lighted it, his lips curling about its end in a smile that was absolutely the cruelest in the world. Sharon could feel the tears start, hot upon her cold face.

"Now," Pride said, "now will you go back?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes, oh, yes."

PRIDE spent the next few days working at a job which, to a man of his nature, was absolutely intolerable. With a canvas bag slung over his shoulder he moved over the garbage scows with the other ragpickers digging out choice bits of rag and paper and bottles and old iron. These were turned over to Sharon's father, who then sold them to the dealers in junk, for which service he collected a small commission.

Pride blustered and swore, but he kept his job, hoping vainly that something would turn up. But nothing did. Sharon tried hard to help. She came flying up the hill one evening with the suggestion that her father introduce Pride and Tim to his former employer, Thomas Stillworth, one of New York's most famous financiers.

But, to her great surprise, her father refused absolutely, saying that he would not have any further dealings with a man like "Black Tom" Stillworth, who was notorious for his hideous oppression of the poor.

"I'm sorry," Sharon said to Pride. "I guess my idea wasn't so good after all." Then she turned to her father. "But 'Black Tom,' Daddo—why do you call him that?"

"'Tis the color of his evil heart," Stan said.

Sharon looked up at Pride. "Well, anyhow I tried."

"Thank you kindly," Pride said. "Feel like taking another little walk with me?"

He saw her wide-lipped mouth tighten, and an expression of fear was reflected briefly in her eyes. Pride bent close to her ear. "I'll be good," he whispered.

"All right, Pride, I'll walk with you."

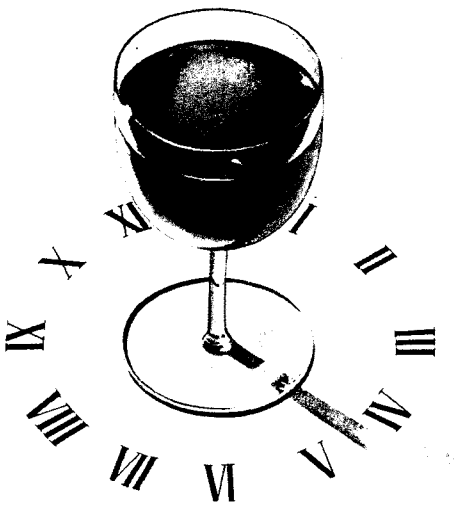
"You wait right here while I go and change."

"You don't have to change," Sharon said. "I don't mind those clothes at all."

"But I do," Pride said sharply, almost savagely, and turning, went behind the little house.

"Sharon, lass," Stan O'Neil said

Any time is TAYLOR time



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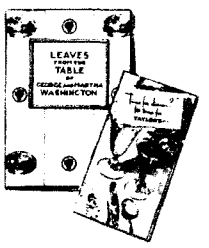

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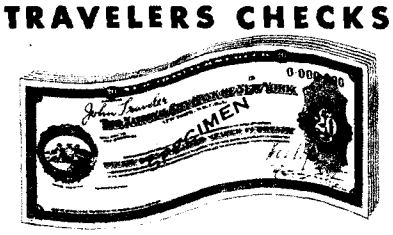

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quietly, "be careful of that young man."

"Oh, you!" Sharon said and fled around the corner of the house. She stopped short, for Pride stood there, his back turned toward her, washing himself in the rain barrel. He had stripped himself to the waist, and his enormous trunk rippled with muscle, moving smoothly under his coppery skin that the lamplight made somehow golden. He doused himself vigorously, the water making silver streaks over his broad back. He half turned.

She started to go, but his face, seen in profile, held her. It was weather-beaten, rough-hewn, of ancient rock, as old as time, yet somehow ageless, the nose hooking down to the shaggy brush of his mustache, the strong jaw blue-shadowed in the lamplight.

WITH an effort, she freed herself from her reverie and turned to go back toward the front of the shanty; but the rustle of her skirts caught Pride's ears.

"That you, Sharon, honey?" he called, walking toward her. She was powerless to utter a word.

He put out his great hand and lifted her chin, seeing her small face ghost white in the moonlight. "Didn't mean to scare you," he said, not unkindly. "Run along now like a good girl while I get dressed."

Sharon's cheeks, as she fled around the corner of the house, were hot to the touch. Oh, what will he think of me now?

But, when Pride finally did join her, his manner was calm, almost preoccupied. They walked without haste through the rocky steep paths until they came to a place where the ground leveled off.

"Sit down," Pride growled.

Sharon's brown eyes darted from stone to tree to barren hillside, their pupils dilating with panic. Then her gaze swung back to Pride himself. He had sunk down upon an outcropping of rock and his big hands searched in his jacket pocket for a cigar. He was not looking at her.

Slowly Sharon sat down beside him, wondering what the feeling was that had replaced her fear of a moment ago. Pride lighted a brimstone match, shaking it furiously to rid it of the flaring sparks and the smell of sulphur. He bent down to it, cupping it between his hands so that his face was caught in the flickering little pool of yellow.

"You know where this Stillworth lives?" he demanded.

"Yes," Sharon faltered.

"Tell me how to get there."

"You're going to apply for a job?"

Pride grinned and drew in upon the cigar.

"Well," he drawled, "not exactly. But old Black Tom's going to give me one just the same. I got some plans. But they call for money. You got any?"

"I—I have fifty dollars. I was saving it up to pay Daddo back for opening up my shop for me. Will that do?"

"Plenty," Pride said. "Pay you back the first of next month—doubled. I always pay my debts. Ask Tim."

"Oh," Sharon said, "I believe you. Will tomorrow do?"

"Tomorrow'll do just fine. Now tell me how I get to Stillworth's place."

"It's on Fifth Avenue," Sharon told him, "just below Thirty-eighth Street. You get off the stage at Forty-second and walk south."

"Come on," he said, "let's go back."

"No," Sharon said, "sit and talk to me a while."

Slowly Pride sank down again. He looked at her calmly. "What'll we talk about?"

"I—I don't know. You, maybe. I don't know anything about you, Pride."

"Do you want to?" he asked suddenly.

"Very much. For instance—how old are you?"

"I'm thirty-seven, and I ain't married."

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By LESTER VELIE

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In Collier's *next week*

Sharon stiffened. "I didn't ask you that!" she snapped.

"I know. But you wanted to know just the same." Pride patted her hand with his great clumsy paw. "Don't worry," he said gruffly. "If I ever marry anybody—it'll be you."

"And what," she demanded, "makes you think I'd have you?"

"You'd marry me tonight if I asked you."

Sharon was on her feet now. "Why, you—"

"Don't even know the words, do you? That's good. Sweet little thing like you hadn't ought to know the words what fit me. Sit back down. I was only plaguing you. You get cheeks like a peony when you get mad."

"I think," Sharon said, "that we'd better go back." She stood up, her eyelids scalded with her tears. "You—you take too much for granted. And you're a brute. You hurt me—that time."

"And you," Pride grinned, "liked it."

Sharon swung her open hand at his face, but he caught her wrist deftly, and dragged her into his embrace.

She felt herself being drawn forward. Then he bent down and kissed her—lightly, his lips brushing hers as though she were something infinitely rare and precious, something fragile enough to be destroyed by a breath. A moment later he released her and stepped back.

"Better?" he said.

Sharon swayed there before him, her wide, warm mouth trembling uncontrollably. Then wordlessly she stepped forward again into his embrace.

"Yes," she whispered, "oh, yes, much!" Then suddenly, fiercely: "Say it! Say what I want to hear!"

"I love you," Pride said. "Don't know why, but I love you. I love you so much that I ache inside from wanting you and yet I can't touch you, because the goodness in your face gets in between us."

"I'm glad! Oh, Pride, I'm so glad!"

"I never loved a woman before. I wanted 'em, yes. But I don't want you like that. I want you in a veil in the church. I want to carry you 'cross the doorjamb. I want you in my house with the gray getting into your hair, and our kids whooping an' stomping the place down all around us. Like the idea?"

"Yes," Sharon whispered. "But when, Pride?"

"Don't know," he said gruffly. "I got to get some money first. Lots of money."

"Pride—" Sharon murmured. "I don't care about money. You're all I want. I could be so good to you—without a cent I could. I could work for you and mend your things and—"

"That," Pride growled, "is plain damn' foolishness! We'll wait till I've got something—you understand?"

"Yes," Sharon said gently, "yes, Pride—we'll wait."

THAT same night, Pride paid a visit to Harry Hill's concert saloon on Houston Street. But, oddly enough, he did not even buy a glass of beer. Instead he leaned over the bar and said to Harry, "Do you know a couple of tough boys who don't care how they make an honest dollar?"

"Who," Harry demanded, "got the honest dollar?"

"Me," Pride grinned.

"That's different," Harry said. "I know two dozen." . . .

Three days later, Pride was loitering outside of a great brownstone mansion on Fifth Avenue. He was not directly

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COLLIER'S

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in front of it, but lingered idly some two houses up the street, and on the opposite side.

"Why don't you just go in," Tim demanded, "and ask him for a job?"

"He'll be out. He always goes out about this time."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Wait and see," Pride said.

Tim gave a grimace of disgust and started to move away. But the door of the brownstone opened and an old man came out with a young woman on his arm. Tim saw Pride stiffen. Clearly there was an unexpected factor in the matter now, for Pride's face was troubled.

The young woman, Pride saw at once, was lovely. Almost unbelievably so. Her blond hair was of a shade so light as to be almost silvery, yet her lips were not the shell pink usually found in pale blondes, but deep rose, and her eyes were sea blue, soft and velvety. She was slender rather than thin, high of bosom, soft-curving, and she swept along in her exquisitely tailored walking suit.

Stillworth and the girl came down the stairs and started off on what, Tim realized, must have been a regular afternoon promenade. Then, suddenly, he seized Pride's arm and pointed. Down the street behind Stillworth and the girl raced two villainous-looking thugs.

Pride began to run, his long legs eating up the distance, and as Tim struggled to keep up, he could see that the footpads had seized both Stillworth and the girl, and were forcing them toward a carriage that had just that moment driven up. The timing was beautifully exact. Too much so. A dark suspicion began forming in Tim's mind.

Then he saw Pride, who had drawn a full ten yards ahead of him, fall upon the two kidnapers like an avenging Jove. His great fists pumped out, delivering hammer blows. The men staggered back, releasing their victims. Pride pivoted on his left foot, leaning forward with the blow, putting his weight behind it, so that he hooked the thug's jaw so hard that Tim expected to see the man's head leave his body. He crumpled like a suddenly emptied sack. His confederate made a dash for the carriage. He swung himself up and the carriage careened away.

Then, to Tim's astonishment, the man who had been knocked down jumped to his feet and scurried away. Suspicion crystallized into certainty in Tim's mind. He had seen Pride fight before. And no man whom Pride had hit solidly had ever got off the ground in under a half hour.

Tim went up to where Pride stood with his battered derby in his hand, gazing like one mesmerized into the face of the blond girl. Tim took off his own hat.

"Young man," Thomas Stillworth squeaked in a high, unpleasant voice, "I don't know how to thank you—"

The girl cast him a sidelong glance filled with amused contempt. "Tangibly, Father," she said.

"That's so, Esther," Tom Stillworth said, and his spidery hand crawled into his coat pocket. But Pride put out a hand and stopped him.

"No, thank you, sir," he said. "Can't take money for a little thing like that."

Esther Stillworth was studying Pride.

"No money?" she said. "Then some other reward, perhaps?"

PRIDE glanced quickly at Tom Stillworth. The old man was momentarily busy, flicking bits of invisible lint from his frock coat, so that Pride with a sudden motion was able to bend over close to Esther's ear.

"You," he whispered, and straightened up at once. Esther's blue eyes widened, then her chin came up and she loosed her laughter.

Tom Stillworth jumped at the sound.

"What ails you, girl?" he squeaked. "Are you daft?"

"No, Father." Esther smiled. "This gentleman just said something terribly amusing, that's all—"

Pride's face was brick red, suddenly.

"Foolishness," Stillworth snapped. "All you think about. Now look here, young man—there must be something—"

"There is," Pride said coolly. "Me'n my pal here have been out of work for a long time. Now if there was some kind of work you had for us—"

He had, he saw at once, struck the right note. Black Tom Stillworth hated to loose his hold on even one battered copper. But he worshiped industry.

His watery little gray eyes moved quickly, widening as they took in Pride's immense frame. Fourteen stone, he thought, and six foot four or five. The man could knock down a carriage horse!

"Come into the house, gentlemen," Tom Stillworth said.

Obediently, Pride and Tim followed the Stillworths up the steps to the front door of the brownstone mansion.

"Now to business," Tom Stillworth began. "A man in my position—unfortunately, and undeservedly—acquires many enemies." He lowered his voice to an intense, conspiratorial whisper, all the

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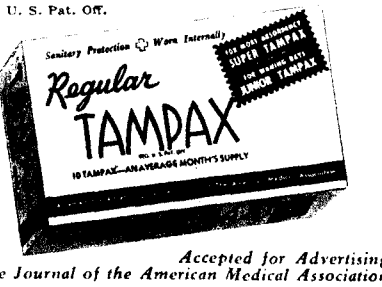

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She was proud that he went through the ordeal without a single protest—until it was ended, and he retired to her side to ask in a loud, piping voice, "And *now* will I get some hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal for breakfast—like you promised?" (ADV.)

time tugging gently at his muttonchop whiskers. "I don't mind telling you that there have been many attempts upon my life. You, fortunately for me, witnessed one such attempt today. I was impressed with the speed and capability with which you handled the situation; besides you seem quite strong. As for your friend here, I'm afraid there's nothing I can do."

Tim shrugged.

"Briefly, sir," Stillworth went on, looking at Pride, "my offer is this: I should like to engage you as a bodyguard to safeguard my own and my daughter's welfare."

Pride's black eyes sparkled. He had tried for a minnow and landed a whale. "And the salary?"

"Two hundred dollars a month!" Stillworth said.

Tim was not sure he had heard rightly.

"You'll stay here—at my house. A room will be provided for you on the top floor. Whenever I or my daughter goes out, you will accompany us. And—of course, there may be other matters in which you can be of service. Esther, ring for Malcholm—tell him to show this gentleman to his room."

"Yes, Father," Esther said. "But don't you think you'd better ask him his name first?"

"Pride Dawson," Pride said. He turned to Tim and put out his hand. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good-by," Tim said, and bowed slightly to Esther and her father. Then he walked to the door.

"Come with me, Pride," Esther said.

Pride went up the long stairs behind her. On the top floor, Esther turned. "This way."

SOMETHING in the way she said his name disturbed Pride. Slowly, as he walked behind her, he turned the matter over in his mind. It came to him at last with devastating completeness; a girl of her class should never have called him by his given name at all, unless—

"Miss Esther," he growled, "you called me Pride. Why?"

"Why not?" she said, coolly. "I call Malcholm, Malcholm. And I call Terrance by his first name."

Malcholm, Pride remembered, was the butler. He straightened up.

"I don't think," he said quietly, "you need to show me that room. And you can tell your father I've changed my mind."

Esther stood quite still before him, her blue eyes widening in her white face. Then, very softly, she began to laugh.

"You *are* proud," she said. "Don't be so silly. It's a very good job, you know. Here's the room—" Then without taking her eyes off him, she opened the door.

Pride bowed slightly, and she entered before him. Pride stood looking about him, his dark eyes bleak and forbidding.

Esther looked up at him. When she spoke the laughter bubbled up through her voice. "Like it?" she said. "Pride—"

He put his derby down upon a table. "Come here," he said.

Calmly, Esther approached him. When she was close, he put out his arms and drew her to him.

Esther found herself thinking: My but he's strong! Then Pride bent down and found her mouth. He kissed her slowly, expertly, lingering upon the caress. Against the solid strength of his arms, she was powerless. He tried deliberately to hurt her, watching the lines of pain forming about her closed eyes, then he changed at once to gentleness, until at last the response he sought was there, the lovely face pivoting upon the slim column of her throat, the warm lips moving upon his.

"Pride," she whispered, "oh, Pride—"

"That's better," he growled. "Say it like that." He grinned down at her. "Now get out of here," he said. "Tell Malcholm to bring me up a razor and a shaving mug. Tell your paw to advance me some money. I need clothes." . . .

Sharon said gently, "you needn't have paid me back so quickly, Pride. And this extra fifty dollars. I can't take that."

Pride smiled at her. "Tell you what. You put it in the bank—for us. A start on the furniture, maybe."

"Oh!" Sharon said, and her brown eyes filled up with so much joy that Pride turned his face away from her.

Sharon saw the gesture. She got up from the chair and came over to him. "What is it, Pride? You're troubled. Do you want to tell me about it?"

"No!"

"I see. Pride—is it a girl?"

"Dammit all, Sharon!" Pride burst out. "You aren't going to be that kind of wife, are you?"

"No, darling," she said. "I'm going to be exactly the kind of wife you want me to be. I won't be jealous—no, that's not true. I will be jealous. I am jealous now." Her arms went up about his neck and tightened, and her body moved suddenly, convulsively. "Don't ever leave me, Pride," she whispered. "Not for anything. Don't you know I'd die?"

Pride brought one hand up and stroked her dark hair. "You," he said, "there ain't another girl in the world like you. You're so little and gentle and sweet, not like—"

Sharon's eyes were very large and dark. "Not like—who, Pride?"

"Damn me for a clapper-tongued fool!" Pride said.

"You—said you wouldn't lie to me—that you couldn't. Who is she?"

"Esther Stillworth," Pride said.

"Do you—like her, Pride?"

"Do you mean am I in love with that blond filly?" He put down his big hands and cradled her angular little face between them. Then he bent down and kissed her quietly. "Now," he said, "you be the judge of that."

Sharon's face came up and the tears spilled over the upturned corners of her mouth where her lips were smiling. "You know just how to handle me, don't you?"

"Yep. Look, Sharon, talking about Esther gives me an idea! She's got more money than she knows what to do with—and she's always complaining about her clothes. Suppose I was to send her to you! You can sew better than most anybody—and all her friends are rich, too. What do you say?"

"I think that would be wonderful, Pride. Besides"—Sharon's voice dropped even lower—"I'd like to meet her."

Pride bent down and kissed her gently. He had learned, now, always to be gentle with Sharon.

"I got to go back, now," he said. "I probably have to take the old man somewheres." He kissed her once more, lightly, and went out into the street. When Sharon picked up her needle to sew, she found, to her surprise, she was singing.

There would be, Pride realized, many opportunities for advancing himself, while he was in Thomas Stillworth's employ, if he looked sharp and kept his wits about him. He had not been in the Stillworth house for a week before he overheard Stillworth, and Warren, his agent, chuckling over a clever transaction by which they would ruin Bolley and Waters, two of Stillworth's important rivals.

THE deal involved short selling, a device Pride did not fully understand. That afternoon, by seemingly innocent questions, and an air of awed admiration Pride obtained the information he needed. It seemed that Bolley and Waters had "sold short," that is, they had contracted to deliver to their clients stocks which they did not now own—at an agreed price. Where they stood to make a profit lay in the fact that there was every indication of a decline in the market, therefore making it possible for them to buy the stocks much cheaper between the date of the signing of the agreement and the date they had promised to deliver.

Black Tom had taken advantage of this information by cornering the market—he was leisurely engaged in buying up all the stocks that Bolley and Waters needed to make good their contract, and was preparing to demand a quite outrageous price for them from his rivals, who had to have them, or be barred from the exchange for malpractice.

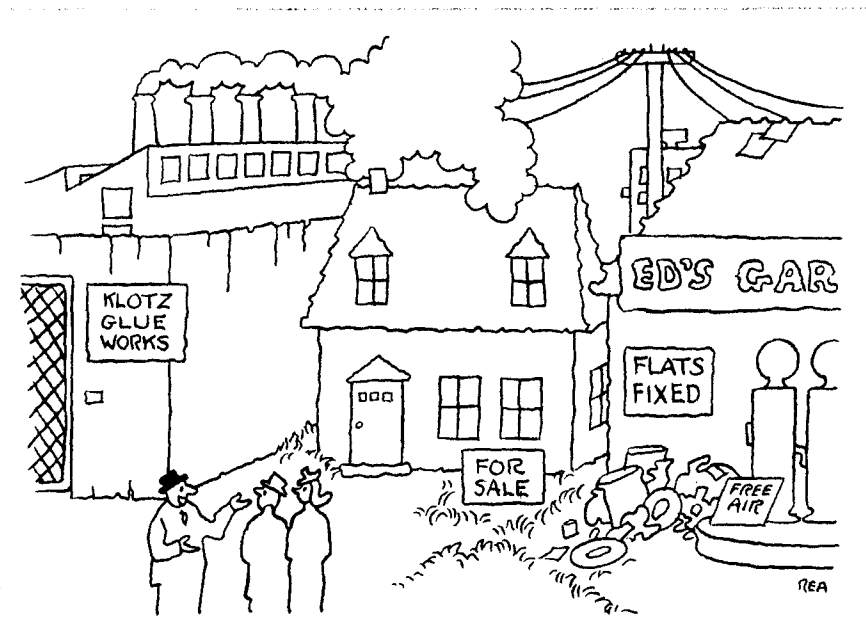
Pride thought the whole thing over, carefully. There was one thing it seemed to him that Black Tom had not figured on: the possibility of still another hijacker, robbing him in turn. And that, Pride decided, was precisely what was going to happen.

He would have to have money to buy the stocks and so far, he had scarcely a dime. If, he mused, there were some way I could get my hands on, say five thousand dollars—he stopped short, wonder blinding his eyes. "Esther!" he said aloud. I'll bet, Pride decided, that she spends more than that in a week!

That evening, when Esther came into the drawing room, she found Pride awaiting her. He came forward at once and faced her. "Look, Esther," he whispered, "I've got to talk to you. Right away."

"What's the matter," she drawled, "are you in trouble?"

"No. Only I have an opportunity to do something—something big. I need some money. An awful lot of money."



COLLIER'S "And another thing—you'll never have to worry about the neighborhood deteriorating" GARDNER REA

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COLLIER'S "And to think it cost us $2.75 for a baby sitter" DON TOBIN

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"That's not an awful lot of money. But what made you think you could get it from me?"

"Look, Esther—it's something I can't ask your father for. It's a business deal—stocks that I've got an inside track on. Why, I can make a killing! It's only a loan I'm asking for—I'll pay you back with interest—and in two weeks, too!"

Esther smiled at him quietly, coolly. "Remember that time you kissed me?"

"Yes," Pride growled. "Why?"

"I think I ought to have some revenge for that. Aren't you sorry you did that?"

"Hell, no!" Pride exploded. "It was fun!"

"I agree," she said. "It was—wasn't it? Very well, Pride; I'll let you have the money—to be paid back in two weeks. I'll think about the interest later." She went into the study and picked up a pen. Then very swiftly, she wrote a draft for the five thousand dollars and passed it over to Pride. The funny part about it, she thought, is I believe he will make his killing—and pay me. He's the type. He'll be richer than Father some day. I wonder how it would be to—

Then she smiled at him softly.

"Good luck, Pride," she said.

"Thank you, kindly," Pride said. "This is mighty nice of you, Esther."

"Perhaps," she murmured. "And then perhaps it is merely a little investment in the future. My future, Pride."

Pride's big face was puzzled.

"Your future? I don't get you."

"Ah—but you will," Esther said. "You will." Then she turned and left the room.

Pride stood for a moment staring after her. I wonder what the devil she meant, he thought. Then he remembered how short the time was. When he passed through the front door, he was actually running.

It was dangerously close to closing time when he got into the bank and there was a line before the teller's window. Pride took his place, eying the big clock nervously. But in a surprisingly short time the teller was looking up at him and saying, "Yes?"

Pride pushed the check under the bars.

The clerk studied it. "Any identification?"

Pride dug feverishly in his pockets. Then his hand closed over an envelope. The moment he touched it, he knew what it was. Since his departure from Shantytown, Sharon had begun the charming habit of writing him daily, despite the fact that Pride usually found time to stroll by her little millinery shop almost every night. The letters were full of a shy tenderness and an almost grateful love. But Pride was not thinking of that now. His mind was entirely upon the first rung of the ladder that he was building toward success.

"All right, sir," the clerk said, and brought his stamp down on the back of the check. Pride was fascinated by the stack of bills that was pushed toward him.

Pride managed a dignified exit from the bank. But once outside, he ran out into the street and hailed a hansom cab. "Morrisons, Brokers!" he ordered. "And go like the devil!"

When he strode into the brokerage, the broker looked up curiously.

"I want you to get me some Tuckahoe and Ravenswood shares," Pride growled, "all that this will buy!" Then he laid the sheaf of bills down on the man's desk.

"That," the broker declared, "will buy damn' near all there is. They aren't worth much."

"Get them!" Pride said. "Get them right away!"

"I'll have them for you, eleven o'clock tomorrow," the broker declared. "Your name, sir?"

"Pride Dawson," Pride said.

"You'll pick them up?" he said.

"Yes," Pride said.

AT ELEVEN o'clock of the following morning, he was waiting at the brokerage office. Seeing him, Morrison came forward with a smile.

"I got you a thousand shares common at ten dollars the share. It's on margin and you have put up fifty per cent," he said. "There's something funny about that stock. Last week there wasn't a buyer for a share. This week, somebody—somebody big, I think, is trying to buy it all. So it went up a few points. Take a tip from me, son, and hold these a while before you sell. Next week you can get twenty-five per share maybe." He leaned forward confidentially. "I hear Thomas Stillworth's buying them. If that's so, they may go anywhere—maybe even to a hundred."

When Pride got back to the house, he found a neat little road wagon of the type that flashy drivers used for racing drawn up before the door. In it sat Esther with a young man whom Pride had never seen before.

The young man was slim and blond, with hair not two shades darker than Esther's own. He straightened up as Pride approached, with a motion that would have done credit to a ballet dancer. Then he sat very still studying Pride through golden lashes, that were even longer than Esther's.

Now, Pride mused with ribald con-

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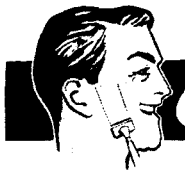

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Dollars earned by Club members have helped them have better clothes than their incomes could pay for. Yes, their spare-time money often pays left-over bills—unexpected expenses—or takes them on pleasant trips. Again and again women have told me, "I thought I never could—but I did! And I am thankful for my membership in the Club."

One member wrote, "The $21.75 I earned this month I will put aside for the taxes on our home so we can enjoy the comforts of a home that is debt free for another year." I wish I could show you many other letters.

WHY don't you send for our free folder for girls and women, ***"There's Money For You?"*** It brings you many interesting letters. It will tell you how to get started making money too! No investment or experience is needed. Just send a card or letter to me today.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly, C-36
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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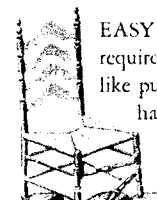

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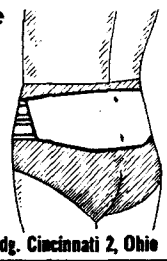

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tempt, if he only had some lace on his drawers!

"So," Esther said, impatiently, "there you are—at last!"

"Waiting for me?" Pride said.

"Yes. Father got some threatening letters yesterday—so now he insists that I can't go riding with Joe unless you go along!"

"Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Dawson," the young man said. "The whims of our elders, you know."

His voice was unexpectedly rich and deep. Pride looked at him, a little startled. He glanced downward at the young man's hands. They were clean, long-fingered, manicured. But they were strong hands, firm upon the reins, and entirely capable. Against his will, Pride was forced to revise the impression of effeminacy he had had at his first glance at the youth.

"Come along, will you!" Esther said.

SO SHE'S *in love with this little sprig,* Pride mused. He found the idea oddly displeasing.

"Tell you what," Pride said gravely. "I'll see if I can't rent a riding horse. Then I'll keep behind and let you young folks have your peace. No fun having a chaperon—even a big ugly chaperon in pants."

"I say," Joseph laughed, "you're all right."

For the first time, Esther smiled. "I told you he was," she said to her escort. Then to Pride: "You don't have to rent a horse. Father has a stableful."

They were still waiting when Pride came back, leading a huge black gelding. Esther watched him as he mounted, which, before her eyes, he did with an extra flourish. At least, she mused, he rides like a gentleman. If only he weren't so sure of himself. I'd like to bring him to heel—make him grovel at my feet.

"You," Joseph Fairhill whispered, "were thinking of something. Something unpleasant. What is it?"

"You're quite right," Esther snapped. "I was thinking of Pride."

"He looks like a primordial brute from before the dawn of history," Fairhill said.

"He," Esther said wickedly, "*is* a brute."

"I say, how do you know that?"

"He kissed me once."

Joseph Fairhill's blue eyes widened, then a slow flush of anger stole over his handsome face. "Damned presumptuous of him, I'd say," he said grimly. "Did you tell your father?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," Esther whispered, looking straight ahead, "because I liked it—"

Joseph Fairhill's hand jerked on the reins so that the horses half reared.

"You—you love that—"

"No. I love you, Joe. Love's a different thing. Love is very gentle and sweet. I don't even like Pride. Yet—he fascinates me."

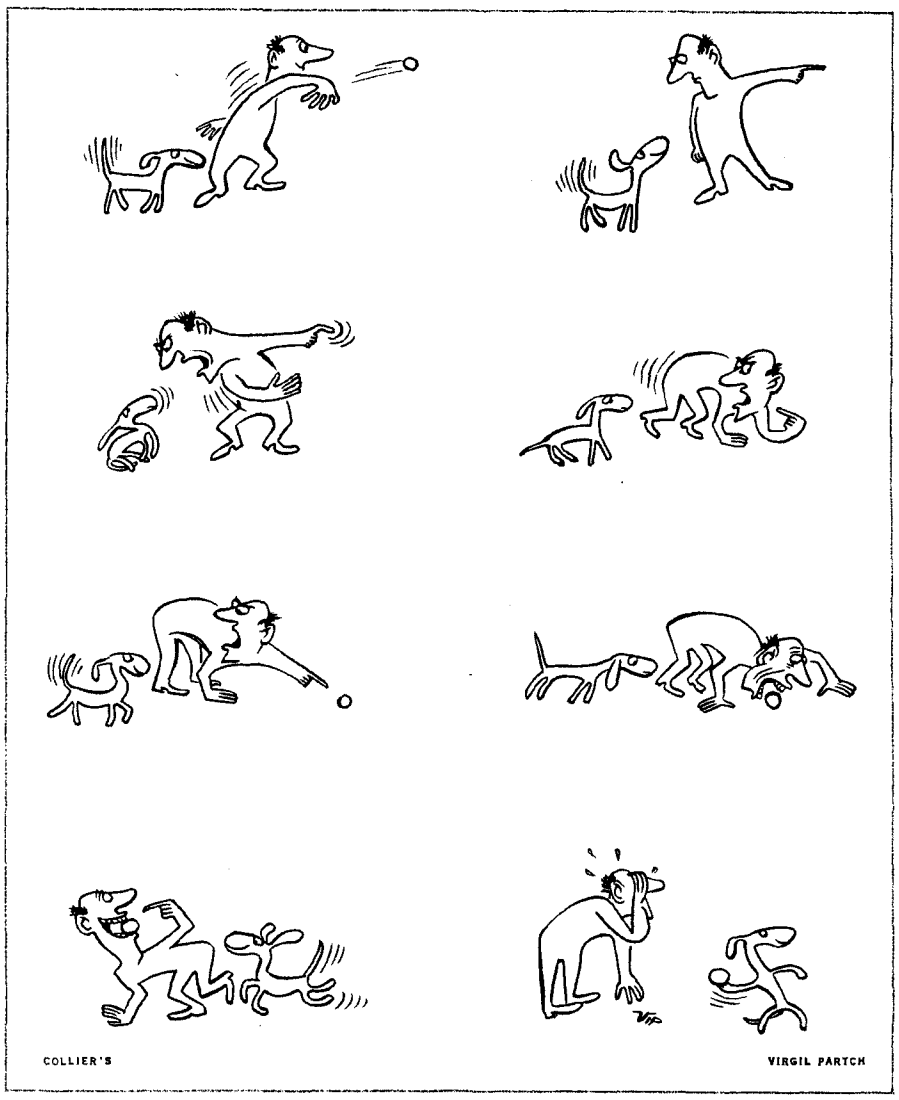
"Esther!"

"Wouldn't you rather know what kind of woman you're going to marry?"

"I know," Joseph said. "The best and the loveliest, and the sweetest in all the world."

Esther turned to him and kissed him lightly, upon the cheek. But Joseph glanced uneasily over his shoulder to where Pride rode. . . .

That night, when Pride returned from visiting Sharon, he found Esther seated at the piano, playing softly to herself. He paused, listening. Esther played well, her fingers moving expertly over the keys. She was playing Brahms' Lullaby, but when he entered the room, she changed abruptly to the Beethoven Sonata Appassionata. She did so quite unconsciously, and it was not until the great chords rode in upon her ears that she realized what she was playing. At once, she stopped.



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Go on," Pride said calmly. "I liked that. What's it called?"

"That, Mr. Dawson," Esther said tartly, "is none of your business!"

"Play some more of it," Pride said. "It's your kind of music—like you really are."

"You," Esther declared, "know an awful lot about me."

"I do. For instance, you're not in love with that pretty little boy you rode with today."

"Pride Dawson," Esther snapped, "you are positively outrageous!"

"I know. Ain't it restful?"

FOR the life of her, Esther could not keep from laughing. "You're right," she said at last, "it is. That's what I like about you."

"Then you do like something about me. I was beginning to wonder. Lately, you been keeping away from me."

"You know why."

"Because I kissed you? A kiss is nothing. You just needed bringing down a peg. That was a favor."

"I'd thank you for no more of that kind of favors."

"Why?" Pride grinned. "Afraid you might kick over the traces?"

"I think," Esther said coldly, "that you're disgustingly vulgar."

"I am. So's life. Or pretty damned beautiful, depending on the way you look at it."

"You," Esther said, "get out of here!"

"Why? Afraid I'll kiss you again?"

"I am not afraid of anything!"

"Oh, yes, you are," Pride told her. "You're scared to death of a girl named Esther Stillworth."

Esther stood up from the piano, her blue eyes velvety. She walked very slowly to where he stood and put up her arms.

"Kiss me, Pride," she said.

Esther's face was very white after that kiss. Wordlessly, Esther backed away from him, the pupils of her eyes dilated until only a thin rim of blue showed around them. Pride did not follow her, but stood quite still. Then she brought her left hand up and began tugging at it with her right. Pride saw the flash of white fire as the enormous diamond engagement ring came free. Slowly, carefully, she placed it on top of the piano. Then she came forward again, and put up her arms once more.

"Why?" Pride growled. "Why did you do that?"

"I can't marry him," she said. "Not now I can't."

"Because you love me?"

Wildly Esther shook her head.

"I don't love you, Pride! I don't, I don't!"

"I see," Pride said dryly. "You're not going to marry Joseph, because you don't love me."

"Must you talk?" she whispered.

Coolly, Pride looked at her. "Yes," he growled.

"So," she whispered, "it's true. You're in love with that—that common little milliner you tried to send me to!"

"She's not common!" Pride flared. "Hell, I'm getting tired of this. I think I'll go upstairs to bed."

"Wait. You're afraid of having to marry me, aren't you? Yet, I think you will marry me."

Pride's jaw dropped. He stood there staring at her in utter astonishment.

"Because my father is worth forty million dollars. Because I have twelve million in trust for me which I'll receive when I'm twenty-one—two years from now. Because a black-hearted scoundrel like you can be bought much cheaper than that. Oh, yes, Pride, you'll marry me all right."

"You—you'd have a man who married you—for your money?"

"Not just a man," she murmured. "You." Then she turned and raced up the long stairs.

Pride stood very still, looking up after her. The crash of her door, slamming, awakened him from his reverie. "Well, I'll be damned," he said. "I'll be double damned!"

(To be continued next week)

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THE WEEK'S PREVIEW

Continued from page 36

One day in 1903, Hank is returning a pinto he's just shod when the horse, named Tex, shies in a thunderstorm and throws him against a tree, knocking him unconscious. Hank comes to in King Arthur's Court in Camelot, in the year 528 A.D.—captured by Sir "Clarence" Sagramore (William Bendix). Sagramore claims he captured Hank after a terrific battle in which Hank turned himself into ogres and dragons.

Egged on by the nasty magician Merlin, who wants no competition in the sleight-of-hand business, King Arthur (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) sentences Hank to death by burning at the stake. Whereupon the Yankee in Hank gets moving—he performs a miracle. Using his watch crystal and the sun's rays he sets fire to Merlin and so awes everybody that Arthur sets Hank free, dubs him Sir Boss, and puts him in the blacksmith business.

Sir Sagramore, remorseful over the damage his big mouth almost wrought, switches to Hank's side.

Romancing with Rhonda

Meanwhile Hank has made eyes at the beauteous Lady "Sandy" Alisande (Rhonda Fleming) and croons his way into her heart, at a grand ball given in his honor, with a Hit Parader of 528 A. D.

Now it happens that Sandy is betrothed to Sir Lancelot, off hunting giants. Advised of the two-time by Merlin, Lancelot returns home to challenge Hank to a joust. This is joust what Hank wants to avoid—especially since Lancelot is the current champ. However, Yankee wits again prevail. Hank, mounted on Tex, the pinto, and armed only with a lariat, throws and hog-ties Lancelot, done up in athletic tinware, in a burlesque tourney.

After his victory, Hank devotes himself to (a) making love to Sandy; (b) fashioning a real pistol; and (c) to correcting social conditions in King Arthur's land. Seems things are pretty bad for the peasants of the day, so Hank induces Arthur to take a trip incognito around the realm and see for himself. Sagramore goes along. The three set out to a rippling trio in musicomedy style.

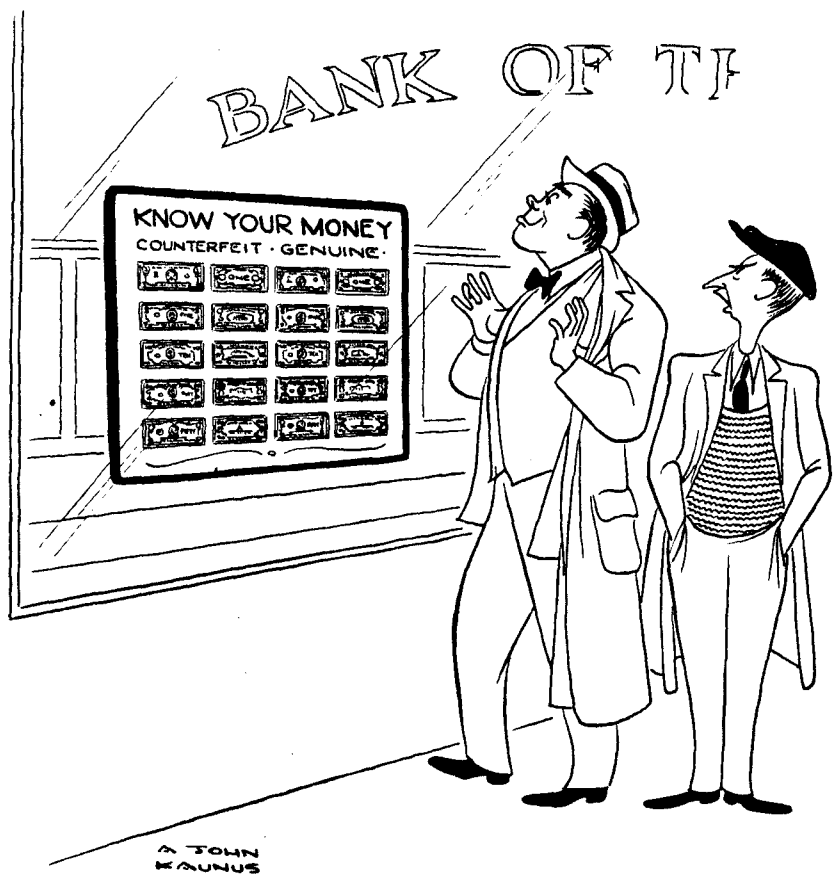
Merlin sees to it the three are captured and tossed into the clink. Somehow Sandy finds her way into it, too. Sagramore escapes but kills a guard in so doing, and the others are sentenced to death, except Sandy who gets herself toted off to Merlin's castle.

Once again New England ingenuity outwits Olde Englande ungenuity. Hank luckily consults his pocket almanac and learns there'll be a total eclipse of the sun at the exact moment of execution—June 21, 528. He demands that he and Arthur be set free pronto—or he'll blot out the sun forever. The gag works and Hank gallops off to rescue Sandy from Merlin's foul clutches. In this battle Hank uses his homemade pistol successfully but unfortunately he is kayoed—and he wakes up minus Sandy in Hartford in the year 1903, clutching an amulet.

Here the plot pulls a switch on the original Twain (we looked it up) and Hollywood brings us what is known to the lollipop lovers as a Happy Ending—but then whoever heard of Bing Crosby playing Hamlet?

However, it's a very harmless tinkering, for generally Hollywood has been kind to Twain. One thing disappointed us in the picture: The original Rodgers and Hart tunes (Thou Swell, My Heart Stood Still, etc.) are noticeably absent. We understand the songs just weren't available—they belonged to M-G-M, which used two of them in Words and Music. Burke and Van Heusen, Bing's personal song writers, have valiantly attempted to fill the gap and have succeeded as well as might be expected.

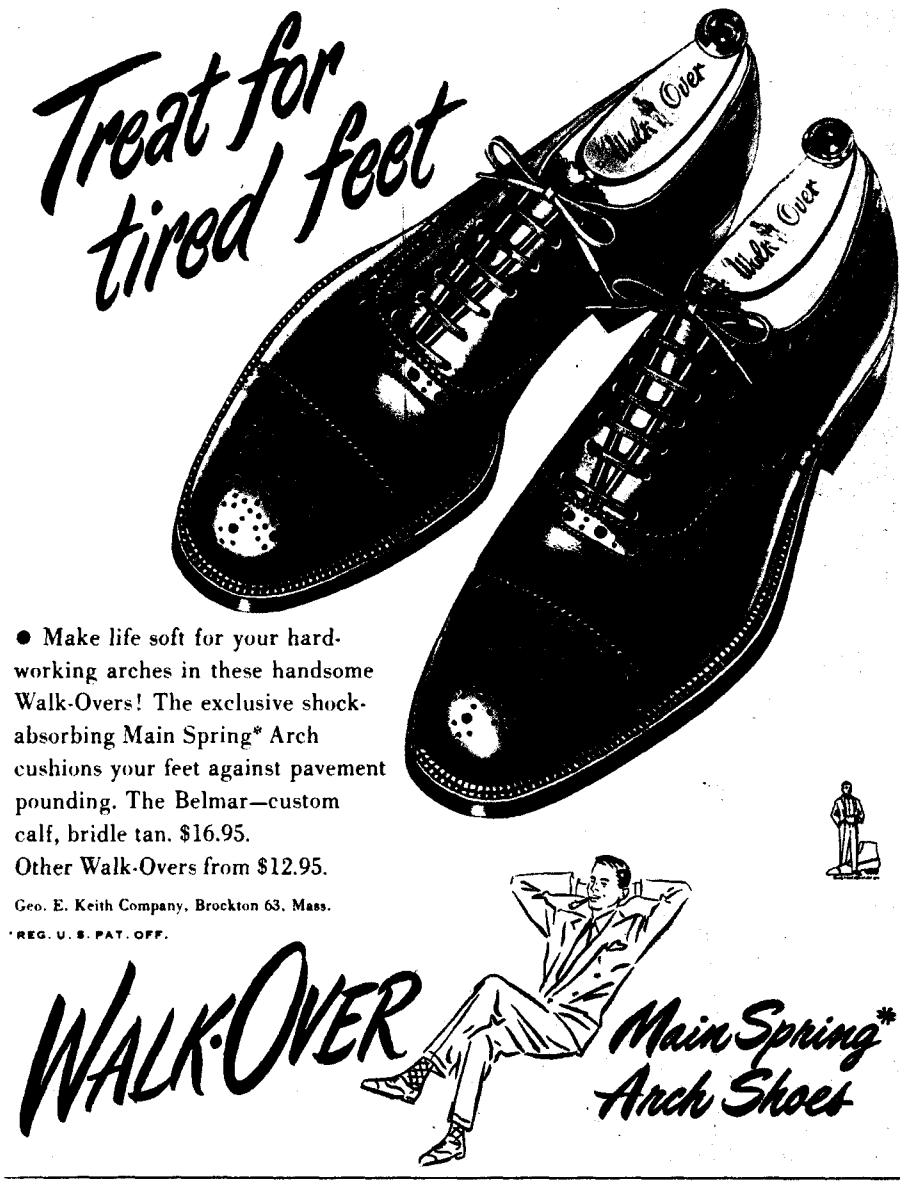
But generally we don't think Mark Twain, were he alive today, would be too disappointed. He once said, "I know there's money in the chicken business, I put it there!" Of Bing's Yankee, Twain might say, "I know there's money in this picture. Bing's in it."



COLLIER'S

"C'mon, stop smirking! People will put two and two together"

A. JOHN KAUNUS



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Collier's believes...

The Public Will Not Be Damned

COLLIER'S thinks the public is the party to protect in labor controversy. Labor is not downtrodden, not any more. Capital and management are neither helpless nor inarticulate. The public—all of us, that is, employed, employers, workers, consumers—is the one in need of help.

We pay the bills. We are the people about whom the Congress should be concerned. Right now is a good time to think about the public interest in labor controversy. Congress is making a new law. Why not remember the salient facts?

About three years ago we had a railroad strike. Two railroad brotherhoods, the Trainmen and the Engineers rejected a settlement that had been reached through the machinery of the Railroad Labor Act. So they called a strike.

The United States could not stand a long fought-out railroad strike. The people of every great city would be hungry and finally starve if railroad transportation were suspended too long.

Few cities have more than two or three weeks' supply of food, fuel and medicines. People are not going to starve quietly because employers and employees cannot peacefully agree on wages, hours or whatever they wrangle about. Make the public mad and it will act violently and not necessarily reasonably.

Remember what happened when the railroad strike was called? We were inconvenienced for a day. Then people began to get angry. They got scared. Then President Truman asked Congress for authority to draft the strikers into the armed forces. By that time the union leaders were scared too. They denounced Mr. Truman, but they called off the strike.

But the notion of breaking a strike by calling the strikers into the armed forces is surely not the final answer to protecting the public welfare at a time of labor trouble. Congress did not pass the bill suggested by the President. He possibly was glad not to be given the authority and the responsibility.

On the face of things the Army and Navy are not places of detainment for unionists who have an unsettled difference with their employers. The armed forces should not be asked to perform such a service, but they will be asked to do such things again and again if Congress does not provide more sensible ways of protecting the public health and safety.

The truth is that we have never faced the facts of our modern living. A general strike that would deprive the public of food, fuel, transportation or any of the essentials of life would be intolerable. No government, conservative, liberal, Communist or even labor, could tolerate it.

A successful general strike in any important field would be a rebellion against the existing government. That government would fight it. If the strikers won, the government would be defeated and discredited. No government would like that. No public would permit it.

Consequently, Collier's thinks that in whatever changes the Congress makes in the Taft-Hartley law it had better write something soundly and clearly about the public stake in labor controversy. It is not enough to rely upon the President to improvise a solution in the heat of battle.

Grover Cleveland had to call out the United States Army 55 years ago when the railroads were strike bound. Theodore Roosevelt had to improvise a settlement when the coal mines were shut down too long 40-odd years ago.

When John L. Lewis decided to challenge the authority of the national government by forcing a coal strike, President Truman was not so helpless. A simple court procedure showed Mr. Lewis in short order who was bigger, he or the country. So by the reasonable means of negotiation an agreement was reached. It did no injury to the United Mine Workers.

It would be a step backward to wipe off the statute books the protection now given the public interest, unless something better is substituted. And that is not too easy. There is no facile solution of the conflicts of interest between employers and employees in a democratic republic of freemen. Compulsory arbitration, once hailed as a solution, has fewer adherents as time passes. The intricate provisions of the Taft-Hartley law admittedly are not perfect. Whoever can find something actually better will be entitled to public gratitude.

The Taft-Hartley law has been so befouled politically that it has been very difficult for Congress or the public to approach it reasonably. Actually the Congressional committee that was created to observe its operations and to recommend revisions has not found much bad to report.

The union leaders were against it. Among other things, the law made the union officials go back to the union members for authority. Perhaps the membership of the unions were not opposed to this.

At any rate, the law was an issue in the last Presidential campaign, and has been getting Congressional attention because of this fact if for no better reason.

Collier's hopes that Congress will find a reasonable, democratic American way of safeguarding the national interest in time of great labor controversy. Collier's hopes that in whatever revisions are made Congress acts equitably in the public interest. . . . W. L. C.

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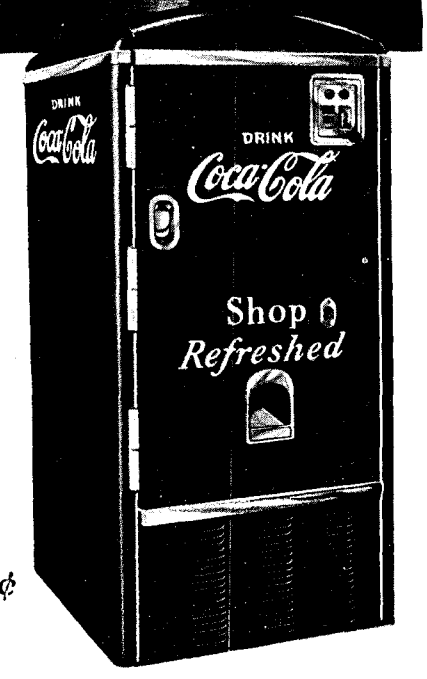

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